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THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. XCIV, No. 10 New York, September 3, 1927 Whole Number 1950

TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

WHAT DOES THE SACCO-VANZETTI CASE TEACH?

WITH THE EXECUTION of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti newspaper discussion of the case did not cease, but the angle of approach changed. Instead of arguing about reprieves and motions and pardons, instead of debating how the men's lives could be saved, or whether they ought to be saved, editors began to talk about the permanent lessons to be drawn from a criminal case which has attracted more world-wide interest than anything of the kind since the famous Dreyfus affair. Believers in the innocence of the two Italians who were executed on August 23, seven years after they were first apprehended, and after the exhaustion of every legal means of review and delay, turn to consider how such things may be avoided in the future. Those thoroughly convinced that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty and justly executed protest against the long delay. The judicial system of Massachusetts comes in for severe criticism, altho stoutly upheld by some Massachusetts papers. The world-wide epidemic of radical demonstrations leads many a conservative editor to use the Sacco-Vanzetti case as a text for a discourse upon the possibility of closing our gates still tighter against the alien Red. The debate spreads over the world, with foreign editors freely descanting upon what seem to them to be imperfections of American justice, and our own press in reply instructing them about our Constitution or suggesting that we can take care of our own criminal cases without any advice from abroad.

Since the original crime for which Sacco and Vanzetti were executed was a cruel one; since able counsel for the defense took advantage of every possible legal means of delaying execution; since Governor Fuller with the aid of President Lowell of Harvard, President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Judge Robert Grant, after careful study endorsed the original verdict and the fairness of the trial, there are those who conclude that the case has come to its only possible end. For instance, the conservative Boston *Transcript* says emphatically:

> "In view of the unchanging verdict of jury, courts, His Excellency the Governor, and the advisory committee, any other conclusion would have been sheer surrender to the forces of anarchy and disorder and an abject admission that trial by hysteria—which is nothing else than lynch law—had prevailed within the Commonwealth.
>
> "This case has been the vehicle of as vicious propaganda as ever deluged a community. Radicals the world over saw here an opportunity to further what they call their cause. And the strange circumstance is that many well-meaning citizens either thought these foreign agitators were in earnest or were afraid of what they might do. The advice that they then gave was, on the one hand, the counsel of misguided sympathy; on the other, the counsel of fear. Massachusetts could accept neither.
>
> "One thing more Massachusetts could not do and did not do. In the disposition of the case, she could not pay the slightest attention to European protests or the sentiments voiced by the journals and public men of distant lands. To have done so would have been, as Senator Borah exprest it, 'a national humiliation, a shameless, cowardly compromise of national courage.'
>
> "Every citizen may rest assured that justice has been done."

Similarly, the Boston *Herald*, which months ago published a notable editorial declaring its doubt of the fairness of the trial, now declares its confident belief "that the agencies of law have performed their duties with fairness as well as justice." No less convinced, another Massachusetts paper, the Springfield *Union*, admitting that many never ceased to doubt the justice of the verdict, remarks that: "if the element of doubt, however honest, in the minds of those, here and elsewhere, who lack the facts and the responsibility for justice, were to be set up as the supreme and final arbiter in criminal cases, there could never be a conviction and never be a prescribed penalty for crime." Perhaps never before, ventures the Portland (Me.) *Express*, "were two prisoners given so fair a chance for their lives."

The Washington *Post* is ashamed that many prominent American citizens "played into the hands of anarchy by credulity and sentimentality":

> "They have believed the most preposterous lies and have been led into the false position of preferring to defeat justice rather than be accused of being unfair to accused men merely because they are anarchists. The abominable campaign of falsehood, perversion of testimony, intimidation, and bomb violence waged in behalf of these convicted assassins is an appalling revelation of what foreign cunning and money can do in delaying justice in this country."

The Post is convinced by this activity that "a thorough overhauling of nests of anarchists in this country should be made." The Sacco-Vanzetti case, agrees the Troy *Record*, "has brought home to Americans the danger of tolerating anarchy in modern society." Hence, we are told, "if the nation has learned this lesson from the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the deaths of these two men will have contributed valuably to the firmer solidarity of American institutions and to the greater safety of the nation." Good Americans are urged by the Pensacola *Journal* to "carry this fight into the Congress of the United States and insist that the Sacco-Vanzetti case form the basis of stricter immigration laws. There is no room in this country for foreigners who would come here to commit murder with the idea of escaping through protests registered by the world's radical and sentimental elements."

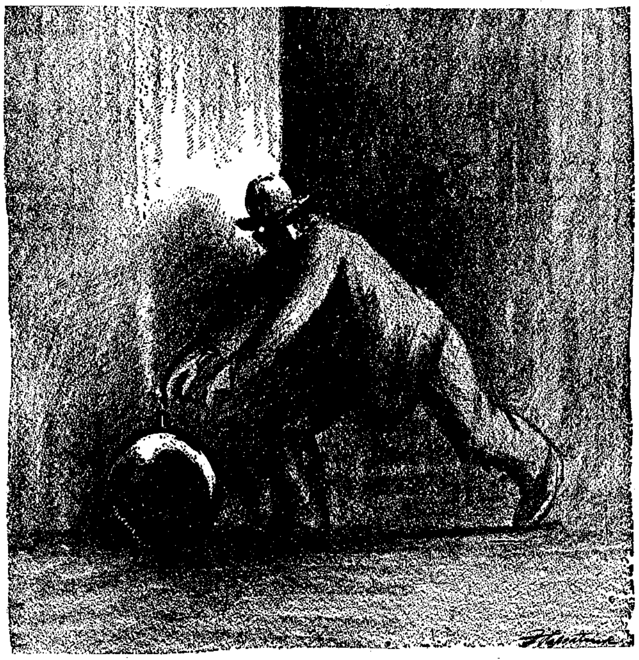
Noting the searching scrutiny to which the Massachusetts judicial system was subjected, the New York *Herald Tribune* thinks that "save only in the item of delay, the general verdict must be wholly favorable." It seems to this paper that "if Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent they were the victims of the most extraordinary set of coincidences in the history of criminal law." Now, it concludes, "the time is not one for recrimination or hysteria, but for a sympathetic restudy of the problem of human justice in the light of these men dead." The El Paso *Times* declares that:

> "Whoever makes the Sacco-Vanzetti crisis the occasion for denying the right of free speech and orderly assemblage gives the radical agitator just one more club with which to strike at American institutions; and renders those institutions less able

to bear cudgeling in proportion as the crisis may reveal new symptoms of hypocrisy and decadence."

"What the country needs to fear," argues the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, "is not the presence in its midst of fiery enemies of the established order, but a lack of efficiency and achievement on the part of all branches of government based on legal justice and human tolerance." Of what Governor Fuller calls the "inexcusable" dilatoriness of the Massachusetts courts in dealing with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the New York *Times* says:

> "It is one more challenge to American lawyers, judges, public men, social reformers, Legislatures and Congress, press and pulpit, to set about more energetically the work of reducing that historic grievance, the law's delays, in this country. The Massachusetts case is exceptional but not wholly unique. In other States the condition of the criminal law, and the technical network in which the criminal courts are entangled, have produced and are producing results that are deplorable in diminishing respect for our system of justice. We have had a great deal of intelligent discussion of these abuses, and efforts to lessen them have been partly successful. But not enough has been done. Further amendments of our penal laws, further revisions of the rules of procedure in our courts, are urgently needed. It will not do for Bar Associations and individual lawyers and lawmakers to relax a single effort for the needed amendment."



THE FOOL'S ARGUMENT

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

In the opinion of the New York *Telegram*, of the Scripps-Howard chain, "the only consolation that may come from this tragedy is that the Sacco-Vanzetti case may serve to interest our own people in American law, American courts and American justice to the end that finally our judicial system and our love of justice may be such that every citizen, no matter what his political, religious or other beliefs, may be assured a fair trial and complete protection of his rights under the Constitution of the United States." In particular, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, Syracuse *Herald*, and Minneapolis *Star* declare that the judicial system in Massachusetts needs overhauling, especially the sections preventing the Massachusetts appellate court from passing on the facts of a case tried in the lower court, and those enabling Judge Thayer to be the arbiter in proceedings challenging his own impartiality. And in general, declares the Troy *Record*, "there is something wrong with the type of justice which permits so many stays and appeals." No one, insists the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, "will maintain that seven-year-old justice is an ornament to a State." From across our Northern border the Kingston (Ont.) *Whig-Standard* says that "the real tragedy of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is not that the men have now been put to death, but rather that they were not put to death long ago, once their guilt was established in a court of justice." And it might be said here that the commonest reproach from editors and public men in foreign countries has been that Sacco and Vanzetti were kept for seven years in the shadow of the death-house. Such conditions, says that conservative daily, the London *Morning Post*, "turn the law into an instrument of torture."

Sharply differing with those who feel that substantial justice has been done, there are many who still fear, as the New York *Times* puts it, "that legal technicalities and the niceties of court procedure may have prevented the sun of justice from shining full." Asks the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* significantly:

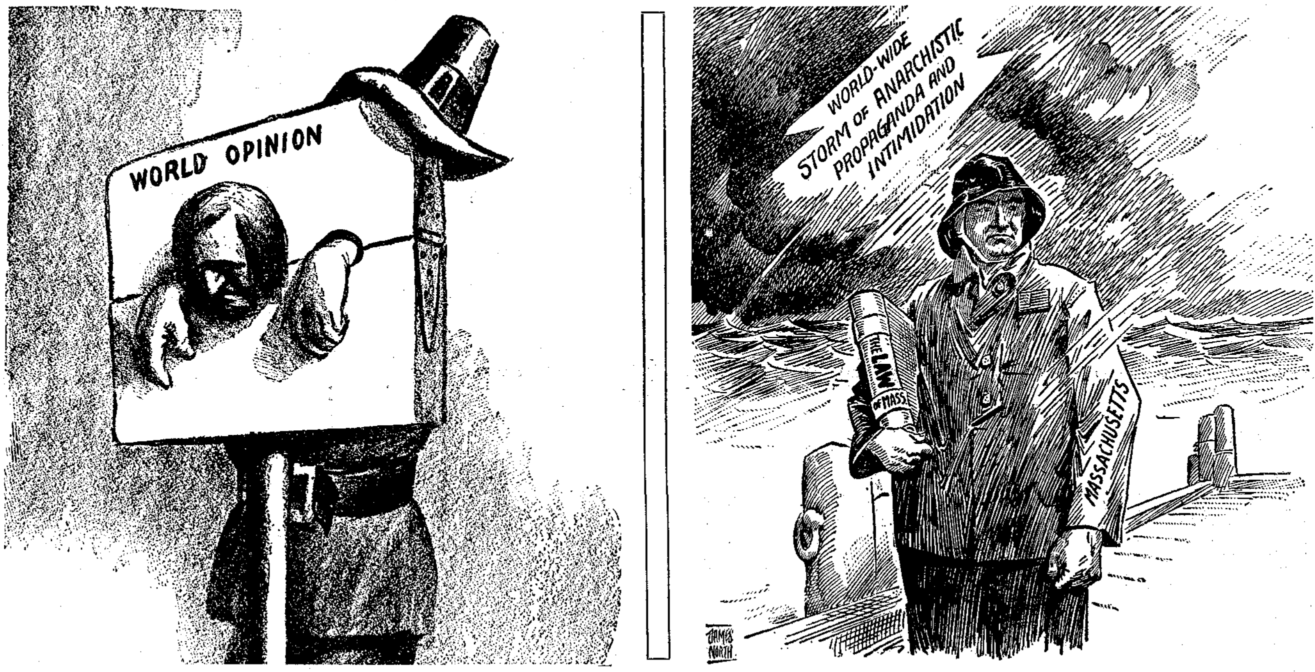
> "Does Massachusetts, in putting two men to death, flush with dismay or anger under the questioning scrutiny of the country or the civilized world? Then, surely, something is hideously wrong."

Thousands of sane and moderate men, insists the Baltimore *Sun*, still have serious doubts, and fear there may have been a terrible miscarriage of justice. The New York *World* says practically the same thing, adding that the whole judicial procedure of a great State has gone on trial, and pleading against confusing the issue by "any Red hunts, any ill-timed raids," on the one hand, or any deeds of violence with torch and bomb on the other. *The Commonweal* (New York), edited by a group of Catholic writers by no means radical in their antecedents, notes that "with each year public feeling is taking a greater interest in, and is making up its mind more resolutely about, criminal cases":

> "What is that going to mean? Simply, as the past informs us in so many ways, that the ultimates of legal procedure will have to be modified. No world of common people will overlook such facts as that two Italian laborers were dealt with mercilessly on the basis of circumstantial evidence in Massachusetts, while two scions of wealthy families were treated compassionately in Illinois, altho the hideous thing they did was established to the last detail. A few more such coincidences and no criminal court in this country will be safe, no plea for law and order will curb vindictive mobs. We must learn to reckon with the fact that our country is no longer a series of isolated commonwealths, news in each of which used to be only of local interest, but a compact society welded together by certain common symbols, the most important of which is justice.
>
> "America may have to come round to some arrangement whereby all cases which end in a verdict of death will have to be reviewed by a higher Federal Court, established by law to authorize no execution unless all doubt of guilt has been removed. We may finally have to give up the real deterrent value of capital punishment in order to avoid the risk of greater evils.
>
> "We who are not anarchists or condoners of murder, we who in common with thousands of other men and women are interested in public affairs, have been left unconvinced by the evidence, unable to trust some of the men who officially weighed that evidence, and powerless to affect that tremendous outburst of feeling which has brought this country nearer to the brink of serious disturbance than it has been in years."

From this moderate expression of doubt we turn to an impassioned editorial in *The Nation*, from which we quote:

> "Massachusetts has taken two lives with a vindictiveness and brutality unsurpassed in our history. In the face of a world-wide protest of never-equaled dimensions, in the face of appeals from lawyers and judges of the highest standing, and from the heads of foreign governments—with complete contempt for the earnest pleas of the entire European press and some of the leading American daily newspapers that the guilt of the two men was not established beyond doubt—Governor Fuller and his council have sent Sacco and Vanzetti to their deaths. Henceforth the world over, when men wish to describe what is worst in any judicial system, they will declare that it is akin to Massachusetts justice.
>
> "The very act which blots out the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti insures their eternity in any social history of the United States.


WORLD OPINION
WORLD-WIDE STORM OF ANARCHISTIC PROPAGANDA AND INTIMIDATION
THE LAW OF MASS
MASSACHUSETTS
JAMES NORTH

"MASSACHUSETTS—THERE SHE STANDS!"
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

WEATHERED
—North in the Washington *Post*

OPPOSING VIEWS OF MASSACHUSETTS JUSTICE

> "No one can say what it all means or foretell where this case will end. But this is clear: This legal murder in Boston will profoundly and adversely affect the international relations of the United States and its moral standing throughout the world for at least a decade to come. Massachusetts has triumphantly killed an Italian fishmonger and an Italian cobbler, but she has blackened the name of the United States across all the seas."

In the same editorial *The Nation* declares that the Sacco-Vanzetti case has brought home to millions "the utter folly of capital punishment." Above all, agrees the Camden (N. J.) *Morning Post*, the executions are "a great preachment against all capital punishment." If Sacco and Vanzetti had been sent to prison for life, "with the only chance of freedom being the proof of their innocence," then they would have been where they could do no harm, while at the same time believers in their innocence could have gone ahead collecting and offering new evidence with "no black dead-line of death against which to fight."

In view of the volume of foreign protests against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, it is impossible to avoid noting their repercussion upon our own editorial opinion. "Coming at a time when world opinion toward the United States was distinctly on the up-grade, the Sacco-Vanzetti agitation" is believed by some State Department officials, according to a Consolidated Press correspondent in Washington, "to have more than wiped out the wave of American enthusiasm started by the Lindbergh, Chamberlin, and Byrd flights to Europe." We read that:

> "Secretary Kellogg does not consider the labor demonstrations in the capitals of Europe as necessarily representative of universal opinion in these countries, but cabled protests by such people as Madame Curie, Fridjof Nansen, President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, Professor Einstein, Marquis Guy de Lasteyre, the grandson of Lafayette; Louis Loucheur, Joseph Caillaux, and Alfred Dreyfus, make it evident that the upper and middle classes of Europe on this occasion stand with the working classes.
>
> "Nor can be ignored the fact that the Paris newspapers, radical and conservative alike, devoted columns of space to the fight of the two men."

The same correspondent reminds us that general strikes were called and were partially successful in Paraguay, Uruguay, and Argentina; that there were notable demonstrations in Panama, Morocco, and Geneva; that London newspapers voiced regret over the outcome, and that in Germany a group of twelve prominent lawyers issued a statement protesting against the execution of a death sentence after seven years' delay. A Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, referring to reports of violence or attempted violence in Copenhagen, Stockholm, Amsterdam, Sydney, Bucharest, Montevideo, Prague, Berlin, Athens, and many other cities, declares that "such united feeling throughout the bulk of Europe against something American has never occurred before." In Italy, the native land of Sacco and Vanzetti, papers use phrases like "hideous martyrdom." "Not since the Dreyfus case," declares *The Saturday Review*, in London, "has opinion been so moved and shocked by a public trial."

One explanation of this clamor comes from the New York *Evening Post*, which remarks that:

> "Europe, already disliking us as a relentless creditor, now has what seems to be an excuse to burst into a flame of righteous indignation against Uncle Sam as a blood-stained monster, not merely avaricious, but murderous."

Such European meddling is roundly denounced by papers like the Boston *Herald*, Chicago *Tribune*, and Washington *Star*. The Washington *Post* believes that Senator Borah voiced American opinion when before the execution he thus answered Miss Jane Addams's telegram calling attention to possible "very serious consequences" to our international relations:

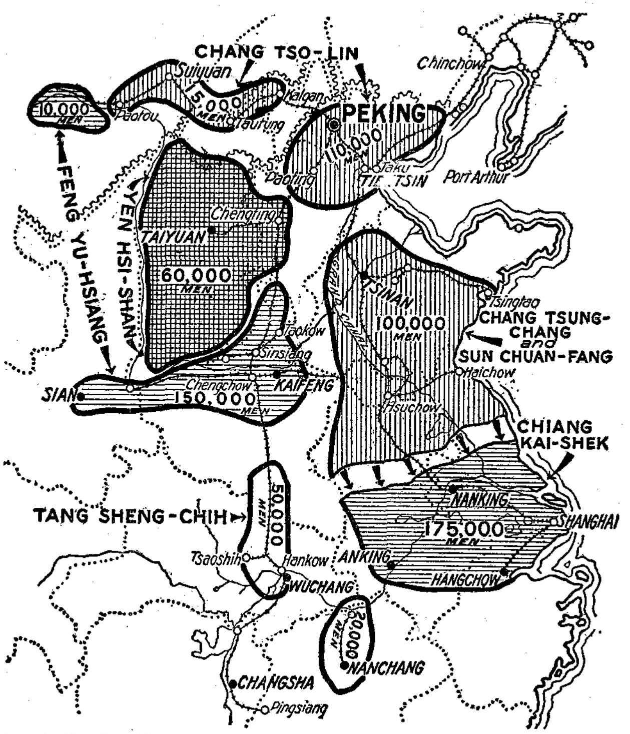
> "It would be a national humiliation, a shameless, cowardly compromise of national courage, to pay the slightest attention to foreign protest or mob protests at home. Neither humanity nor peace can be served by deferring to foreign criticism or mob violence in the execution of our criminal laws. The foreign interference is an impudent and wilful challenge to our sense of decency and dignity, and ought to be dealt with accordingly."

But such resentment seems to the Brooklyn *Eagle* quite ridiculous in view of our own concern over cases like those of Dreyfus and Ferrer. And the Pittsburgh *Post Gazette* thinks "a country so given to interfering in the domestic concerns of others ought to be philosophical when the compliment is returned":

> "From our very beginnings, mass meetings, conventions, even acts of Legislatures and of Congress, have repeatedly intruded our judgment and protests in affairs of other countries which were none of our business. Before indulging resentment at the world-wide concern about this Massachusetts case, Americans may well consider the beam in their own eye."

WHY CHIANG IS OUT OF THE CHINESE STRUGGLE

Another twenty-five years, if we may believe Thomas F. Millard, the veteran Peking correspondent, is a "reasonable time" in which to expect China to complete the present revolution if left to herself. Hope for a stable, unified government, he told the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts, has about reached the vanishing point, even among those foreigners who are most sympathetic with China. As if in confirmation of this pessimistic view, the next day brought the news that Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, the bright particular star of the Nationalists, had suddenly left Nanking on August 15, and retired alone to his native village, a disappointed and disillusioned man. Heavy losses in battle with Sun Chuan-fang's forces, we are told, were the immediate but by no means the only cause of his resignation.



From the New York *Times*

HOW THE ARMIES IN CHINA ARE DISTRIBUTED

The vertical lines in the map represent the Northern army commanded by Chang Tso-lin and his allies, Chang Tsung-chang and Sun Chuan-fang. The horizontal lines are the Nationalist armies, led—until his recent resignation—by Chiang Kai-shek and by his ally, Feng Yu-hsiang. The arrows mark the direction of the Northern drive on Shanghai, which has progressed considerably since this map was made. The blank spaces are Tang Shen-tse's forces and an unidentified group, both of whose military affiliations are uncertain. In the checked area is the army of Yen Hsi-shan, who at present is neutral.

The dramatic nature of this event provoked world-wide comment, most of it sympathetic, for Chiang was generally regarded as the direct heir of Sun Yat Sen's political ideals. Writing from Shanghai three days before the end, Paul Wright, the Chicago *Daily News* correspondent, thus read the handwriting on the wall:

> "When the Nationalist generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, reached Shanghai in his triumphal campaign in the Yangtze Valley last March, the whole city blossomed with tens of thousands of Kuomintang flags. Every street was lined with them. They symbolized the joy of the Chinese at release from the Northern militarists. The flags remained up until a few days ago. Now, suddenly, all have disappeared. The streets are utterly bare of bunting. The phenomenon represents the present Chinese opinion that Chiang Kai-shek's régime is doomed and will fail utterly, leaving room for the return of Gen. Sun Chuan-fang, whom the Chinese prefer here rather than Gen. Chang Tsung-chang. Each of these Northern generals held Shanghai previous to Chiang Kai-shek's capture of the city last spring."

The resignation of Chiang and the collapse of his Nanking Government left the so-called Christian General, Feng Yu-hsiang, in the center of the stage, so far as the Southern armies are concerned; and in the opinion of several correspondents this was no accident. Feng's well-known trait of deserting his allies in a pinch, they think, had something to do with Chiang's downfall. Thus Henry F. Misselwitz, the New York *Times* correspondent at Shanghai, writes:

> "Chiang's ouster and Nanking's fall may be considered a victory for Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang. The latter has been playing a deep game, evicting the Communists first and then Chiang Kai-shek, whom he considered too powerful to suit his personal desires. Feng has held the balance of power since the Kuomintang split several months ago that brought the Nanking régime into existence in opposition to Hankow. Hence he was able to dictate. He has continually declared that Hankow and Nanking must unite and remove the Reds, whose elimination Nanking desires; and he has used Hankow's antipathy to Chiang to remove that dangerous leader from his path."

The Russian Red element in the Kuomintang, other writers point out, was the root cause of Chiang's failure. His effort to drive out the Bolsheviks caused the split in the party, which resulted in the two rival Nationalist Governments at Hankow and Nanking. Neither faction was strong enough, we are told, to go on with the march from Canton to Peking. The Reds apparently have been put out of business—but so, too, they retort, has Gen. Chiang Kai-shek. In his resignation the latter wrote:

> "Our revolution got into difficulties because of communism. Members of the Kuomintang at Hankow took the lead in circulating malicious rumors which tended to disrupt the Kuomintang. I continued despite much opposition and lack of confidence, because I felt the high necessity of working against both the militarists and the Reds.
>
> "I ignored the charges from Hankow and began an anti-Bolshevist campaign. I had two objects: first, to eliminate Borodin [erstwhile Russian adviser of the Hankow Government]; second, to separate the party from the Communists. Now Borodin has gone and Wuhan, Kiangsi, and Hupeh have begun anti-Red campaigns. Thus we have attained the objects agreed upon by the members of the Kuomintang.
>
> "However, recently I have heard that Wuhan [Hankow] comrades have raised fresh objections against me because of my leadership of the Nanking Government. Therefore I am willing to sacrifice my own position in order to see the Kuomintang succeed.
>
> "I ask Hankow and Nanking members of the Kuomintang to cooperate to clear up the misunderstanding and eliminate prejudice."

Bolshevik comment naturally has been hostile to Chiang, denouncing him as a "war-lord" like the rest, and a considerable number of American writers take a similar view. Thus Henry Kittredge Norton, surveying the whole Chinese situation in the New York *Times*, makes this statement:

> "It is a fine pen that can draw the line between the practises of Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang on one side, and Chang Tso-lin and Chang Tsung-chang on the other. It is a fine morality that can say with assurance that on this side of the line is good and on that side is bad."

But perhaps this kind of comment, the editor of the Houston *Chronicle* remarks, is inspired by a too ready willingness to believe the worst. He suggests that we let Chiang Kai-shek speak for himself, and then judge whether he is sincere or not. And he goes on to quote this from Chiang's declaration to the people of China:

> "As to their (the Communists') malicious charge against me as a 'new militarist'—it is quite ridiculous. Is there a militarist anywhere in the world who fights for principles? What the militarists want is territorial acquisition. Wherever our Army has reached, the people have had their own self-government. What the militarists desire is wealth. I have fought devotedly

for years and of my personal wealth there is nothing saved. What the militarists care for is their own skin and what they spare is their soldiers' lives. From the time when I personally undertook the Northern expedition I led the Army at the front and took no thought of personal danger.

"The Chinese militarists get their material and financial support from the imperialistic Powers, while I do not. The devoted fighting of our men over thousands of miles of territory has been a sacrifice for principle, but not a sacrifice for my personal benefit. In such a way have I encouraged my officers and men and in such a way have they stimulated me. So the defamation maligns not only me but also the 30,000 heroic dead of our Army. If I am guilty of any misconduct I am ready to submit myself for trial and severe punishment by our Kuomintang and by our people. I leave the judgment of my character to the future."

Three different groups, we are told, are now trying to seize the position thus suddenly given up by Chiang Kai-shek. One is the Hankow faction of his own Kuomintang party, with Sun Fo and Gen. Tang Shen-tse as outstanding leaders; the second is General Feng, who, it is said, "holds the key to the situation and is the master mind behind the whole new alinement," and the third is Sun Chuan-fang, who is trying to fight his way southward across the Yangtze. Regarding the last-named, Paul Wright cables from Shanghai to the Chicago *Daily News:*

"A sign of the times has been not only the virulence of anti-Chiang Kai-shek propaganda at Nanking, but the boldness of propaganda favoring Sun Chuan-fang. In Shanghai, which welcomed Chiang so effusively last March, there always has been a strong element wanting Sun's return. This group remembers the amazing prosperity which existed under the Northern militarist, Sun Chuan-fang, and little but disaster under the Nationalist generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek. Magnificent promises made by Chiang and the Kuomintang they have seen go to nothing. It is true that Chiang could not possibly usher in the millennium in a few short months; but Chinese are not inclined to accept excuses for failure. Business went to pieces under Chiang. They want prosperity and a change, so may attempt to reestablish Sun Chuan-fang's rule here before he has crossed the Yangtze."

The Hankow Government, at the time of Chiang's resignation, was preparing to attack him by armed force. Both Sun Fo and Gen. Tang Shen-tse told a New York *Times* correspondent that Chiang was a rebel and must be crusht. And General Tang continued:

"Force is necessary to quell Nanking. We have decided to capture this stronghold of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, to destroy his power utterly, reunite the Nationalists under Hankow's flag and then proceed with our Northern expedition. We can not compromise with Nanking, hence we must fight.

"Our Government replied to Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang's telegram suggesting a compromise conference at Kaifeng by refusing to consider such action. Feng Yu-hsiang is not interfering with our plans. He is cooperating with us."

That was before Chiang had resigned. The next step in the endless puzzle, we are told, is to see how much cooperation Feng really gives the Hankow Nationalists in healing the breach with the leaderless forces at Nanking. That he is now virtually the commander-in-chief of the Kuomintang armies is the view of all the correspondents, but few if any express faith in his motives. "Loyalty is not one of Feng's cardinal virtues," one writer remarks. The New York *Sun* reminds us that "Feng deserted both General Wu and Chang Tso-lin at critical stages of their warfare." The Springfield *Republican* is more hopeful, remarking: "The Christian general has rivaled Fabius in ability to wait, and he now seems to be reaping the reward of his patience."

Summing up the situation, Henry Kittredge Norton says in the New York *Times:*

"After a tremendous forward rush under the impulse of an appealing theory the revolution has brought up short against the hard realities of China. Promises of a social revolution and a larger share in the good things of life brought the laboring masses to the revolutionary standard. The outcry against foreign privileges served to rally the intellectuals and many of the merchant class. As long as these remained as promises and catchwords they were all-powerful.

"But when a communistically inclined régime at Hankow put some of the new theories into practise the result was fatal. When foreign business was killed it was found that there were few of the good things of life to share, except such as had been won from time immemorial by the labor of Chinese muscles.

"The results of Communist efforts served to discredit Communist doctrine, and Moscow finally withdrew in order to make a fresh start. But why should that bring the Chinese Revolution, founded upon Dr. Sun's Three Principles and having nothing to do with communism, to a sudden halt? Because the number of Chinese who have formed any conception of democracy is an infinitesimal fraction of the people. And those few, leaders tho they may be, have not as yet secured real power in the country. That power still remains in the hands of the militarists, the men who have exploited, and will continue to exploit, the present disorganization for their own profit."

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. How much money did American tourists spend in Europe last year? (p. 12).
2. To what country are the Mennonites to migrate? (p. 32).
3. How many lives were lost as a result of the Dole airplane race to Hawaii? (p. 10).
4. Are oysters ever noisy? (p. 24).
5. Are healthy children necessarily good? (p. 22).
6. What is the greatest known depth of the ocean? (p. 21).
7. Who wrote "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"? (p. 29).
8. What Chinese general is now in chief control of the Nationalist Armies? (p. 8).
9. What treaty is said to have freed Turkey from the yoke of the foreigner? (p. 16).
10. What is "seeing the line" in golf? (p. 44).
11. Why does the waltz fail to please to-day? (p. 29).
12. What five kinds of special ability are said to be essential for successful speculation in the stock market? (p. 60).
13. What was "Soapy Smith's" sphere of action? (p. 48).
14. What country has abandoned its official religion since the war? (p. 16).
15. How does the French peasant regard banking? (p. 28).
16. What nation in Europe has the lowest birth-rate? (p. 20).
17. What is the difference between golf and tournament golf? (p. 46).
18. What was the root cause of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's failure to fight his way to Peking? (p. 8).
19. Who was Matilde Serao? (p. 26).
20. When was the Turkish Sultanate abolished? (p. 17).
21. What device is proposed for directing aircraft across the ocean? (p. 53).
22. Where, in the Orient, is Western education blamed for the upheaval of a nation? (p. 19).
23. In what country are the works of William James censored? (p. 27).
24. What country has been more Westernized by the flapper than by girl students and girl educators who were reared in the West? (p. 20).
25. Which side of the face does the photographer prefer "to take"? (p. 54).

COUNTING THE COST OF STUNT FLYING

"CUT OUT THE DEATH-DEALING STUNTS!" exclaims the St. Louis *Star* in an editorial entitled "Dole's Race to Death," commenting on the fatal results of the airplane race from California to Hawaii for prizes offered by Mr. Dole of Honolulu, a race in which ten lives were lost—three in preparing for the flight, five during the race, and two in attempting rescue. "Will somebody please explain what good purpose has been served by this competitive flight?" asks the Brooklyn *Eagle*. "A mistake" is the comment of the Boston *Post*. "Aviation Asininity" is the term used by the Louisville *Times*. "Was it worth the price—ten lives?" asks the Winston-Salem *Journal*. "This is no sport at all, it is a gamble at long odds against suicide," declares the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. The same thought is voiced by scores of papers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, while comparatively few see any gains for aviation to compensate for the sacrifice of brave young lives. Under the heading "Dole Derby Hindsight," the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* sums up the case in its issue of August 23 as follows:

P. & A. photograph

LOST ON THE *MISS DORAN*

The first woman to venture on a transoceanic flight was never seen again after leaving Oakland for Honolulu. Photograph shows from reader's left to right, Auggy Pedlar, pilot; Miss Mildred Doran, passenger, and Lieut. Vilas R. Knope, navigator.

"The first transoceanic air race in history, on the basis of present information, figures up as follows:

"Four racers alive and victorious.
"Three racers killed in the preliminaries.
"Five racers missing for nearly a week and presumably dead.
"Two rescuers missing four days and probably dead.
"Value of prizes won, $35,000.
"Cost of race in money value of machines lost, preparation for flights, etc., more than $300,000.
"Useful contribution to aeronautics, zero.

"The last entry is susceptible of one tragic qualification. The Dole race has made this contribution to aeronautics—it has made it plain that transoceanic air races, unless guarded by the strictest preparation requirements, are criminally wasteful of human life.

"By this wisdom the country arrives, as usual, by hindsight. There is no room anywhere for self-righteousness. No warning voice was raised while there was yet time. For days the entries had been flocking to the Oakland airport. The ruling out of some entries as clearly unprepared, the fatal crashing of other entries, the mad scramble of others to make a sufficiently impressive showing to pass the minimum tests and get on the starting line—all of these signs pointed to impending tragedy, but everybody was silent on these signs of danger. The talk was all of the race—the money prizes—the glory to be won—the thrill of it all.

"Now there are plenty of voices to point out that the Dole race was a great mistake—that the prize money and the glory dazzled many of the contestants into a disregard for their own safety, that the planes were 'pick-up' affairs designed for land cruising and not for cross-ocean racing, that they were hastily and imperfectly remodeled, that they were, for the most part, not subjected to full-load tests; in short, that the most exacting of flying enterprises was organized and managed in the spirit of the county-fair ballyhoo and in the presence of a national audience resembling, in its naive hunger for thrills and in its criminal indifference to consequences, the crowds that assemble to witness the performance of prehensile acrobats who climb the perpendicular walls of tall buildings."

While hindsight thus warns us with its tepid wisdom, and the country's conscience is heavy over the lives needlessly lost in the Pacific, *The Virginian-Pilot* goes on to remark:

"What do we see in the case of Lindbergh? We see a complete and amazing indifference to his safety and a cruel, insensate demand that he enlarge his barnstorming tour to include every city of 50,000 or more in the United States. He has been barnstorming under the Guggenheim Foundation for more than a month. If he is to finish his original assignment of seventy-six cities, he must keep on barnstorming two months more. Meantime cities not included in the original itinerary are bringing every imaginable pressure to bear to induce him to include them. Norfolk is among this number. Is there no mercy left for this boy who captured the nation's heart, but who seems to have addled its sense of proportion? Lindbergh is tired. The young face is developing deep lines of fatigue. His shoulders are beginning to show a characteristic sag. The daily receptions weary him. The daily speeches bore him, the formal dinners appal him. He has been 'on exhibition' ever since the hour he landed at Le Bourget. He is entitled to a rest. His countrymen won't give it to him.

"When the *Shenandoah* crashed on September 3, 1925, carrying to death Commander Lansdowne and thirteen of his crew the ship was barnstorming the Mid-Western State fairs. How the country heaped its wrath on the Government for risking a great ship and a great flyer in a barnstorming expedition! Should Lindbergh crash in his boyish anxiety not to disappoint some provincial committee in high hats, how the country's wrath would again be heaped on those who encouraged this fine young aviator to risk his bones to provide seventy-six cities with a great holiday! Hindsight, but no foresight and no mercy!"

The enactment by Congress of a law to prohibit long-distance "stunt flights," except under rigid conditions, is advocated by Admiral Eberle, Acting Secretary of the Navy. "My ambition," he says, "is to see the Navy abolish land planes for oversea flights." Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, who was visiting San Francisco at the time of the race, told an Associated Press representative that "some Federal move must be made to prevent a recurrence of the disasters that have befallen the Dole air-race entrants." "A foolhardy and useless enterprise," is the verdict of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which goes on to say:

"Deploring consequences at this late day will do no good unless steps are taken to prevent a recurrence of such a disaster in the future. Ten lives are too great a price to pay for what is, after all, a mere stunt in flying. It is now disclosed that the Division of Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce was opposed to the flight and recommended a stricter examination of the competing machines and their personnel. But having filed its objections the Division of Aeronautics had no power to make its judgment effective.

"A regulatory and controlling power should be given to it in the future. Colonel Lindbergh, who should know something about flying over the oceans for prizes, has stated his opinion regarding this kind of adventure. It is not encouraging to those who, with an honest desire to advance aviation, are tempted to offer the reward of high cash prizes to ambitious airmen. Congress at its approaching session should take this matter up and give the Department of Commerce authority to regulate and control similar expeditions in the future."

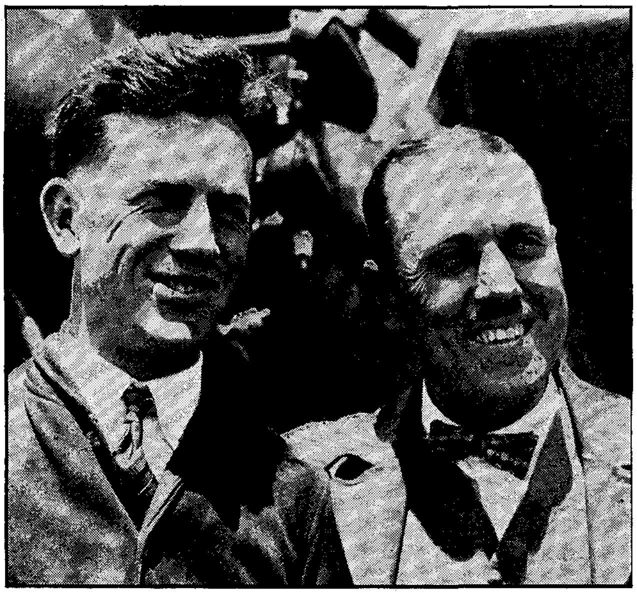
"Adventure has run too far ahead of science," says Walter J. Kendrick, a Canadian airplane designer, just back from a study of aviation in Europe. "The simple fact is that airplane design has not yet reached a point where gasoline will sustain a plane on a flight of 2,000 or 3,000 miles with any degree of safety." Carl Wolfley, Vice-President of the National Aeronautical Association, in a telegram to the Department of Commerce, expresses the opinion that racing across oceans for prize money at the present stage of aeronautical development can only jeopardize further progress—that real progress in long-distance flying can be promoted without courting tragedy over oceans.

"Such an orgy of reckless sacrifice must never be permitted again in this country," declares the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* "transatlantic flights should be restricted to planes which are specially equipped for landing on the sea surface." "Where failure is almost certain and where nothing is gained for civilization," the Mobile *Register* thinks, "contests of this sort are a mockery." After recounting the efforts made by the newly formed Division of Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce to obtain safer conditions for the Dole contestants before they started, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* concludes:

"There was no legal way by which this race could be stopt; no official power by which the flight could be prohibited. Authority stood helpless on the Oakland flying-field and watched the doomed planes fly into the face of disaster. The Department of Commerce can suggest, urge, plead, and propose, but it can not enforce safety upon the recklessly brave.

"It will be a bad thing to force regulation upon the courageous. It may be that had there been regulation Lindbergh would never have flown to glory. Some of the more splendid chapters of aviation might never have been written had Authority stood by when they were begun.

"Nevertheless, ten lives gone in a single effort is a tremendous price to pay for a flight that could add little or nothing to the advance of flying. This can not go on. The flyers must be protected from their own adventurous and danger-loving selves. If regulation is the only answer, then regulation must come."



P. & A. photograph

LOST ON THE *GOLDEN EAGLE*

Gordon Scott, navigator, at the reader's left, and Jack Frost, pilot, contestants for the Dole prizes, lost with one of the two missing airplanes in the race from Oakland to Honolulu.

Extreme measures, even in the way of control, are opposed by a few, including Assistant Secretary of Commerce William P. MacCracken, Jr., the Government's supervisor of civil aviation. In an interview with Thomas L. Stokes of the United Press, Mr. MacCracken said:

"The Hawaiian flight is not nearly so bad as the fatal accidents caused by inexperienced aviators flying in this country without licenses. This latter must be stopt. Personally, I think the race element is somewhat of a drawback when a certain time is set, and several planes gather for a contest on a difficult flight. The best way is to have some private individual back pioneering flights, so that every precaution may be taken. And plenty of time should be allowed.

"It probably is safer to have the Army and Navy do our air pioneering. On the other hand, under private supervision commercial aviators can give a good account of themselves, as Lindbergh and Chamberlin did. Even in Army and Navy pioneering, tho, there is loss of life despite everything that can be done, and the fact must be recognized.

"I deeply regret the loss of life in the Dole flight. I would not stop flights that are reasonable and practicable, but I would see that they are carefully regulated."

P. & A. photograph

SHARED THE FATE OF THOSE THEY SOUGHT

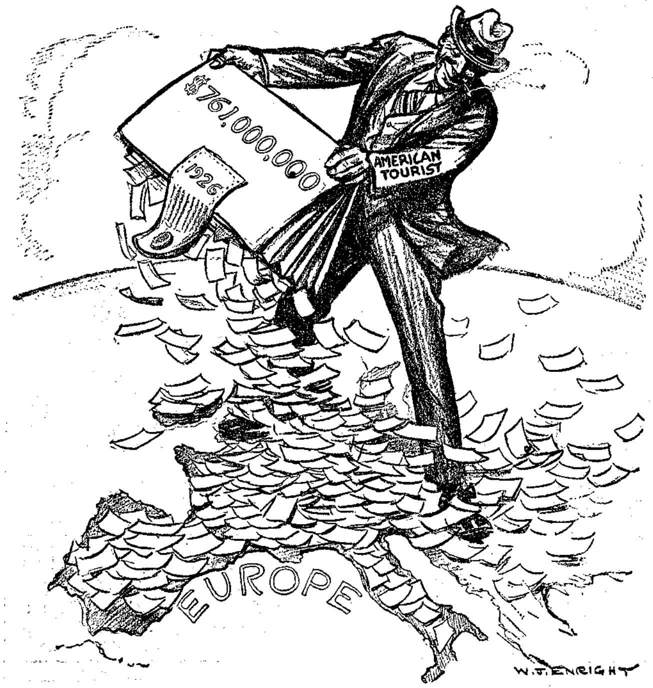
Captain William P. Erwin, pilot (at the reader's left), and Alvin H. Eichwaldt, navigator, who set out to find the lost flyers pictured on these pages, and were last heard from when they sent out a radio message that their 'plane, the *Dallas Spirit,* was going into a tailspin and falling into the ocean.

There is a certain foolishness in the excited outcry of the moment against stunt flying, the New York *Herald Tribune* contends, just as there was a certain foolishness in the men who wanted to hop off for Hawaii without enough gasoline or even intelligent preparation. We read further:

"One automatically begins to exclaim that there ought to be a law, until one stops with the reflection that it would be a poorer world if a man were not allowed to hazard his life and every one were made a coward by legislative enactment. The motto 'Better be safe than sorry,' tho a sound workaday rule, is not a noble principle for extraordinary occasions. Anxious publics pray for the rescue of these aviators only because they took the risk of not being rescued. If they had not been permitted to take the risk, it would have mattered to few whether they lived or died. This is not cynicism. Were the emotions and the risks of adventure to be eliminated, men and women would approach the status of automatons. The reckless way of man belongs with his finest side."

SPENDING AND LENDING OUR BILLIONS ABROAD

"BIG INVISIBLES" is the cryptic reply of Secretary of Commerce Hoover to the question: "Why does Uncle Sam come out at the little end of the horn, in the matter of trade balances, when we are sending more goods abroad than we are importing into the United States?" This phrase starts a search in many an editorial sanctum, where such words and phrases as "low visibility," "normalcy," and "choose" have been run to earth before. And the search reveals that our three "big invisibles" last year were, on the debit side: The amazing amount of money spent abroad by American tourists—$760,000,000, or more than twice as much as we spent in 1922—and private investments abroad, amounting to $1,319,000,000; and on the credit side a yield from previous foreign investments of $678,000,000, in interest and dividends. In fact, observes the Washington correspondent of the New York *World*, "travel and foreign loans have become more important in determining American international economic relations than the once-dominant matter of balance of trade."



THE SPENDER

—Enright in the New York *World*.

In the opinion of the Toledo *Blade*, "the fact that Americans did more traveling and lending abroad last year than ever before is unerring evidence of American prosperity and well-being. It is evidence also of the American spirit of adventure, for even capital is less timid than it once was." The number of Americans visiting Europe last year, as indicated by passport visas and steamship statistics, was in the neighborhood of 300,000. The figures for 1927, we are told, are certain to be much greater. "Whether or not he knows it, or whether or not he likes it, the American who wanders pop-eyed through the Louvre is playing an obscure rôle in the mighty drama of international finance," remarks the Minneapolis *Tribune*. "The American traveler has developed into a great industry in the United Kingdom and on the Continent," notes the Charleston *News and Courier*. Or, as the Grand Rapids *Herald* states it, "Europe is selling us more than $500,000,000 worth of scenery, souvenirs, and sojourns every year." This yearly American migration to Europe, remarks the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, "is an illustration of debtor nations having as a prize customer and patron the creditor nation, and proves America has no ill-will toward these nations, even with many instances of exprest opinion to the contrary."

Foreign loans floated in the United States during the first half of 1927, it is said, reached the record-breaking total of $786,000,000, or 28 per cent. more than in the corresponding period of 1926. The total amount now invested by Americans in foreign securities and bonds, says the Dayton *Journal*, is estimated by competent authorities at $14,000,000,000. On the private loans, we are told, the interest charges are approximately a billion dollars a year. The visible balance of the United States last year—the balance on the exchange of goods with the rest of the world—explains the Chicago *Daily News*, was favorable. It amounted to $337,000,000. "But that balance was more than offset by the invisible factors." Our adverse trade balance, in fact, amounted to $509,000,000. In other words, foreigners received from American citizens half a billion more than they brought in. How did so many good American "iron men" get away? asks the St. Louis *Star*. "Big invisibles," replies Secretary Hoover.

It is true that foreign tourists spent $115,000,000 in the United States last year, and foreigners had on deposit in American banks $1,443,000,000. But the amount spent by foreigners in American travel, notes the Wichita *Eagle*, "was infinitesimal in comparison with the stupendous expenditures of some 370,000 American tourists abroad." Continues the Kansas paper:

> "Mr. Hoover's report shows that exports by this country, visible and invisible, during the year 1926, amounted to $8,033,000,000, while imports during the same year were $8,542,000,000, making a balance against the United States of $509,000,000.
>
> "Total payments on the international debt to the United States under the various funding agreements were $565,672,542.82 up to November 15, 1926, or only a little more than the foreign nations took out of the United States in the one year of 1926. And most of this money taken from this country last year went to the principal debtor nations—England, France, and Italy. More and more it appears that the hue and cry abroad about our oppressive debt collections is mostly hue and cry. It would appear that we are, after all, paying ourselves out of our own pockets."

"Much has been said about the draft of this country on the earnings of European countries," observes the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, "but in the Hoover report we have striking evidence that America is plowing back into the foreign field of finance, industry, and trade a large percentage of the profit which it gathers." To the Cincinnati *Post* and other Scripps-Howard newspapers, the Hoover figures are an indication that the days of the isolationist in politics are numbered. Says *The Post:*

> "We are told, Americans invested $1,332,000,000 new money in foreign countries last year. That's an average of $12 apiece for every one of us. Including the war debts, foreigners now owe us in excess of $25,000,000,000, or $225 for each man, woman, and child in the country. Each American family, therefore, has more than a $1,000 interest in foreign countries, representing money already actually invested. And every year we are increasing the amount by more than $1,000,000,000.
>
> "War, famine, pestilence, good times or bad—whatever happens to our neighbors must react more or less upon us. Like a group of mountain-climbers, all tied together by the same rope, when one moves up a bit he helps the rest a little; and when one stumbles or falls, all are placed in peril.
>
> "Just now there is considerable talk about the needs of our national defense, particularly the naval branch of the service. There is much closer connection between this subject and Hoover's report than one might think. Wars wipe out debts. And wars kill trade or shift trade centers from one country to another. Suppose our diplomacy should allow the present anti-American wave to go on rolling up until one day there should be a great, and, perhaps, world-wide coalition against us.
>
> "The salvation of our country as a great and prosperous nation lies in the cultivation of the closest possible understanding with the other people of the world as a first aid to world peace. And, secondly, in an adequate national defense, including a merchant marine. To become weak would be to invite stronger Powers to yield to a colossal temptation to wipe their debt slates clean by defeating us in war."

SYNTHETIC GASOLINE AT TEN CENTS?

OUR REMOTE DESCENDANTS are promised an adequate supply of synthetic gasoline for their airplanes, after the horse has become extinct and the automobile too slow, by the agreement between the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and the German "dye trust" whereby the New Jersey corporation acquires the American patent rights to the Bergius process for production of gasoline from bituminous coal. "The exhaustion of our petroleum resources," notes the Pittsburgh *Post*, "has repeatedly been predicted—and as regularly postponed. But if it ever happens, we have enough coal in the United States and Alaska to satisfy requirements for hundreds of years." By that time, hopefully remarks another editor, we probably will be picking electric power from the atmosphere.

Seriously, tho, German scientists are reported in a Berlin dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* as saying the Bergius process will increase enormously the world's supply of oil, reduce by half the cost of gasoline, and have important political consequences by lessening the rivalry of nations for natural sources of supply. The prospect for the commercial production of synthetic gasoline, says a Washington dispatch to *The Christian Science Monitor*, "is regarded here as of world-wide importance industrially, commercially, and even politically." The German "dye trust" is said to be building a plant having an annual capacity of 100,000 tons of synthetic gasoline, which is 10 per cent. of the German consumption.

After experiments carried on over a period of years and costing millions of dollars, "the liquefaction of coal by hydrogenation," as the Bergius process is called, has been worked out in satisfactory form, says a Pittsburgh dispatch to *The Wall Street Journal*. Furthermore, we are told:

> "The Bergius process may be utilized to link gasoline production with making of artificial gas, since combination plants can be most economically operated. Equipment for the use of the Bergius process can be installed in connection with existing gas plants without difficulty. Instead of obtaining gas and coke as final products, such a combination plant yields, instead of coke, the more valuable oil, and a gas of much higher calorific content. The gas produced in liquefying coal can be added to the ordinary gas output of the plant.
>
> "The process has been perfected to a point where from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. of the coal can be transformed into oil. One short ton of coal will yield 104 gallons of oil, from which can be obtained 45 gallons of gasoline. Nearly all grades of lignite and bituminous coal can be used in the process. As the coal is crusht in the process, it is feasible to use screenings. The Bergius process differs from other methods of extracting coal by-products in that destructive distillation, as used in coke ovens, is not employed."

According to the New York *Times:*

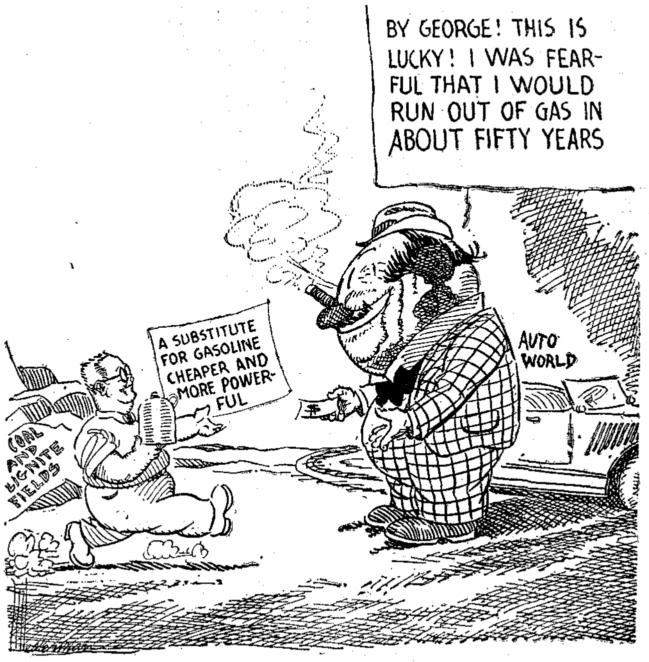
> "The German synthetic gasoline process is based on the conversion of bituminous and sub-bituminous coal into oil. Pulverized coal, mixed with tar or oil to form a thick paste, is heated at a temperature of 400 degrees centigrade in a steel autoclave and treated with hydrogen under a pressure of 150 to 200 atmospheres.
>
> "This converts the coal paste into a black, tarlike liquid which, when distilled at a temperature of 300 degrees centigrade, yields crude oils and tars. The by-products of this process are ammonia and illuminating gas. From the oils so obtained the refined products obtained fom natural petroleum can be derived. Experts in chemical fields admit that the world is on the threshold of a new fuel era, and that the often-predicted failure of the gasoline supply is now shoved centuries into the future."

"Every one knows," remarks the New York *World*, "how chemistry takes nitrogen from the air and dyes of all hues from coal-tar." Moreover—

> "In the last two or three years synthetic ammonia, synthetic wood alcohol, and synthetic acetic acid have demoralized the markets for these commodities. The production of rayon and other synthetic textiles has increased astonishingly. Synthetic lacquers are capturing the automobile industry. The production of gasoline and oil by-products from coal, apparently, is to begin at once to play a large part in the industry of nations which, like Germany, have no petroleum deposits."

The question of greatest moment to the American owner of an automobile, however, it is pointed out, is whether this revolutionary process will result in ten-cent gasoline in the United States. "Some day or other," predicts the Providence *News*, "synthetic gasoline will be sold at a price that will surprize the most optimistic members of this automobiling generation. But that day is not near at hand." Abroad, observes the Detroit *Free Press*, "the appearance of synthetic fuel may be a boon. But, since it costs more to produce a gallon of synthetic gasoline, the hope of cheaper fuel in this country is rather dampened." Perhaps, suggests the Topeka *Capital*, "the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey intends to hold the Bergius patents to prevent any one else from using them."

According to a Washington dispatch to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, government experts at Washington scout the practicability of wide commercial use of synthetic gasoline in this country at the present time. We read:


BY GEORGE! THIS IS LUCKY! I WAS FEARFUL THAT I WOULD RUN OUT OF GAS IN ABOUT FIFTY YEARS
A SUBSTITUTE FOR GASOLINE CHEAPER AND MORE POWERFUL
AUTO WORLD
COAL AND LIGNITE FIELDS

HANS GERMANY DISCOVERS A GOLD-MINE

—Westerman in the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*.

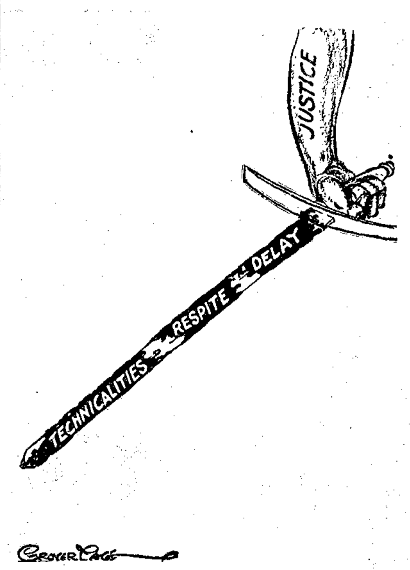
> "John H. Nelson, chief of the mineral section of the Department of Commerce, declares that the new process may be used to advantage in those sections of the United States where there are no oil-fields, but he can foresee no early development.
>
> "The mineral expert declares that the new process may be commercialized extensively in countries remote from natural petroleum resources, but can hardly gain much headway in this country while the prices of the natural petroleum are constantly falling.
>
> "Mr. Nelson says the 'gas-from-coal' process might be worked in sections such as Pennsylvania and Illinois. In these States, where there is an abundance of lignite and coal too cheap to mine, the plants could service such cities as New York and Chicago. Both are far from the large petroleum-producing centers, he points out, and because of lower transportation rates could be sold more cheaply."

"What the government expert says may be quite true," observes the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "The German process may not be an immediate commercial factor in the production of gasoline from coal. But that is not the point. The real interest of the purchase is the conversion of hard-headed commercial interests to the view-point of the scientific professions that a shortage of motor fuel need not necessarily be anticipated, regardless of the exhaustion of the oil."

WHY THERE IS LESS CRIME IN EUROPE

COMPARISONS ARE NOT ALWAYS PLEASING, and American newspaper editors, it seems from a survey of their editorials, get scant comfort out of the recent statement of Dr. Louis N. Robinson, of the National Crime Commission, that Europe excels the United States in its methods of dealing with criminals. Dr. Robinson, who has just returned from a study of penal institutions in England, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, takes the ground that reasonably mild penalties on a large proportion of lawbreakers, as practised abroad, is much better than "punishing severely an insignificant fraction of our criminals," which he intimates is the rule in the United States. Professional criminals in Europe, we are told, are held in check by the certainty, not the severity, of punishment. There is no "coddling" of prisoners, neither is there a tendency to return to the harsher methods of the past, Dr. Robinson finds. Police and prison officials are free from politics, and the codes of criminal law procedure have been purged of empty technicalities, according to this experienced observer. Trials are expeditious and businesslike. Money and influence are of no advantage to a criminal.



TEMPERED WITH RUST

—Page in the Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

"It is well known," notes the Wichita *Eagle,* "that there is less crime in Europe than in the United States." Dr. Robinson's explanation, as quoted in New York papers, is this:

> "Tho there is no let-down in Europe in the general attempt to make punishment for wrong-doing swift and certain, the thing that strikes one's attention is the absence of any tendency to turn to more severe penalties or to a harsher prison régime in the effort to stamp out crime. Everywhere there is manifest a movement to soften the asperities of the penal law and to mitigate the former harshness of prison discipline. The long sentences recently imposed by certain American judges are regarded by European students as a return to the cruelty of the Middle Ages, and a further increase in the barbarities of our prisons is difficult to explain to those Europeans.
>
> "The question will now be asked: On what do European countries rely to keep down crime? Leaving out of account those social ameliorations of which both Europeans and Americans are fully conscious as tending to lessen crime, I would say that the main reliance is on the police. In other words, while we Americans seem to think that crime can be held in check by punishing severely an insignificant fraction of our criminals, Europeans believe that it is far more effective to impose reasonably mild penalties on a large proportion of those who offend.
>
> "A short time ago an investigation in two of the leading cities of Missouri revealed the fact that, whereas information had been laid before the police concerning some 14,000 major felonies, arrests had followed in only 8 per cent. of the cases. Worse—it was shown that a total of only 3 per cent. had been found, or had pleaded, guilty.
>
> "To trust to the efficacy of punishing severely the 3 per cent. while allowing the 97 per cent. to escape scot-free would scarcely appeal to a European as an example of our boasted efficiency or our hard common sense. They, on the contrary, have built up non-political police forces that make it decidedly risky for an individual to engage in crime.
>
> "The second thing that impresses the visitor to European prisons is the existence, in the care and treatment of prisoners, of a standard of care steadily and faithfully maintained. To throw out the entire staff of a prison from the warden down to the lowest guard simply to make places for the friends of the incoming administration, and to have this process repeated over and over again as has been done in many of our States, is a thing utterly abhorrent to the European's notion of public administration or of proper public protection of society from crime."

"Dr. Robinson's report," thinks the Asheville *Times,* "should be helpful to all Americans who are engaged in the search for more effective methods of dealing with crime in the United States." The efficiency of European police forces, as compared with American is, in the opinion of the New Haven *Register,* "perhaps the most striking thing in the entire document." It is obvious to the Nashville *Banner* that "we need something different; our present *modus operandi* is anything but a success." Particularly, suggests the Omaha *World-Herald,* should something be done about the law's delays "which enable the man with wealth to place obstacle after obstacle in the way of punishment, until prosecutors grow tired and the public indifferent." "The weakness of American criminal law has been recognized for years," points out the Indianapolis *Star,* "but, like the weather, nothing is done about it."

Taking New York City as an example, however, many American editors recall the recent report of the Police Commissioner, in which he recorded a marked decrease in crime, and attributed it to the severity of the so-called Baumes laws for the punishment of habitual criminals and to the efficiency of the police force. Long sentences, and even life imprisonment is the only thing that will deter the hardened offender, believes the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* and the Des Moines *Register* agrees that "it will not do for us to make the mistake of turning back on all we have learned about the handling of lawbreakers." "The Baumes laws," we are reminded by the Buffalo *Courier-Express,* "were passed because it was found that we were dealing altogether too leniently with our criminal element." The reference in the Robinson report to "unnecessary harshness in the treatment of American prisoners" looks like "a real discovery" to the Detroit *Free Press,* "in view of the general impression that excessive leniency, sometimes amounting to the coddling of criminals, is precisely one of the chief weaknesses of our system of punishment for crime." As for the part of the Robinson report which says that: "Europeans rely upon their police, rather than upon their prisons, to keep down crime," the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* says in reply:

> "There's nothing wrong with the criminal laws of the States or of the United States; so far as the detection of persons who have committed crimes which fall within the category of *malum in se* is concerned, there's nothing wrong with the police of the States or of the United States. When the vast expanse of the United States is compared with the densely populated countries in which Dr. Robinson investigated conditions, the American police are as able and keen as the police of any other country.
>
> "What Dr. Robinson has overlooked, apparently, is the difference between the administration of the criminal laws in the United States and in other countries. It isn't the fault of the laws in the United States that offenders go unpunished; it isn't the fault of the police; it isn't because of milder penalties in Europe than are provided in America that criminals are punished in Great Britain and on the Continent who would go free in America. As a matter of fact, the English criminal laws from which our own are derived are quite as severe as ours.
>
> "The difference is that the criminal laws are more laxly administered in the United States than in any other civilized country in the world. Our whole system of criminal jurisprudence is maintained in such a manner as to throw every safeguard around the criminal to protect him from society, rather than to throw every safeguard around society to protect it from the criminal. Our Legislatures enact adequate laws; our police execute them; then our system of criminal trials, with its sentimentality and its mush and its play-acting by lawyers and its demurrers and its hair-splitting and its expert evidence and its coined phrases of excuse and palliation, casts the offenders loose."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

Only time a horse gets scared nowadays is when he meets another horse.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The Times asks: "How Near Is Beer?" As nearly as we know, Canada.—*New York Evening Post.*

When better enforcement laws are made, the Eighteenth Amendment will need them.—*El Paso Times.*

It is still permissible in Chicago to say that neighbors live within gunshot of each other.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Signor Mussolini has paid a visit to Mount Vesuvius. Now perhaps the volcano will stop its nonsense.—*Punch.*

"Sun may blow up some day, say astronomers." That will be a terrible blow to sunny California.—*St. Louis Star.*

Statesmen have often wasted anxiety concerning a Treasury surplus. Nothing is more easily cured.—*Washington Star.*

The G. O. P.'s farm-relief problem seems to be to satisfy the farmers without giving them what they want.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

As we understand the report of the commission, the Leaning Tower of Pisa is safe so long as it doesn't get much leaner.—*New York Evening Post.*

Because he did not enter a plea of insanity a murderer charged in America has been remanded for the state of his mind to be inquired into.—*Punch.*

Now it turns out that King Emmanuel of Italy is a fancier of old and rare coins. We knew he was bound to have some way of taking up his time.—*Nashville Banner.*

It is estimated that a recent rain did $100,000 damage in New York City. We never expected to hear of New York suffering to that extent from water.—*Marion Star.*

The pedestrian is not only a nuisance, but he's an expense. If it weren't for the pedestrians a city could get along with half the traffic cops it now has.—*Cleveland Press.*

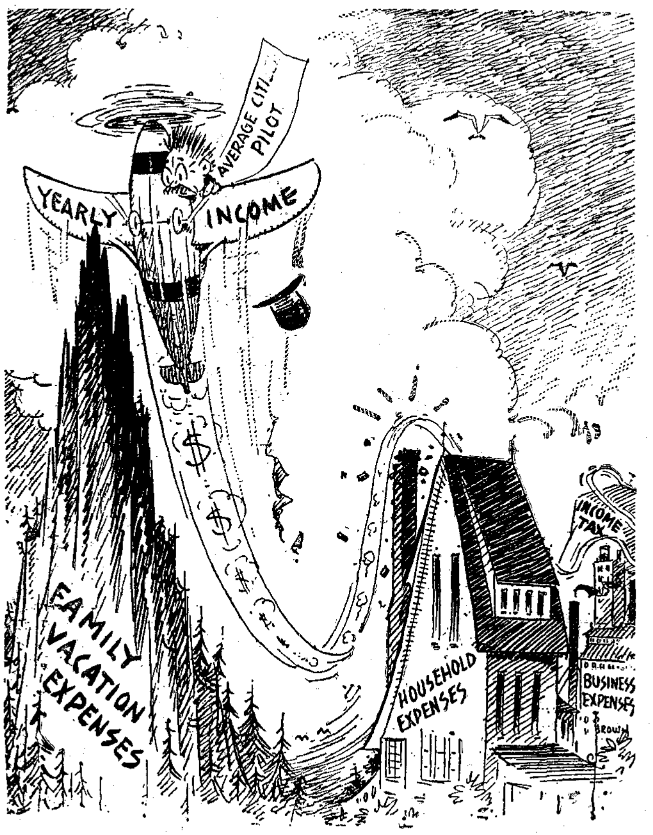
Football is being substituted for head-hunting among the Philippine savages. Evidently the report that they are becoming civilized is greatly exaggerated.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Competition is the life of trade, and the business outlook for the Southern delegates has brightened considerably since President Coolidge did his choosing.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The new Turkish Government has forbidden the ancient Anatolian custom of male guests beating the bridegroom. The Turks prefer to let marriage take its course.—*El Paso Times.*

A Frenchman has invented an automobile that will leap from the ground and travel through the air for a considerable distance. Pedestrians had just as well give it up and lie down in the middle of the road.—*Nashville Banner.*

Senator Ricci predicts that the Fascist Government's proposed tax on bachelors will be paid without protest. He is confident that his fellow countrymen will regard it as preferable to either matrimony or castor-oil.—*Punch.*



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WHY NOT A MEDAL FOR THIS SUSTAINED FLIGHT PILOT?

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

The coal strike is still on. If anything, it is stiller than on.—*Dallas News.*

Marry in haste and you'll never have any leisure to repent in.—*El Paso Times.*

Politics are warming up. Which means that somebody is going to get burnt.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The wife of an aviator is the only woman who is always glad to see her husband down and out.—*Louisville Times.*

If they continue to increase the size of buses, locomotives will have to cross crossings cautiously.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

If a foreign foe should invade this country we might try turning the Mississippi on them.—*Portland (Me.) Express.*

This is one of the worst years on record for mosquitoes, but they never had such opportunities before.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Chicago's bravest boy has just been awarded $100, probably for going out to play without his bullet-proof vest.—*New York Evening Post.*

Only experience will convince this country that it can't amend a constitution without first amending the people to fit it.—*El Paso Times.*

Ignoring of the wet-dry issue by the two great political parties seems like trying to make a mole-hill out of a mountain.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The full force of the Government is to be turned against the corn-borer. All the borers need do is disguise themselves as bootleggers.—*Nashville Banner.*

"What do the American people do with all their money?" asks a visitor from France. Well, if he stayed at home long enough he'd find out.—*New York Evening Post.*

Now that Eamon de Valera and his adherents have taken the oath of allegiance to King George, Big Bill Thompson is left practically alone.—*Nashville Banner.*

Perhaps the German aviator who circled head downward for nearly eleven minutes was trying to arrive at an understanding of the Einstein theory.—*New York Evening Post.*

According to The Literary Digest, worms are drawn to the surface only by musical sounds which annoy them. This is passed on as a suggestion to the early birds.—*El Paso Times.*

The real-estate firm that refuses to hire flappers and employs none but elderly women deserves to be congratulated upon its ability to distinguish between them.—*New York Evening Post.*

Dr. Edward Grant Conklin alleges that we have not found a more perfect woman than the Venus de Milo or a more perfect man than Apollo. Obviously Dr. Conklin never reads movie publicity.—*South Bend Tribune.*

In a women's discussion at the meeting of the Welsh National Liberal Federation it was suggested that the giving of toy soldiers to children should be discouraged. The difficulty is, however, that no nursery dares to be the first to disarm.—*Punch.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

TURKEY FACING TOWARD EUROPE

OUT OF THE RUINS of the Ottoman Empire emerged the Republic of Turkey, and, we are told, it turns its face by preference toward Europe instead of toward Asia. Therefore any talk about a union of the Asiatics against the West, which would include Turkey, is characterized by official Turkish spokesmen as "pure imagination." This is the major theme that inspires the Turkish press in commenting on the fourth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Lausanne. Looking back to four to five years ago, remarks the Constantinople *Milliet*, and recalling the "notorious Armistice of Moudras, and the hideous treaty of Sèvres that followed it," we can realize the great sacrifices we made to bring about a peace that put us on equal terms with the victors of the war, and this journal adds:

From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

TURKEY'S PRESIDENT REVISITS CONSTANTINOPLE

Mustafa Kemal Pasha's return to Constantinople is interpreted as the Turkish Republic's first step into the "sphere of European civilization." Here the man whom some Turks describe as their "George Washington," is being welcomed by the wife of a prominent Turkish official.

> "The negotiations for the Lausanne Treaty began in November, 1922, and were interrupted in February, 1923. Our delegates under the leadership of Ismet Pasha were forced to work night and day against our opponents, and underwent superhuman efforts before the rights of the Turkish nation were recognized. The chief stumbling-block was the Ottoman Debt: finally our delegation returned to Lausanne in April, 1923, and on the 24th of July the treaty was signed."

In signing the Treaty of Lausanne, says the Constantinople *Djoumhouriet*, Turkey "not only defined her new boundaries, but also secured rights that had been trampled upon by the foreigner over a long period of years," and it continues:

> "We were almost prisoners of the alien Powers, thanks to the privileges accorded to them by our thoughtless and foolish kings. If the military Tomlu-Bounar—the scene of the decisive battle of the Greek-Turkish war—resulted in the defeat of the Greeks and of those who through them were trying to enslave Turkey, the diplomatic Tomlu-Bounar of Switzerland made short work of the capitulations, and all the extraterritorial rights of the foreigners."

Numerous editorials in the Angora and Constantinople newspapers give the impression that as Turkey is placed on a footing of equality with the Western Powers she has no inclination to oppose them any longer, but rather tends to be friendly toward them. In view of the fact that the Turkish press is more or less censored, some Greek editors tell us, it is safe to assume that the rapprochement between Turkey and the West is rather the official policy of the Turkish Government than the platonic wish of irresponsible individuals. In the *Petit Parisien* a special correspondent at Angora quotes the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Twefik Roushdi Bey, as giving the following intimations of Turkish policy:

> "All this talk about the union of the Asiatic peoples is pure imagination. We have nothing to gain from it. What have we in common with the Asiatic peoples? Religion? But we have abandoned it. We are not Moslems. We are Turks. The language? There are no less than forty-six languages among the Asiatic races. In Europe we consider as brothers the Hungarians and the Finns. Ties of friendship? The Persians have always been against us. Our history shows that for years we had a series of wars with Persia. The other Asiatic races? They are too far away. In case of real trouble what could the inhabitants of Afghanistan, or of India, or of China do, to help us? For all these reasons, we are in favor of a return to Europe."

In another statement given to the Constantinople *Vakit* this Turkish Minister exprest the Turkish official view regarding a new Balkan federation:

"Any such arrangement between the Balkan peoples from which Turkey might be excluded would be considered as hostile to us, and would force us to take all the necessary steps to forestall a possible war from that quarter. What we understand by the formation of a Balkan Locarno, is an arrangement on the basis of the existing status. However, in order to secure Turkish participation, this Locarno should be based on the following conditions: 1. It should not be an instrument of opposition against any great Power. 2. It should not be an instrument in the hands of any Power. 3. It should not serve any single Balkan country to secure domination over any of its neighbors."

Greek newspapers which follow Turkey's policy rather closely notice considerable activity on the part of Angora to bring about alliances with Italy, or Jugoslavia, or even Bulgaria. Rumors of an Italian alliance with Turkey are too vague and too indefinite and so may be dismissed for the present, in the opinion of the Athens *Empros*, but it attaches particular importance to the possibility of a Turkish-Jugoslav alliance. "A common enemy brings about the closest friendships," says the *Empros*, in noting that both Turkey and Jugoslavia have recently agreed that Fascist Italy constitutes the most serious danger to Jugoslav interests in the Adriatic and to Turkish interests in Asia Minor, and it adds:

"For Turkey a rapprochement with Jugoslavia would be more than useful. Altho the possibility of a Jugoslav participation in a war involving Italy and Turkey would be rather remote. Turkey would expect to profit by concluding an alliance with a Balkan State, because by that fact she would emerge from her present isolation and incidentally add her weight to the French-Jugoslav group, which today opposes Anglo-Italian policy in the Mediterranean."

In connection with the inclination of the new Turkey to make friends with the Balkans, we notice in the Turkish press, especially in the Angora *Hakimet-i-Millie* and in the Constantinople *Miliet*, some very sympathetic articles about Bulgaria. Thus the Angora newspaper observes:

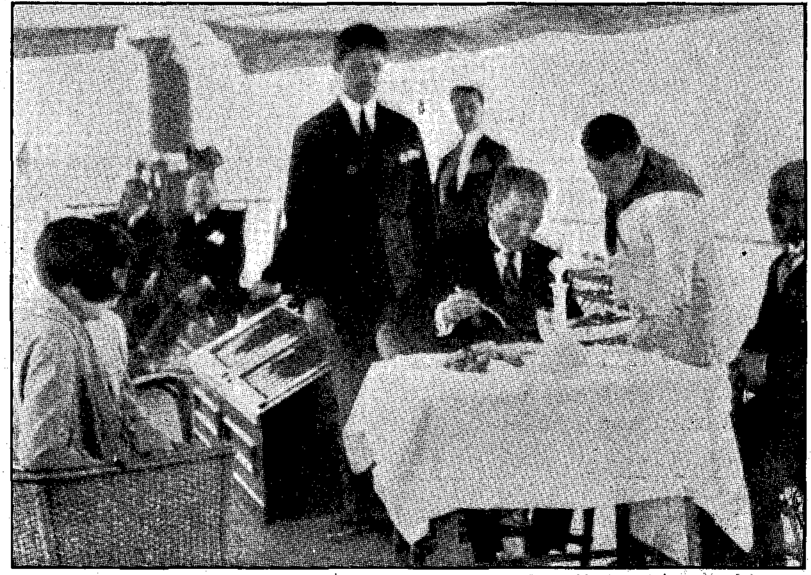
"Our old accounts have been settled as far as Bulgaria is concerned. The sentiments animating us to-day have nothing to do with those we entertained when fighting against each other in the Balkan War, or when we were fighting side by side against a common enemy in the Great War. The interests of our countries and the interests of peace are the only ones that should guide our policy to-day. And we are sure that the commercial treaty, that we are about to sign with Bulgaria, will bring us once more closer together. We are sure that Turkish public opinion will favorably greet this new cooperation with Bulgaria, which is based on common sense and good-will."

Adverting to the visit to Constantinople of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the president of the Turkish Republic, after eight years, the London *Daily News* points out that:

"In the last three years this magnificent seaport, for sixteen centuries the celebrated capital of empires, has been relegated to the position of a neglected provincial town. Mustafa Kemal pursuing his policy of 'Turkey for the Turkish' to the point of fanaticism, and refusing to have anything officially to do with a city which reeked of Western wickedness and Western politics, transferred the seat of government to the wilderness of Angora; and thenceforward Constantinople lost its prestige, its business and its hope of the future. Behind its feverish imitations of European manners and its artificial liveliness, there were obvious and increasing signs of poverty and decay. Impartial observers predicted over and over again that if Mustafa Kemal continued thus to ignore the unequaled maritime advantages of this great gateway of the East for the sake of a stubborn dream, not only would the dream fade but the city itself would eventually pass into alien hands.

"At last Mustafa Kemal has answered the repeated prayers of a dispirited people, and made his gesture of peace. Neither the Ghazi himself nor the people of Constantinople undervalued the happy moment. Constantinople accorded him a reception fit for a demigod, and the demigod replied in language of godlike grandeur. Constantinople, he declared, had clasped him to its heart in a moving embrace. It was 'the gem of the Turkish Fatherland,' 'the treasure of its history,' 'the pupil of its eye,' and forever it would be 'dear to the heart of every Turk.'"

These and other flowers of oratory, *The Daily News* reflects, signify something more than mere emotional exuberance. The purple passages, it avers, express Mustafa Kemal's discreet and dignified admission that he can not make his impoverished State function without the intelligent cooperation of a Constantinople reborn, and that he has definitely abandoned the barren policy of national isolation. Rumors about a treaty of friendship with Jugoslavia confirm this thought of this London daily, which adds, that such a treaty will not please Italy, which is not on very good terms with the Jugoslavs, and in the view of all patriotic Turks still entertains sinister designs against the Anatolian coast, but—


From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

TURKEY'S PRESIDENT AT LUNCH

Mustafa Kemal Pasha on the steam yacht *Ertogroul*, which took him back to Turkey's former capital, Constantinople, after an absence of eight years.

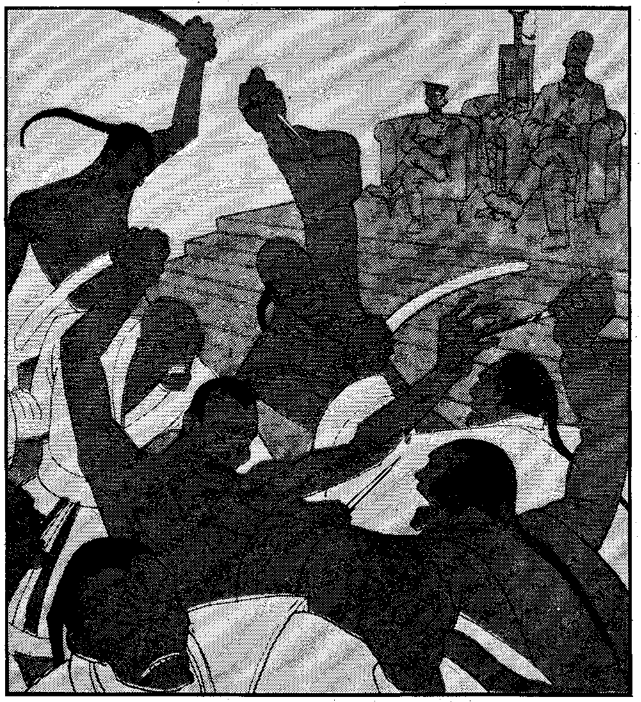
"It need not alarm European statesmanship. The new Turkey is a deeply interesting experiment, and on the whole Mustafa Kemal has been an enlightened and disinterested despot. But it can not hope ultimately to survive, in our opinion, politically or economically, unless it comes by its own accord definitely within the sphere of European civilization. Mustafa Kemal's triumphal entry into Constantinople is the first step, and not a small one."

Viewing Turkey's "return to Europe" by the gateway of Constantinople, the Manchester *Guardian* recalls that:

"From Angora, the new capital of Nationalist Turkey, Constantinople was denounced with hatred and vehemence (that grew with the triumphs of the Nationalist armies) not only as the refuge of political renegades and traitors but as the stronghold of degenerate vice, effeminacy, and cosmopolitanism which the newly born, austere, and militant Turkish Republic meant to destroy. In November, 1922, the Sultanate was abolished. In March, 1924, the Khalif was expelled and Constantinople lost the last vestige of that dazzling spiritual and temporal supremacy which she had held for 1,600 years. In the modernized, secular Turkish Republic there is no room either for a Sultan or for a Khalif. Except for a small corner of Thrace Turkey has been pushed back into Asia. But she has consciously accepted European standards, especially militarism, nationalism, and the cult of efficiency."

PEERING INTO THE FUTURE OF CHINA

As THE MAGICIAN of the world's stage China is said to be able to do what other countries could not dream of doing. That is why, in some quarters, there is an optimistic outlook about China's future, altho hopeful opinions do not go farther than to predict that the "present abnormal chaos will revert shortly to the normal chaos of the past ten years." But if the Chinese body politic were not bound together by a matrix stronger than that of any other country, we are told, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of the Western educationists to disintegrate it, and if the Chinese were more advanced from the Western political standpoint or less advanced from the Eastern, the outlook would be a nightmare. Such is the verdict of a contributor to *The Fortnightly Review* (London), W. F. Tyler, who has spent thirty years in China, and claims to be "possibly the most active of all exponents of China's rights." In his connection with Chinese foreign affairs, he declares that his policy has been guided by a firm conviction that what is good or bad for China is good or bad for the foreign trader and *vice versa*. This informant continues:



SWISS SATIRE

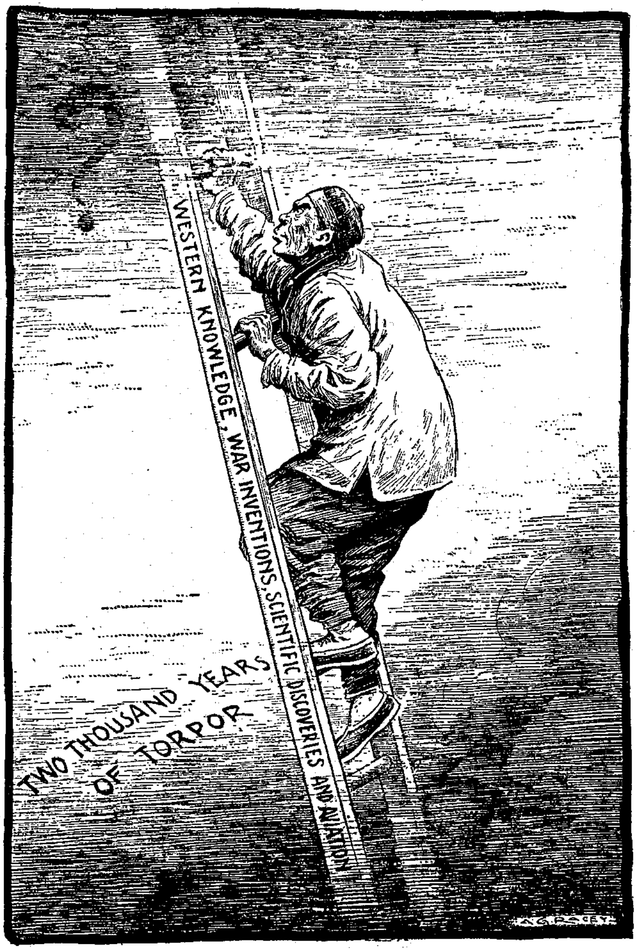
"The Great Powers observe with pleasure the national unity of China.

—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

> "A China, susceptible of being dominated by Russian Bolshevism, absorbing in later years, as would be inevitable, their Russian masters, might well result in a Golden Horde that would sweep Western civilization from Asia and Europe. But fortunately China is not yet so disintegrated—in her peculiar form of automatic self-government—as to become generally infected with the Bolshevist virus. Obviously, too, Japanese interests in Manchuria form a potent factor against the imposition of Bolshevism by force of arms. Japanese policy in this matter is a separate subject. That she will try to turn the situation to her own benefit, with perhaps consequent detriment to Western interests, goes without saying. In the meantime she is a bulwark."

It is this writer's belief that comparatively normal trade at Shanghai will be resumed in the near future, and that the city will have a great boom within a year or less. Nevertheless, he admits that only a very sanguine person would bet on a generally reformed and peaceful China within any stated period. But supposing that abnormal conditions should extend over a long period, he ponders, and adds:

> "First let something be said about trade in China. A good, healthy flow of trade does not need peace conditions. It went on gaily through the Taiping rebellion and the Boxer uprising. In the bad conditions of last year there was a record collection of revenue. If China had a stabilized government, the increase in trade would rapidly become stupendous, monstrous freight carriers would have to be specially built to deal with it, and the approaches to Shanghai would have to be deepened to admit a draft of forty feet; and, as regards industries, the merchants of the West would be praying for a new revolution in China. It is by no means certain that a full-blooded regeneration of China is desirable from a Western standpoint.
>
> "Chinese trade, even under the most adverse of circumstances, is insistent and has a great momentum. Let a story to illustrate this be told: Many years ago the writer was in charge of works for the amelioration of a very serious rapid on the Upper Yangtze, which had been formed owing to a young mountain top side-slipping into the river and blocking up two-thirds of its width. A whirlpool formed below the slide with a gyrating vortex down which forty-foot boats with their crews dropt as easily as a match down the plug-hole of a bath; and in that whirlpool junks of a couple of hundred tons or more were broken up and disappeared. Down that infamous hole were sucked over a thousand men, women and children in a period of three months. Why was not traffic stopt? That was never considered. It had been the tradition of the junkmen for thousands of years that no risks justified stoppage. Tying up their craft above the rapid, the loadahs and their wives would view the whirlpool, discuss procedure, and then go and make the attempt, singing their shanties as they did so. This is typical of Chinese trade under difficulties."


WESTERN KNOWLEDGE, WAR INVENTIONS, SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES AND AVIATION
TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF TORPOR
?

WHERE WILL THE CLIMB END?

—A. G. Racey, in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

As regards trade routes and marts in China, this informant goes on to say, they have an inertia which prevents them from being shifted. It may be thought, he tells us, that in certain circumstances the Chinese authorities could divert trade from Shanghai to Pukow, opposite Nanking, but—

> "They could not. Shanghai as a premier port and premier

mart of China is impregnably the collector of, say, 60 per cent. of the foreign trade in China. A large factor in that impregnability is, however, the continuance of a foreign control of it, for it is the safety of residence there for Chinese that constitutes a portion of its resistance to change. Thus, whatever may happen in China generally, whatever may be the fate of the other treaty ports on the coast and rivers, the holding of Shanghai provides with certainty the orderly continuance of trade generally with China; and, more, it secures, by means of the continuance of the collection there of customs duties, the continued service of China's foreign loans.

"These two points—the continued Western control of Shanghai, and the preservation of the collectorate of customs dues there—are the vital ones in the situation, and to reinstate such confidence in the future as is possible a definite announcement on these points is highly desirable. At the very worst, then, one envisages a sort of reversion to the situation at Canton in 1840, with conditions vastly more favorable. The writer has, however, no idea that affairs will come to that pass. Nevertheless, he would insure against the possibility.

"What goes before is not to say that reforms in China's favor are not necessary at Shanghai. Other ports, it is believed, have given China no just cause for complaint. Shanghai in the past unquestionably has done so. With recent conditions at Shanghai the writer is not acquainted, but some years ago the absurd dogma of 'right of asylum' caused Shanghai to be a refuge for criminals, a place where they were practically immune from interference. Any such evils as may now exist should, of course, be eliminated, root and branch."

The cause of China's present condition, according to this contributor to *The Fortnightly Review*, may be traced to Western education, which more or less has been forced on China. Of course, he is quick to point out, it is not Western knowledge which is responsible, but the unsuitable Western ideas that have accompanied it. He calls attention to the fact, then, that Japan used Western teachers only for the purpose of forming a nucleus of teachers of her own and—

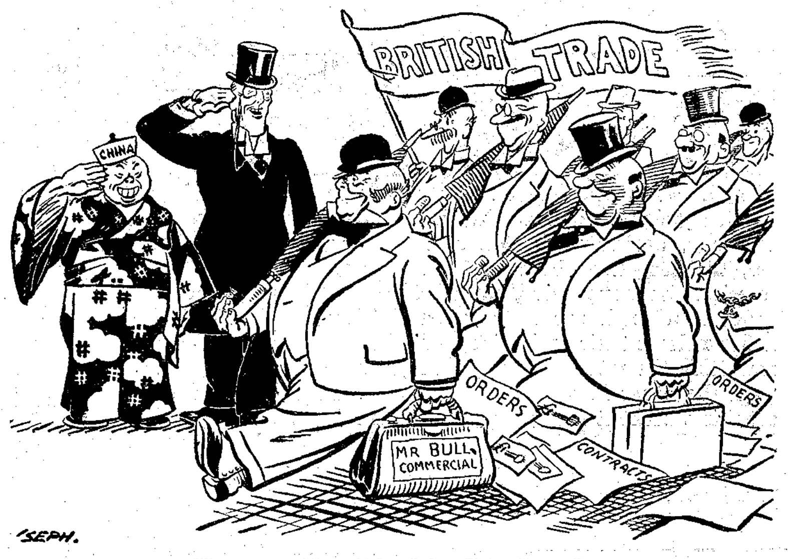
"By that means she absorbed Western knowledge into her body politic as a lump of sugar is absorbed in a cup of water. In China there has been no similar absorption. There Western knowledge coated with Western ideas of various kinds—British, American, French, and German—has been utterly unabsorbable into its body politic. The simile here is that into China's cup was dropt, not lumps of sugar, but blobs of oil, and that oil has become putrescent.

"In order to realize how baneful that process has been, it is necessary to consider the reason for the age of China's special form of civilization. There are records of many civilizations that were born, grew for a time, and then died. Some of them were great civilizations. There were those, for example, that produced monuments of which China has been incapable. All have disappeared—the Egyptian, the Babylonian, the Aztec—all except China. Why? What has been the cause of this exceptional vitality? It can not be a mere matter of luck in the absence of outside aggression, for the cause of the disappearance of a civilization is usually not its attack by a superior one, but the succumbing to an inferior one owing to its own decadence. The commonly supposed decadence of China is at all events not sufficient even to threaten the continuance of her civilization—except perhaps to some small extent in so far as it has been produced by the results of Western teaching, a newly discovered means to that end in China's history. But China as a whole is not decadent; and it is asked again how through those long ages has she been preserved from it?"

The answer to this question is not difficult, it is declared, and to arrive at it the writer asks us to consider an imaginary soliloquy of one of the ancient sages of pre-Confucian days, as follows:

"'I am a sage—a prophet—what I say is believed. Great, therefore, is my opportunity and great my responsibility. My special study has been the rise and the fall of the peoples of the earth and particularly the cause of the decay of past and present civilizations. Great truths affecting mankind are always simple, and the great truth here is merely this: There can from the nature of things be no permanence in a dynasty, yet in the past it has always been that permanence that has been aimed at. The permanence that is needed is that of the body politic of the people at large. To that end I will lay down such a relationship between father and son, elder and younger brother, villager to the village head, village head to the magistrate, magistrate to the Viceroy, Viceroy to the Emperor, as will provide an automatic government, the functioning of which as a whole will be to a large extent independent of the functioning of any one part of it. Especially it must be independent of any particular dynasty and thus independent even of subjugation by an alien people, for the effect of the system I will lay down will be the absorption of the conqueror by the conquered.'"

Thus, by means of the teachings of the sages, it is claimed, there came into existence a system of government which, like an almost frictionless flywheel, was capable of revolving for an indefinite time—even for so long a time as a century—without the operating of the motive spring of a central government. That system, we are told, has been the matrix which has bound together the Chinese people not merely through the centuries, but through the millenniums. This writer is severe in his criticism of Western educational treatment of the Chinese, and he avers that:



THE REAL SHANGHAI DEFENSE FORCE

—*The Daily Chronicle* (London).

"The Chinese student, whether abroad or in Western-tutored schools, colleges, and universities in China, was not merely taught literature, mathematics, and science. He was also taught the special ideals of the nation to whom his teacher belonged. He was taught republicanism and a perverted history of Anglo-American relations by Americans. He was taught the advantages of parliamentary government by the British and the doctrine of force by the Germans. But, above all, he was taught that his country's weakness was due to its failure to adopt one or the other of these diversified ideas. He was taught the virtue and advantages of individualism and the disadvantages of collectivism. He was taught, in fact, to have a growing contempt for the teachings of the sages. In effect, Western education in the manner in which it was applied, undermined and disintegrated that matrix of Chinese life to which reference has been made.

"The indictment against the Western educationist in China is thus a heavy one. That some excuses for him are to be found is, however, unquestionable. He was, for example, strongly supported by the diplomatic body at Peking; he was subsidized by chambers of commerce; and no strong warning against his policy was uttered. That he was supported by his home country, that in England he had Parliament at his back, goes without saying. But he had secured more than that, for he had gained the support of the publicity organs of the country to such an extent that any public criticism of his doings was barely possible in England, and the same condition held in America."

SCOURGING JAPAN'S FLAPPERS

CLOTHES MAY NOT MAKE THE MAN, but in Japan it seems they make the flapper. So we are led to believe by Dr. S. Washio, a staff contributor to the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, who speaks with some concern and considerable scorn of the Western transformation of Japanese young women. The marks of the "modern" Japanese girl, he tells us, are bobbed hair, short skirts, painted lips, a shade of pink or blue around the eyes; and he pictures her as smoking a cigaret at a coffee table, and laughing heartily with her male companion or companions, while her head is thrust back and her legs thrown forward. He goes on to say that:

"If you go to the Marubishi clothing store in the second floor of the Marubishi Building you will see facsimiles of such flappers ideally made with all that art can represent and shown in the window where pale white Japanese girls with downcast eyes and in flowing kimono ought to be standing if this were Japan of five years ago. The fashion of 'modern girls' scarcely dates farther back than that. In fact, the words 'modern girls' came into general use after the earthquake disaster of 1923.

"In practical life, however, this ideal of the Western flapperism is approached still in only a very few cases, and a Japanese girl can be called 'modern girl' even if she wears kimono, provided that she is sentimentally and symbolically inclined toward this ideal. Even if she wears kimono you will notice the evidences of her flapperism in her facial make-up, lips painted markedly in 'M' shape, eyebrows shaved, and thin crescents drawn over them, the complete absence of modesty in her eyes, etc. A flapper's attire is expensive, but this facial change can be affected by humble office girls or waitresses, and this symbolical imitation satisfies at least their aspiration toward flapperism, and includes them within the category of 'modern girls.'

"On the other hand, girls may have bobbed hair and wear short skirts without being flappers. There are now many Japanese girls who wear foreign-style dresses and are at the same time hard-working housewives and mothers. We do not call girl school-teachers and girl street-car conductorettes 'modern girls' even if they have bobbed hair and wear short skirts. Their facial make-up and expression are the exact opposite of flapperism. Nearly all Japanese children now wear a foreign-style dress, and a great many of them are likely to continue wearing it when they grow up. Tailoring will become better and girls themselves may physically grow adapted as much to foreign-style dresses as to the Japanese kimono. With the growth of foreign-style dressing coiffure and toilette are also expected to change in the direction of the Western fashion. There may evolve a refined and perfectly adapted mode of foreign-style dressing for Japanese women, but that will not make all Japanese girls the so-called 'modern girls.'"

Yet even before the spread of Western fashions, Dr. Washio informs us, there were many Japanese girls who were flappers, and he mentions particularly the geisha girls who are "flappers in their own way." Evidently, he adds, the distinguishing mark of "modern girls" is to be found in the combination of two things, namely, "flapperism and foreign fashion," and, therefore, the Western flapper is their ideal. This Japanese adverse critic of his country's flappers continues as follows:

"It happens that our flappers are in the vanguard of the introduction of foreign dressing, foreign coiffure and toilette. They naturally introduce all vices that go with these things, even in advance of the things themselves. They begin changing their facial make-up and other little things which they can manage within their means before adopting a complete Western flapper's outfits. They can learn what changes to make from American motion-pictures, and they find a ready-made actual stage of life on which they can operate in the Ginza and the Marunouchi, which are Western streets in all appearances, and abound in buildings, offices, cafés, restaurants, and hotels of Western fashion. As a matter of fact, our 'modern girls' are recruited mostly from the office girls and waitresses in these surroundings, altho fashion is contaminating and the so-called 'modern girls' are now by no means limited to this class of girls.

"Before the advent of 'modern girls,' the Western mode of life had been explained and advocated by returned girl students and pioneer girl educators. They appealed to rationalism, economy, and utility. But their appeal was abstract; it was too rational to reach the ears of the masses of girls. These girl interpreters of the West were called new women, and kept respectfully at their distance as high-brows by the society at large. Some of them have later become feminists and even radicals. But their example has never become such a fashion as 'modern girls' are to-day. What these educated girls could not bring about out of their book knowledge and with deliberate efforts is now set in a sweeping fashion by waitresses and office girls who have never seen Western society, and whose knowledge of modernism does not reach beyond the information given by American motion-pictures, and the show windows of the Ginza and the Marunouchi, their cafés and dancing halls, and yet these 'modern girls' are the introducers of the Western fashion in a far more vital sense than the educated girls. With no effort on their part save flapperism, their influence is contaminating. They have captured novelists, who are vying with one another in interpreting and presenting them as the vanguard of progress in the world of women, and perhaps of men also, for men too are forsaking geisha in their favor.

"Well, my conclusion is that 'modern girls' are products of the Ginza and the Marunouchi. Given foreign style surroundings, offices and office girls, cafés and waitresses, hotels and dancing halls, facsimiles of the most extreme examples of the Western flapper in show windows and American motion-pictures —given these things it will be unnatural if 'modern girls,' peculiarly adapted to these surroundings, do not grow like poisonous flowers, and if for all their poisonous influence they do not come to be held up as the latest civilization in art and literature. They are representative of the Ginza civilization just as the women of the Japanese color print were representative of the civilization of Yedo in the Genroku era.

"The only hope is that this is the civilization of the Ginza, and represents the civilization of the whole of Japan no more than Paris represents France. But where is the French art outside of Paris, and where can be the present-day Japanese art outside of 'modern girls,' with their painted lips and eyebrows, bobbed hair and silk stockings, and yet with dirty fingernails and thick legs—that is, ungainly westernization?"

BIRTH-RATE DECLINE IN ENGLAND—France's falling birth-rate is a familiar subject, but it surprizes some to note that in England and Wales the birth-rate for 1926 of 17.8 per thousand population is the lowest recorded since the establishment of civil registration in these countries, excepting only the rate of 17.7 in 1918, the last year of the war. As cited in the Manchester *Guardian*, the Registrar-General's *Statistical Review* declares that:

"It is probable that the rate for 1927 will be lower than that for 1918. With the exception of Sweden the rate now is the lowest of the principal European countries, not excepting France. The deaths of infants under one year of age were equal to seventy per thousand births, or five per thousand below the rate recorded in each of the two preceding years, and one per thousand above the rate in 1923, the lowest yet recorded.

"The crude death-rate was 11.6 per thousand population, and was equal to that of 1923, the lowest on record. In 1924 and 1925 the rate was 12.2 per thousand. The mortality from enteric fever, scarlet fever, and all forms of tuberculosis was the lowest yet recorded. The death-rate from measles, whooping-cough, and influenza showed a decline, while that from diphtheria was slightly higher than in 1925. The death-rate from cancer was 1,362 per million, or 26 per million higher than in 1925, and was the highest rate yet recorded. Suicides from poisonous gases, virtually all of which were from coal gas have shown a substantial increase in recent years, from 123 in 1916 to 943 in 1926.

"Deaths on railways numbered 419 against 527 in 1925, while deaths from mechanically propelled vehicles increased from 3,412 in 1925 to 4,073. It is difficult to institute comparison between the deaths from the several kinds of vehicles owing to the cases in which two or more different types of vehicle were involved and the inquest verdict failed to indicate which vehicle was in fault. Of the cases where death was caused by one vehicle only deaths from motor-buses and cabs and tram-cars showed a very slight increase from 529 in 1925 to 539 in 1926. Of the deaths from other vehicles those from motor-cycles increased from 543 to 783 and those from motor-cars from 987 to 1,173.

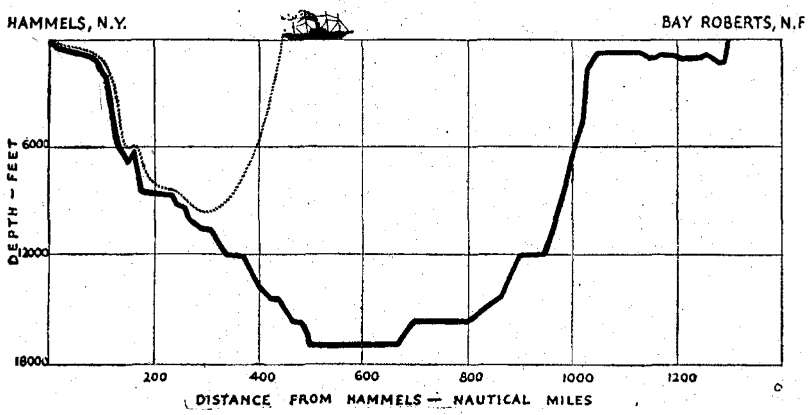
"The general death-rate and the infant mortality are low compared with the reports prevailing in most of the other countries."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

WHAT THE CABLE-LAYERS HAVE FOUND OUT

THE MODERN SCIENCE of oceanography is greatly indebted to the cable companies, we are told in an article reprinted by *The Pacific Marine Review* (San Francisco) from *Dots and Dashes.* Millions of soundings have been made by sailormen throughout the seven seas, says the writer; but it is only with the era of deep-sea cables that anything like a comprehensive picture of the topography of the ocean floor has been obtained. We read:

"Charts begun in 1886 by Sir John Murray show in excess of 6,000 deep-sea soundings, but include only those of depths greater than 6,000 feet. These give a general picture of the ocean bottom, and indicate beyond doubt that it is as seamed and broken as the continents, with veritable mountain ranges, wide plateaus and tremendous valleys.



"The deepest sounding ever made is that of 34,210 feet recently reported by the German Navy Department near the Philippine Islands. This is a depth of nearly six and a half miles, or nearly a mile greater than the height of Mt. Everest. This means that the known range of variation in the level of the earth's crust, from the greatest height above sea-level to the greatest depth below, is 63,351 feet, or approximately twelve miles.

"Areas of the ocean floor covered by more than 3,000 fathoms of water are known as 'deeps,' and have been given names usually derived from that of the scientist, ship or expedition discovering them. These 'deeps' number 57, of which 32 are in the Pacific, 19 in the Atlantic, 5 in the Indian Ocean, and one partly in the Atlantic and partly in the Indian Ocean. From the point of view of depth, the Challenger Deep in the North Pacific and the Aldrich Deep in the South Pacific are the most important, being the only two with depths exceeding 5,000 fathoms.

"The Nares Deep is the largest lying wholly in the Atlantic, covering an area near the West Indies of some 697,000 square miles, and having a maximum depth of 4,662 fathoms, or 27,972 feet.

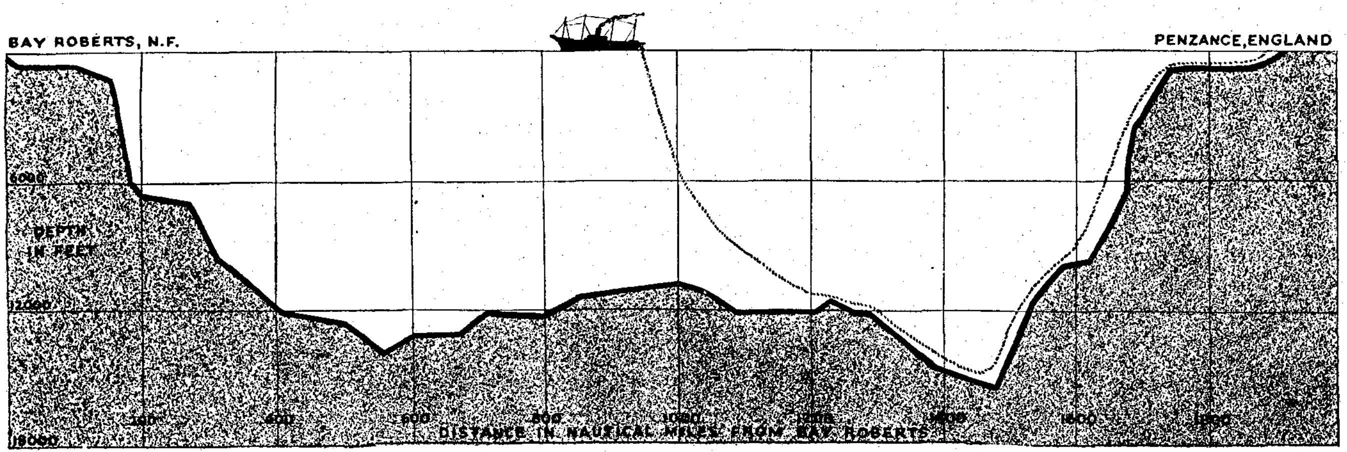
"Three-fourths of the Atlantic sea-floor is covered by water exceeding 1,000 fathoms in depth, and over one-half by water exceeding 2,000 fathoms, but the most characteristic feature compared with the Pacific and Indian Oceans is the large proportion covered by water less than 1,000 fathoms in depth. The most striking feature of the Atlantic is the low central ridge, dividing the ocean into eastern and western basins. Another feature is the gentle slope off the American coasts and off the British Isles, as compared with the slopes off Africa and off Spain and Portugal.

"One of the most significant features of the North Atlantic unquestionably is the famous 'Telegraph Plateau' some 400 miles in breadth, which with its oozy bottom forms a veritable cushion for the network of telegraph cables which crosses it to-day. It was of this plateau that Lieut. M. F. Maury, U. S. N., pioneer oceanographer spoke as 'apparently placed there for the express purpose of holding the wires of a submarine telegraph and keeping them out of harm's way.'

"Americans have been pioneers in modern hydrographical and oceanographical research. The work of the United States Navy and United States Coast Survey dates back to 1844, and a long line of distinguished naturalists followed with important contributions. Throughout the same period, British scientists were carrying on a marvelous work, preeminent among their expeditions being that of the *Challenger*, which was undertaken simultaneously with the important cruise of the U. S. S. *Tuscarora.*

"Before laying a submarine cable, a route must be surveyed with almost the same minute exactitude observed in laying out a railway line. Just as the roadway of steel must seek the path freest from mountain chains, precipices and gorges, so must the cable pick its way along the smoothest route, for unless care is exercised the armored strand of copper may be subjected to many dangers. During the laying of the new high-speed Permalloy cable in the North Atlantic in 1926, for example, the Western Union cable ship *Cyrus Field* preceded the cable-laying ship *Colonia*, taking continuous soundings by means of her sonic depth-finding apparatus, and reporting the readings to the *Colonia* by wireless."

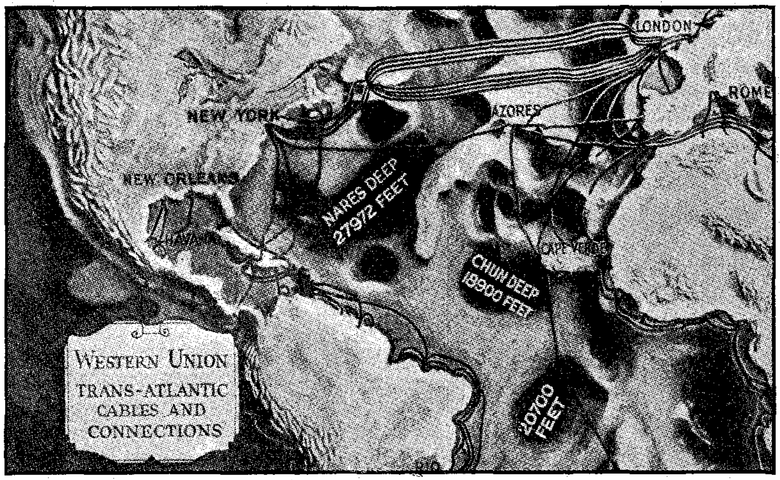
If the cable is suspended from point to point, we are told,



Illustrations from *The Pacific Marine Review*

CONTOURS OF THE OCEAN FLOOR WHERE TRANSATLANTIC CABLES REST

The upper cut shows the ocean bed from Long Island to Newfoundland. The lower continues the course of the cable from Bay Roberts to Penzance.



From *The Pacific Marine Review*

RELIEF MAP SHOWING RELATION OF CABLES TO ATLANTIC DEEPS

there is likelihood of its breaking or being chafed by currents, and in shallower depths there is the danger of currents, icebergs, ships' anchors, whales, sawfish and swordfish. In warm waters, the marine borer is a menace against which the only protection is a sheath of brass. To quote further:

"As a result of thousands of soundings, a pretty accurate picture of the ocean floor has been obtained, and from studies made of thousands of samples of ocean bottom brought up in these soundings and of thousands of hauls from deep-sea nets and trawls, a whole fascinating science of the plant and animal life of the ocean has been built up. This includes study of hundreds of species of deep-sea fishes and animals of every variety of color, size and stage of development, many of them brought from such depths that they literally exploded from internal pressure when brought to the surface and freed from the tremendous weight of water to which they are accustomed."

GOOD AND HEALTHY CHILDREN

NOT NECESSARILY THE SAME THINGS, declares Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, New York. Writing in *The American Journal of Public Health* (New York), he tells us that the failure of parents and teachers to realize this fact is responsible for much trouble. A "good child" may be physically or mentally wrong, while the "bad boy" who is regarded as a problem may be quite normal in both respects. Writes Dr. Williams:

"The homes and the schools are the infectious spots from which the nervous and mental diseases, and maladaptations are produced—and I include in this not only the actual crystallized forms of maladaptation, but the still more important, socially, character twists and the personality twists, that make the difficult people in the community. These are just as dangerous as the polluted water supplies with which the public health man is dealing.

"It will be in the home and in the school that the mental hygienist will eventually either win his victories, or meet his final defeat.

"Parents are of all grades of intelligence, and parents have made all grades of compromises with life. Naturally, they are not going to be an easy group with which to deal, when it comes to mental hygiene. It may be possible to teach them to feed their children spinach; or even that their children should sleep and eat regularly, and have fresh air. These are matters they can easily come to understand. In the field of mental hygiene, it is difficult for parents to conceive that they themselves are responsible for the nervous condition and bad behavior of their children. They are so aware of their own conscientiousness and good intentions that it is difficult for them to accept this responsibility. The most conscientious persons may be doing the very greatest of damage, and the fact that they are conscientious or well-intentioned has nothing to do with it, nor does it mitigate the situation."

The notions of conduct deeply ingrained in the minds and in the whole emotional make-up of parents create a difficult situation, says Dr. Williams. It is difficult for parents to understand that a "good" boy is sometimes a very unhealthy boy, and that being a good boy does not necessarily mean a healthy boy, but may mean just the opposite. It is just as hard for them, or for the neighbors, to believe that a so-called bad boy may be a very healthy boy, of very sound nervous and mental health. He goes on:

"Such a conception requires too great a change in point of view, and of philosophy; it is too great a reversal to be easily accepted; it makes a topsy-turvy world, where good ceases to be synonymous with healthy, and bad with unhealthy, and where the blame for a bad child is placed upon conscientious parents. It is so completely out of harmony with the parents' philosophy of life and the emotional props which they have brought into their own lives to support themselves—that is, the various social amenities, the religious, the moral, and the ethical codes, none of which they have really thought through or investigated, but which, after shaking the bottle well, they have applied as prescribed by some one else, to the sore spots which they have themselves received as a result of their contact and conflict with life.

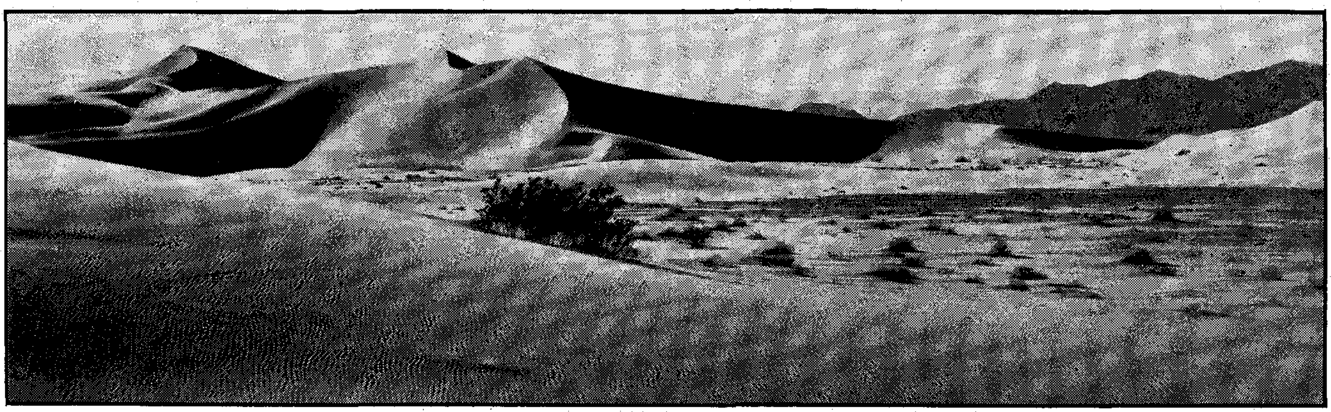
"It will be a generation, or more, before we can expect a very great deal of assistance from parents in these matters; not until there has come, through the schools—different kinds of schools—and through the colleges, a group of individuals who have been differently trained, who are themselves freer of emotional defects and who have some understanding of these matters. Not until then can we hope for much from parents.

"In the meantime, unless the whole matter is to go by default, we must apply ourselves to what can actually be done in the situation, difficult as it is, and far from ideal as it is. Two things occur to us as possible: one, where parents are teachable, they can be taught; and the other, to be on watch at various points for children who are breaking—not wait until they develop a definite neurosis or psychosis, but watch for the very early signs of emotional maladjustment and, as we find these children, bring them the assistance which they need in order properly to reorganize and make safe their lives.

"These two things we can do and get results, while this new parenthood is being trained, and here is where the nurse comes in. The public health nurse has an unparalleled opportunity, both for discovering individuals who need assistance, and for teaching those who are teachable; there is probably no professional group in the community that has quite the opportunities of the public health nurse to accomplish these two most important things in the projects that we must undertake in the field of mental hygiene."

AIR TOURS CHEAP IN EUROPE—An outing in an airplane is cheaper under favorable conditions in Europe than one by rail, according to Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York). Dr. Free believes that the dearth of suitable landing-fields is all that prevents the same thing from being true here. He writes:

"The enormous reduction in the cost of airplane travel which has been accomplished in recent years is indicated by figures announced by the British aviation enthusiast, Sir John Rhodes, for his recent pleasure trip, made with one passenger, in a small airplane of the Moth type. The trip covered 1,500 miles in France and Belgium. Careful records were kept of all expense for gasoline, oil, landing charges, housing for the airplane; even for customs fees. The total cost was less than $70 and the gasoline showed a record of over fifteen miles to the gallon. The average cost was only four and one-half cents a mile, mileage being measured on the ground. As two persons were carried, this compares favorably with the cost of travel by rail. Undoubtedly tours of this kind are greatly facilitated by the large number



Copyright by Willard

DEATH VALLEY SAND-DUNES

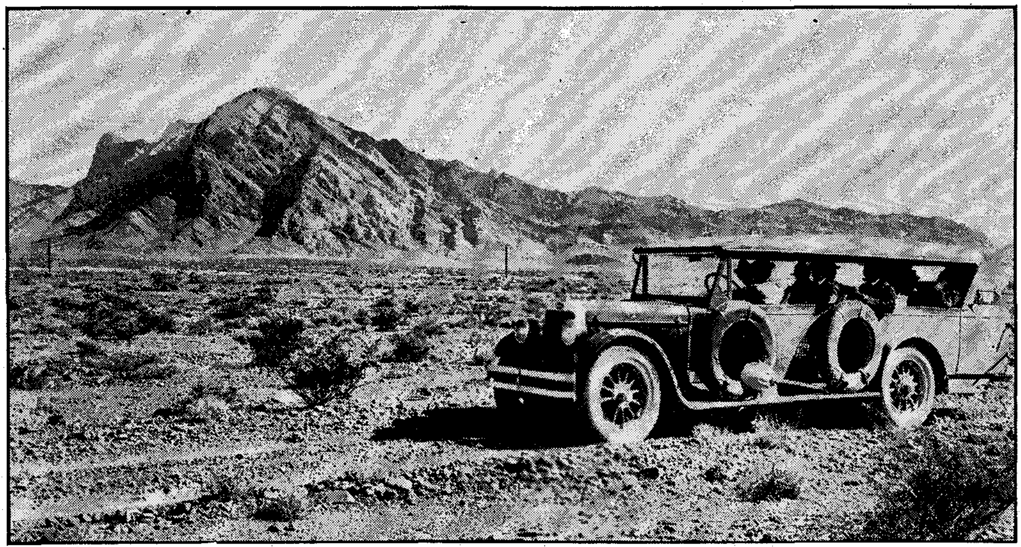
of well-organized landing-fields in Western Europe. It is the relative scarcity of such fields in the United States which probably constitutes the greatest obstacle to private flying for pleasure on this side of the Atlantic."

SEE DEATH VALLEY AND (DON'T) DIE

DEATH VALLEY, in California, was for a long time only remotely accessible, but the coming of the automobile and of railroads has made evident the possibilities of attracting visitors to this desert region for its scenic wonders, says *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York). It goes on:

"It is, in spite of its aridity, an area abounding in mountain ranges, great valleys, salt pans, and interesting desert topography. Altho Death Valley is probably the most spectacular physiographic unit, other valleys and mountain ranges in Inyo County are also of great interest. To the geologist, the area as a whole is inspiring, for here the historical record is extraordinarily exposed, and both formations and structural features can be easily traced out, as there is little to conceal them. There is here a laboratory for the young geologist and for the student. For the artist there is a wealth of color and a variety of scenic grandeur well worthy of palet and pencil. The student of botany and of biology can study the extremes of desert environment; and the casual traveler and tourist will find much to marvel over and to talk about to his less fortunate friends of the cities. Nature is at her extreme under the conditions of high heat and little water.

"Not all of the region is conveniently accessible, nor are many of the roads particularly passable. Likewise, the summer months are too hot for any more than absolutely necessary travel, but the late fall, winter, and early spring have a reasonable climate. At no distant future road improvements will doubtless be made, so that parts of the region can be readily and comfortably visited. The adventurer will find the old roads and remote places sufficient incentive for his purpose. In time there will be health resorts and hotel conveniences; some are already available at points where they are not needed.



Courtesy of the Union Pacific System

THE AUTOMOBILE TOURIST INVADES DEATH VALLEY

"One enterprising railroad is arranging for tourist trips from its lines into Death Valley. A few 'pioneers' will be first attracted by the novelty of the journey, and then many others will include this 'new world' in their itineraries. The miner has long pioneered in this desert region and has opened up what roads there are now. Borax, lead, silver, and gold have been produced from the region, and other deposits will be found incidental to its invasion by many. Thus as a by-product of the new development of this region will be additional mining and production of metals and non-metallics."

DAYS WITHOUT DATES—The discussion of a change in the calendar in order to bring any given date in each month on the same day of the week, and to equalize the length of the months, is opened once more, says the Paris *Times*. It goes on:

"An ingenious suggestion is made by M. E. I. Weiller. It is that there be five days each year without dates. They would be known as New Year's Day, the Spring Festival, the Summer Festival, the Autumn Festival, and the Winter Festival, and would not be recognized by any date whatever. Neither would they be known as Monday, or as any day in the week, but merely as Festivals. Thus the calendar year would be reduced to 360 days, or four equal seasons of three thirty-day months each. The extra days could be arranged so that New Year's Day would come the day before January 1 and the other Festival days on the equinoxes and solstices. The Spring Festival would be a day without name or date between March 20 and 21, the Summer Festival in June, the Autumn Festival in September, and the Winter Festival in December. In leap-year there would be an additional dateless day, which could be placed before January or as a second day of any of the other Festivals. Altho such a calendar is interesting and has attractive features, it would conflict seriously with the movable feasts of the Church."

SURVEY HALTED BY NOISY OYSTERS

THE INCESSANT CLICKING of oysters as they open and shut their valves has set up such a disturbing noise at one point in the Atlantic Ocean as to cause the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey to abandon its plans of employing under-water radio in surveying the North Carolina coast. "We have been listening to the clicks of oysters instead of the sound of the bomb signal in the radio-acoustic equipment," states Commander W. E. Parker, chief of the Division of Hydrography and Topography. Writes S. R. Winters in describing these surprizing doings in the New York *Telegram:*

"The humble oyster now is placed in the despised rôle of a disturbing factor in radio reception. The lowly bivalve has introduced a form of radio interference that may defy classification. This chorus of clicks may be interpreted as oyster-made static.

"Seriously, the interfering noises attributed to oysters in the Atlantic Ocean are responsible for the abandonment of the project to survey with great precision the waters south of Cape Lookout, North Carolina, by means of a combination of radio and sound.

"Instead of using this new method of making hydrographic surveys, the ancient and long-discarded astronomical method will be employed.

"Thus oysters with a predilection for broadcasting by remote control—the clicks of their valves being picked up by under-water telephones and relayed to the shore and ship radio stations constituting the radio-acoustic systems—have made it necessary for the Coast and Geodetic Survey to consult the sun as it rises and sets for accurately determining the position of the survey ship.

"'We had considerable trouble last year on the coast of the Pacific Ocean,' relates Commander Parker, 'on account of noises similar to those now interfering on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. The hydrophones were lifted to the surface and examined several times and found to be in perfect condition. When replaced in the sea they operated satisfactorily for a short time, and then they began failing to record the bombs because of the noises.'

"One of the hydrophones was moved out about 1,000 fathoms, where it operated satisfactorily, but the new position was not a good one from a surveying point of view.

"The captain of the Coast and Geodetic Survey ship was at his wits' end until he heard a fisherman remark that the former position, where the interference was encountered, was the best crabbing ground in that section of the Pacific Ocean.

"The theory that the oyster is a disturbing factor in radio reception, even when the belief is advanced officially by a government bureau devoted to scientific research, seems so fantastic as to tax our credulity.

"This is somewhat dissipated when we recall that the hydrophone is a very sensitive device and the slightest noise is picked up and amplified. In a measure it is a sensitive microphone planted under the water, and broadcasting stations have repeatedly demonstrated the sensitivity of a microphone—capable of picking up heart-beats, the musical notes of a canary bird, and the subtle sounds of a beetle boring in a tree, or an insect eating grain deep in the recesses of a granary."

The radio-acoustic method of ranging, Mr. Winters goes on to relate, was devised jointly by the Bureau of Standards and the Coast and Geodetic Survey. "In operation, first, hydrophones are submerged along the coast to a depth of fifty feet. These underwater telephones are connected by cable with radio stations on shore. He proceeds:

"When the captain of a ship—say, located twenty miles from shore—desires to determine his exact position he explodes a bomb under water. This bomb contains about one pound of TNT. The instant of explosion is recorded automatically on the surveying vessel by means of a hydrophone installed on the ship, which is connected electrically with an automatic time recording device—a chronograph.

"The sound travels to the shore hydrophones, which also intercept the echo of the explosion. This produces a fluctuation in the current that travels along the cable that actuates the radio-acoustic mechanism, causing a radio signal to be transmitted in succession from each of the group of shore stations. The radio signal is intercepted by the radio receiver on the survey ship and recorded on the automatic time device.

"From this timing device hydrographic engineers can determine within 1-100 of a second the time required for the sound recorded to reach each one of the recording stations. The intervals multiplied by the known velocity of sound in sea water gives the distance from the surveying vessel to each of the hydrophone stations. Mathematical calculations afford figures giving the distance from each. The intersection of these, of course, is the position of the ship.

"Until the Bureau of Standards and the Coast and Geodetic Survey invented the radio sounding device, when a ship was beyond the range of visibility of shore objects—approximately twelve miles on the Atlantic Ocean—there was no means of accurately determining its location. Coast and Geodetic Survey ships—the Pioneer and the Guide—equipped with radio-acoustic equipment and now operating on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, have been able to locate their positions accurately when more than thirty miles from shore.

"The steamer *Lydonia,* the largest survey ship, has been similarly equipped and was operating in the Atlantic Ocean, but the oyster has proved to be the fly in the ointment—withal, the static of ocean surveying."

EXPLAINING AN OPERATION

SHOULD A PATIENT be told exactly what has been done, when a surgical operation has been performed on him? By all means, answers a contributor to *The Modern Hospital* (Chicago). He has a right to know; and besides, his knowledge may be of the greatest service to a subsequent operator. Some surgeons even advocate supplying the patient with a written, technical account of the operation and its objects, to be preserved by him for future use. We read:

"One ingenious yet impractical doctor has recently suggested that every surgeon, in closing his abdominal incision, should tattoo into the skin adjacent to the wound the nature of the operation performed. Reference has been made to this recommendation simply to stress the need for some arrangement whereby the patient who has been operated upon, perhaps years earlier, may have information in regard to the nature of the surgical procedure carried out. Ofttimes the emergency is so great that the patient's life may actually depend upon the surgeon then in charge quickly securing information as to previous surgical illnesses or operations. To telegraph the superintendent of a hospital in a distant city for this information is often unsatisfactory. If time is available, to request a copy of the records from the hospital in which the patient had been previously treated is frequently productive of results; but when a serious surgical emergency arises, time is not available for securing information in this way.

"Some abdominal surgeons make it a practise, upon the discharge of a patient from the hospital, to supply a form certificate, setting forth briefly in medical terminology the surgical procedures carried out. This practise, of course, has its objections, not the least of which is the furnishing of facts to the patient himself, which may be disturbing, or to relatives and friends who will use this information for improper purposes.

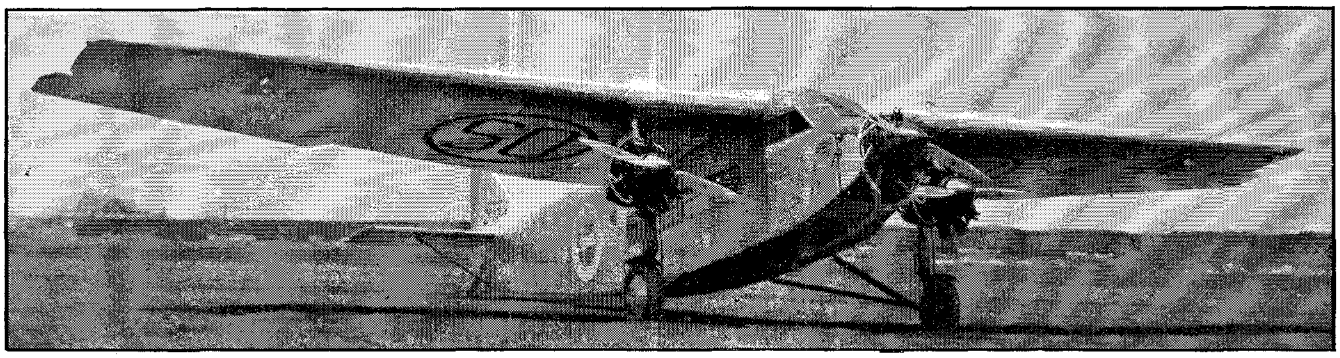
"If it is not felt best for the hospital to pursue this practise, then there should certainly be available at all times a card index, to which a hospital clerk could refer in answer to telegraphic or telephonic requests for information.

"Even altho the former solution to this problem may have its faults, it is felt that the patient has a right to know what surgical conditions were found and how they were remedied, because this information may not only be immediately satisfying to him, but in years to come it may be in reality life-saving."

TOO MANY TREES—*Indiscriminate planting of trees and* shrubs around homes is "an unfortunate fad," declares Miss Elsa Rehmann of the lecture staff of the New York Botanical Garden. Says the garden, in a recently issued press bulletin:

"Miscellaneous evergreens are being overemphasized, and a finer understanding is needed, she says. Urging the importance of hedges and hedgerows, she asserts that 'the beauty of the small place depends upon its enclosure, which separates it from its neighbor and makes it complete in itself.' Trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers are not to be planted for themselves alone, according to Miss Rehmann, but are to be arranged and adapted to the house against which they are used."

DRURY COLLEGE
Springfield, Missouri



Underwood & Underwood photograph

A FLYING OFFICE FOR STANDARD OIL OFFICIALS

The airplane *Stanolind*, which is to be used by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana for business trips of its executives, who can also hold conferences in its luxurious cabin during flight and keep a secretary busy at a desk.

BUSINESS AS USUAL BY AIRPLANE

SIXTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR is the estimated saving to the Standard Oil Company, of Indiana, by the use of an airplane, specially built and equipped for business trips, according to Ward K. Halbert, who describes the plane in *The National Petroleum News* (Cleveland). Writes Mr. Halbert:

"Col. Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of Standard Oil Company, of Indiana, flew into Chicago recently in the finest airplane of its kind in America. The colonel slept part of the way, for this plane is equipped with berths, two lowers and one upper. It also has luxurious observation seats, a desk at which a secretary may work, and all comforts of modern travel.

"It will be used at the direction of company officials for business trips. By the use of this machine, capable of cruising steadily at 100 miles an hour, the time these men spend on long journeys can be cut down two-thirds. Minot, North Dakota, the company's most remote division sales office, has been brought as close to Chicago as Quincy, Illinois, eight hours away, is by train.

"Colonel Stewart and other directors state that one important purpose of the investment is to develop interest in aviation. This includes helping to impress the public generally with the expedience and safety of air travel; encouraging and helping cities, where the company is interested, to begin early providing suitable landing-places; and to make friends for aviation, which is an undeveloped source of business to oil companies.

"Standard Oil officials have to go to Casper, Wyoming, occasionally, for example. Casper is 1,100 miles and 38 hours by rail from Chicago. On an air line it is less than 1,000 miles away and can be made in 12 hours with ease, including time for a landing somewhere along the way.

"The economy in time is a big item, especially if four or five high-paid executives are making the trip together. Even tho the daylight hours are spent in flight, important group conferences are regularly held in the evening.

"More time can be saved on a series of short jumps with a plane than on a long cruise. All the delays of making railroad connections and doubling back, in and out of railroad centers, can be eliminated besides having the comfort of a hotel at night. Twice a year or oftener a group of Standard officials make the rounds of twenty-five division headquarters.

"The plane is built to carry eight passengers besides the two pilots. It is an all-metal monoplane with three motors, any two of which can operate it with a capacity load of 4,000 pounds, including passengers, oil and baggage. One pilot may control the machine or the two can divide the work between them.

"The metal of which the plane is built is 'duralumin,' an alloy as strong as structural steel but weighing only one-third as much.

"The ship's cabin in the fuselage is a thing of interest even to persons familiar with airplanes. Nothing was spared in making it comfortable, by lighting, ventilation and furnishings. No Lincoln automobile was ever more finely upholstered. Walls are padded with 'Kapok' to render them soundproof. No special clothing is necessary, either for pilots or passengers. Conversation in the cabin is no more difficult than in a parlor car on a moving train.

"The cabin is divided into five compartments. The control cabin is forward, containing the control board, all the navigating instruments and seats for two pilots. Behind it is an observation compartment with windows so arranged as to furnish a perfect outlook in all directions.

"The main cabin is directly under the wing, which gives it shade. It is equipped with movable wicker chairs, a built-in desk and three berths. The two lowers constitute comfortable divans for day passengers. In the main cabin passengers may read or play cards, converse, transact business or stretch out for a rest. Smoking-stands and electric cigar-lighters are convenient. Persons interested in their whereabouts may consult the two dials on the forward bulkhead, showing the altitude and speed of the plane. The lavatory is aft.

"Airplane service represents an outlay of roughly $22,000 a year. The plane's overhead cost is $2,000 a month or $66.67 a day. There is seldom a time when two or more officials are not absent from headquarters on a hurried mission for the company, or battling with difficult transportation in some remote region, on an errand where time means money. It is safe to say that the lowest paid of the directors draws $30,000 a year. By saving two-thirds of two directors' time the plane will pay for itself and earn $16,000 a year through its normal life."

READING THE GLOZEL TABLETS—An attempt to read the story on some of the little clay tablets covered with a mysterious, crude writing, unearthed at Glozel, near Vichy, has been made by Camille Jullian, a French expert on Roman antiquities. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"These inscriptions, which have kept European archeologists arguing for the past six months, are read by Mr. Jullian as charms in cursive Latin, such as were used by sorcerers of the Roman Empire. On one tablet he reads a magic formula dedicated to Diana and the animal sacred to her, the stag. While Mr. Jullian contributes this to indicate that the Glozel writings date back to only about 300 B. C., other scientists continue to insist on an entirely different history for the tablets, lamps, stone axes, and other objects found at Glozel. Some of the savants who have examined the great collection of articles dug up in the field at the French village consider that they must have belonged to prehistoric people, who lived at 3000 B. C., or perhaps even earlier. This has aroused great interest because of the cryptic alphabetic writing found at the site, since the alphabet is not considered to be older than 2000 B. C. at the oldest. A new angle on the controversy is raised by Portuguese scientists, who find a resemblance between the Glozel writing and inscriptions unearthed in western Portugal, at Alvo. Like Glozel, these Portuguese finds are the subject of argument, some archeologists considering them as belonging to about 500 B. C., and some assigning them to a time several thousand years earlier, in the New Stone Age, before men learned to use metals. Both the Glozel and the Alvao discoveries have been pronounced huge fakes by several European scientists, tho the majority of experts who have examined them have not questioned their genuineness while differing as to their date. Capt. O. G. S. Crawford, British archeologist, who visited Glozel and examined the articles dug up there, has announced that French scientists have been duped by an obvious fraud. Digging at Glozel, which was carried on by Dr. A. Morlet in 1925 and 1926, was resumed this spring, and additional objects of the sort previously found there, have been discovered."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

MATILDE SERAO IN 1907

SEATED AT HER DESK MEDITATING ALTERNATELY FICTION AND POLITICS

MATILDE SERAO, WHO WAS THE EMBODIMENT OF THE "SPIRIT OF NAPLES"

TWO WOMEN

TWO WOMEN, distinguished in the arts, died within a few days of each other, as the month of July drew to a close. Matilde Serao, the Italian novelist and journalist, died in Naples, July 27, and Louise Abbéma, the French painter, in Paris on the 29th. No other connection subsists between them except that they were conspicuous if not distinguished figures in their own land for many years, and had reached the ages, respectively, of seventy-one and eighty-nine. Our special Italy number (April 23, 1927) carried a portrait of Matilde Serao, but lack of space forbade us to go into details of her interesting career. Viewing her from outside the confines of her own country we get a picture of a most unfamiliar figure. The Manchester *Guardian* speaks of her as "a novelist of some distinction in a land of few novels," but dwells on the eminence she attained "in a calling commonly reserved to the male—namely, as managing proprietor of various daily newspapers: and all this in a country where woman's emergence from domestic to public activities is still eyed askance." Continuing:

"In no country can any woman have played a more decisive part in building up its journalistic tradition. Wife of the most famous of Neapolitan polemists, Edoardo Scarfoglio (who produced during Italy's neutrality period a superbly venomous attack upon ourselves), she bore him two sons who rivaled his fame. Till recently they were managing the greatest paper of Southern Italy, the *Mattino*, in the anti-Fascist interest, being forcibly ejected about a year ago during the grand Fascistization of the press. For once they had been caught napping and could not execute a conversion in time. Their mother had been more agile: her personal organ refrained at the right moment from criticism of an impatient government.

"For Matilde Serao was never content to be just the wife and mother of journalists; to the end she was a journalist herself. With her husband she founded the first modern daily in Rome, and afterward, independently of him, edited the *Corriere di Napoli* in Naples. The story of the Scarfoglio-Serao family during this quarter-century would be the inner history of Naples itself—a phantasmagoria of slippery brilliance. What their newspapers got out of successive governments, and how, is a rollicking tale. It is a tale perhaps not yet concluded, for the irrepressible Edoardo and Carlo, once protagonists of Fascism, then its bitter enemies and much-advertised martyrs for the cause of liberty, are rumored even now by some amazing dexterity to have slid back into the Duce's favor, and to be controlling from behind the scenes the papers from which they were violently ejected a year ago by blunt, honest Roberto Farinacci in the name of Fascist morality. The spirit of Naples in its less admirable but most fascinating aspect gleams through these remarkable family annals, as do the friendlier aspects of the same spirit through the novels of Matilde Serao."

A higher estimate of her position as a novelist is derived from an essay by Henry James included in his "Notes on Novelists" (Charles Scribner's Sons), where we read:

"A Neapolitan by birth and a journalist by circumstances, by marriage and in some degree, doubtless, also by inclination, she strikes for us from the first the note of facility and spontaneity and the note of initiation and practise. Concerned, through her husband, in the conduct of a Neapolitan morning paper, of a large circulation and a radical color, she has, as I infer, produced her novels and tales mainly in such snatches of time and of inspiration as have been left her by urgent day-to-day journalism. They distinctly betray, throughout, the conditions of their birth—so little are they to the literary sense children of maturity and leisure. On the question of style in a foreign writer it takes many contributive lights to make us sure of our ground; but I feel myself on the safe side in conceiving that this lady, full of perception and vibration, can not only not figure as a purist, but must be supposed throughout, in spite of an explosive eloquence, to pretend but little to distinction of form: which for an Italian is a much graver predicament than for one of our shapeless selves. That, however, would, perhaps, pass for a small quarrel with a writer, or rather with a talker and—for it is what one must most insist on—a feeler, of Matilde Serao's remarkable spontaneity. Her Neapolitan nature is by itself a value, to whatever literary lapses it may minister. A torch kindled at that flame can be but freely waved, and our author's arm has a fine action. Loud, loquacious, abundant, natural, happy, with luxurious insistences on the handsome, the costly and the fleshly, the fine persons and fine clothes of her characters, their satin and velvet, their bracelets, rings, white waistcoats, general appointments and bedroom furniture, with almost as many repetitions and as free a tongue, in short, as *Juliet's* nurse, she reflects at every turn the wonderful mixture that surrounds her—the beauty, the misery, the history, the light and noise and dust, the prolonged paganism and the renewed reactions, the great style of the distant and the past and the generally compromised state of the immediate and the near. These things were all in the germ for the reader of her earlier novels—they have since only gathered volume and assurance—so that I well remember the impression made on me, when the book was new (my copy, apparently of the first edition, bears the date of 1885), by the rare energy, the immense disinvoltura, of 'La Conquista di Roma.' This was my introduction to the author in consequence of which I immediately read 'Fantasia' and the 'Vita e Avventure di Ricardo Joanna,' with some smaller pieces; after which, interrupted but not detached, I knew nothing more till, in the course of time, I renewed acquaintance on the ground of 'Il Paese di Cuccagna,' then, however, no longer in its first freshness. That work set me straightway to reading everything else I could lay hands on, and I think therefore that, save 'Il Ventre di Napoli' and two or three quite recent productions that I have not met, there is nothing from our author that I have not mastered. Such as I find her in everything, she remains above all things the signal 'case.'"

An acknowledged pupil of Zola, her value, in the eyes of Henry James, is that "she has acutely, and she renders with excellent breadth, the sense of benighted lives, of small sordid troubles, of the general unhappy youthful (on the part of her own sex at least), and the general more or less starved plebeian consciousness."

Turning now to the other woman, the French artist, we find a character who is as French as Matilde Serao is Italian. Born at Etampes in 1838, Louise Abbéma, as *Le Gaulois* (Paris) states, "preserved to the end of her life that clear-seeing sentimentality and Parisian culture which remains inseparable from her as from the period in which her talent bloomed."

"Her name belongs to and will remain attached to that social world of discreet irony and the dilettantism, which the Second Empire bequeathed—with an admixture of melancholy—to the Third Republic. Her eyes, which opened to the light first in the Ile de France, were destined always to keep an affection for that vision and to remain faithful to the proudest perspectives of the Parisian horizon. Thus, the Opéra, the Rue de la Paix and the Champs-Elysées, serve always as a frame and a background for the fashionable ladies with veils, which she loved to paint, and the gracious ladies who seem always, in crossing the Place de la Concorde, to have just left some conspiratory fiacre and the works of Maupassant."

The Evening Standard (London) curiously figures her as "the last of boulevardiers": The impression may be confirmed by portrait on the following page:

"She remained faithful to 'The Boulevard' when all but she had deserted it, and lived till the day of her death in the Rue Laffitte, which was in her youth one of the streets in which boulevardiers most liked to live, and later became the street of the picture dealers, most of whom have now gone west to the Rue de la Boëtie and elsewhere.

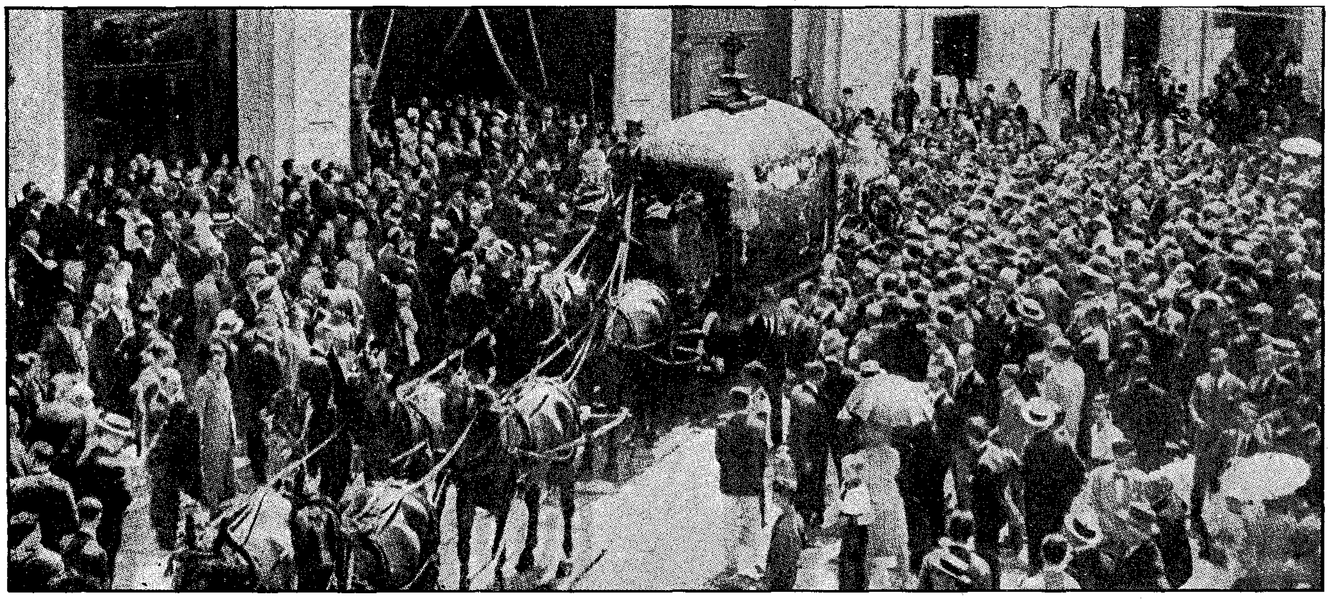
"In her rather masculine costume and her three-cornered hat, Louise Abbéma was one of the best-known figures on the Boulevard. Twice every day up to the last she went to a café in the Rue Daunou for her apéritif, accompanied by her dog. She hardly ever left Paris, even in the summer, and it is said that, having once been persuaded to go as far as Ville d'Avray, she soon returned to her studio in the Rue Laffitte. She was a prolific painter, whose flower pictures in particular were at one time very popular."

LITERARY CENSORSHIP IN RUSSIA

THE OUTLOOK FOR RUSSIAN CULTURE and literary genius was never more dubious than it is today, says the Manchester *Guardian.* Nicholas I, a century ago, proscribed the teaching of philosophy in the schools and universities, imposed a ban on the classics, and placed the writer Pushkin under the censorship of the Third Section of His Majesty's Private Chancery. But what a Czar could not accomplish the Soviet Government has even outdistanced. Nicholas decreed: "but Russian literary genius evaded all the efforts of the bureaucracy to train it in the stiff, formal ways of official orthodoxy, and, following the general current of European thought, which was toward social, political, and religious freedom, concentrated itself on mirroring the national life, and established a literature second to none for force and depth in the nineteenth century."

The Guardian goes on to point out some of the recent rulings under the Soviet régime:

"Seneca was frowned upon by Nicolas because he was classed as a Republican, but Plato and Kant are proscribed by Soviet decree because their works are 'written in the spirit of idealistic philosophy.' William James's works on psychology, Carlyle's, Ruskin's, Maeterlinck's, Tolstoy's, and Kropotkin's 'ethical' works are banished from small libraries, but are tolerated in the big ones. Certain novels of Dostoievsky are excluded on account of their 'mystical' tendency, along with all the works of Leskov, that independent spirit who was ostracized by both revolutionaries and reactionaries in his lifetime for his fearless speaking. While the Gospels, the Koran, and the Talmud are only to be removed from the small libraries, popular books on religion are generally proscribed. It is amusing to know that the works of both Nietzsche and Canon Farrar are not to be handed out to the general readers, and other standard works necessary for literary and scientific research are to be tolerated only on the personal responsibility of the librarian for their circulation. Soviet censors, we are told, have to fix their imprimatur to works on chemistry, astronomy, and mathematics lest treasonable teaching slip into their pages. A particularly



NAPLES' LAST HONORS TO MATILDE SERAO

Immense crowds gathered at the church of Santa Maria della Vittoria for the final rites to the great novelist.

sharp eye is kept for the lapses of authors from the high standard prescribed of antireligious teaching. Thus the fine scene in which the hero of Mr. O'Flaherty's novel, 'The Informer,' is shown as dying in a church was mutilated lately in the Russian translation. The passage was excised because to die in a church set a bad example to Soviet heroes!"

If the voice of the writers of the world has not yet been raised in moral condemnation of the Soviet Government's suppression of free thought and free speech, says *The Guardian*, it is because liberal-minded men have been hoping for a relaxation of the tyranny. It goes further, drawing in Italy in its general indictment:

"It is difficult for free Europe to grasp the extent to which both Communists and Fascists are ready and eager to go in order to bolster up each their régime. The Fascist Government has gone steadily from bad to worse, and an Italian who dares to think for himself is no better off than he was in the days of Austrian and Bourbon tyranny. A study of the Soviet decree for libraries issued in January, 1926, shows that the Soviet literary censorship is an integral part of the Soviet system for drilling a people to think alike. Hence the distinction drawn between the small provincial libraries scattered throughout Russia for the people and the big libraries in the centers for the 'scientific student.' The above-mentioned decree for libraries was addrest to 'Organs of Political Education,' 'Local Committees of Communist Party,' 'Regional Literary Authorities,' 'Provincial Literary Authorities,' 'The State Police Department, and 'The Ministry of Public Education.' All the most active literary workers were invited to join in and establish a competent committee 'for the revision and expurgation of literature' in conjunction with representatives of the militant unions, the Russian Communist League of Youth, etc., and 'specialists connected with the 'work of checking and expurgating libraries' were also to be consulted. The special results of the 1926 campaign we have no means of knowing."

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"LAST OF THE BOULEVARDIERS"

Louise Abbéma, the French artist, friend of Sarah Bernhardt, has died, robbing Paris of one of its most picturesque figures.

THE COVER—An American master of the old school is represented on our cover this week, a man of sterling merit, yet one whose method of literalness has probably passed into the limbo of things tried, accomplished and discarded for future use. Edgar Melville Ward was born in Urbana, Ohio, in 1839 and studied in the National Academy of Design in New York, and in Paris under Cabanel. Impressionism was not born until he was established as a painter, and his paintings are described as being "soundly realistic in execution." Genre is the term given in the history of painting to this form of art, and by the titles which we cite it will be seen that his special love was for subjects where he might surround the principal figure with the appurtenances of his trade. In 1883 he became a member of the National Academy and was afterward a professor there. His works include "Breton Washwomen" (1876); "The Sabot Maker" (1878); "The Collar Shop" and "The Quilting Party" (1892), and lastly "The Coppersmith," the picture chosen by us for representation which now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

DON'T BORROW BOOKS

BRITAIN'S VITAL PROBLEM is to devise some means of destroying "the pernicious habit of book-borrowing." So is set forth the latest alarm agitating Mr. H. G. Wells. "Book borrowing" in England is a term covering also the use of lending libraries, but the Boston *Transcript* chooses to take Mr. Wells as inveighing against friendly borrowing, which everybody knows is often a great strain upon friendship. Mr. Wells speaks of a "deep-rooted idea in the ordinary English mind that it is extravagant and wrong to own books." Books formerly became the property only of the prosperous classes, and humbler homes contented themselves with a copy of the Bible. When the taste for reading spread downward from princes the borrowing habit began. The Boston paper goes on with its homily:

"In defining the ancient traditional feeling, Mr. Wells is certainly right. The idea that the ownership of books was proper only for princes and scholars held full sway among the people some centuries ago. And if it be true that this notion still abides on the countryside and among the lower middle-class folk in Great Britain, then Mr. Wells has indeed a good windmill to tilt his lance at. The condition which he describes is not unlike the attitude of mind which still survives among the French people in regard to banks and banking institutions. For hundreds of thousands of prosperous French peasants and townsmen, the idea that only a person of distinctly large means may aspire to open a commercial bank account still prevails to-day. (We refer, of course, to ordinary checking accounts, as distinguished from French Government Postal Savings Deposits.) Time was when banks, even here in Boston, expected all accounts to be of substantial importance, and were, in effect, open to no others. Here the practise and policy have changed. In France the policy of the banks, to a large extent, has changed; but the people's practise has been very slow to change. No matter how bright a 'welcome' sign the banks put over their offices in French provincial cities, new customers prove reluctant. Even a nation-wide campaign conducted in 1920 under the slogan, 'Français, Servez-Vous du Cheque,' produced little result.

"But what is Mr. Wells to do, in pursuit of his desire to stamp out in England the friendly but pernicious habit of book-borrowing? Perhaps he might revive some of the old penalties in force in medieval monasteries, where the monks were sometimes held under the severest punishment if ever they ventured to lend any of the precious volumes out of the convent library. Some of the books were held so valuable and irreplaceable, that the lending of them was at pain of excommunication. Again, a careful historian makes notes of the fact that even when Louis XI, as king of France, asked to borrow a book from a monastic library, he was required to deposit gold-plate as security for return of the loan. Perhaps this is the means which should be adopted to-day, to restrain this inimical practise. A law should be passed, making it an offense for any one to borrow a book without depositing a $50 Liberty Bond as collateral. Many are the patient book-lenders who would welcome such a change of the penal code, permitting them to place upon the Legislature responsibility for a hardness of heart which they themselves are too timid to express to those who ask books of them."

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT JAZZ

"HOW THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT" this and that has come to form a recurrent caption in many of our magazines. The medical profession will soon set us all straight on subjects where sickness has nothing to do with the case. The "doctor's" latest incursion is in the domain of jazz. *The Musical Courier* tells us of a club circle where architects, lawyers, and doctors were gathered and the conversation turned on the subject of jazz. No musician was there to redress the balance, but the subject was taken up "seriously and discust from all its angles, mental, moral, and physical." What was said was not worth much, we are told, "until finally a medical man was induced, evidently against his will, to offer some suggestions. He said he offered the suggestions unwillingly and hesitatingly because he knew nothing about music and was not fully able to see the connection between the thing that is called jazz music and our so-called jazz age. However, he was a specialist, a neuropath, and he had formulated some ideas in regard to the present popularity of jazz that, tho not, so to say, official, are, nevertheless, valuable." He is reported in this manner:

> "His thoughts seemed to be, primarily, that humanity seeks its pleasures according to its nervous condition. As the nervous condition changes, the pleasures change. Pleasures that satisfy at one time, in one epoch or decade, may fail entirely to satisfy at another time. The gradual decline of the minuet, the lancers, the quadrille, the waltz, and other such obsolete or almost obsolete dances was due, in the opinion of this physician, not to what one ordinarily calls change of taste, but to a purely pathological nervous condition—a general state of nervous fatigue.
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> "The idea seems to be that, at times, people have danced lustily for the delight that healthy animals take in rhythmical physical exercise. Such people are in a state of nervous tranquillity—their nerves are at rest. They are no more excited than children at play. From this sort of peasant dance to the romantic waltz or the stately minuet one must trace the gradual development of mentality and manners; and for the decline of the waltz and other quiet dance forms and the rise of the two-step and fox-trot to jazz, one must seek motives in gradually exhausted nerve centers.
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> "The waltz to-day fails to satisfy. Why? Simply because the nerves of the present generation are in such a state that they are soon bored by slow motion, just as they are bored by silence. A healthy, normal animal, whether human or not, is not bored by tranquillity, rest, silence. A man in a normal state can sit all day fishing or drifting along with a small breeze. When his nervous health begins to fail he takes to tobacco, to fast motors, to exciting sports; and for those who can not indulge in such things jazz furnishes the substitute.
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> "Jazz is rhythmic in the sense that a motor is rhythmic. It is all very well to talk about cross rhythms and syncopations in jazz, but these only serve to accentuate the absolute, unchanging regularity of the beat, maintained by the banjo in most jazz orchestras. Jazz devotees resent any irregularity of beat. They want no retards. If there is expression it must be purely dynamic or the result of varieties of orchestra color. The rhythmic beat must be fixt, unchangeable, mechanical, and the jazz lover will be just as annoyed by any deviation as a motorist will be by any irregularity in the beat of his motor. We have all seen absent-minded motorists. A cylinder is missing, there is a click somewhere that is unusual, and it gets on the motorist's nerves.
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> "Yes, says the doctor, but not if the motorist's nerves are in good shape. The reason the poorly acting motor gets on the motorist's nerves is because he is depending upon the rhythmic beat for stimulation. When the beat fails in its perfect regularity it is as if the motorist were deprived of his dope. Thus also with the jazz lover. The more jaded the nerves are the more rapid and rhythmic the beat must be to soothe them.
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> "This doctor failed to take the matter seriously or to become excited about it. He evidently had no intention of trying to reform the world, and was interested in the matter purely as a scientific problem. 'But what will be the end?' he was asked. 'End?' he replied. 'Why, the world will go on worrying along as it always has. The weak ones will die off and the strong ones take their place. Then music will get back or go forward to other forms. What sort of forms? Who can tell? Who could have predicted jazz? Who can predict what will follow?'"

WRECKING THE "WRECK OF THE HESPERUS"

THE LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND seem to have been robbed of one of their prize stories. There was no wreck of the *Hesperus* on the reef of Norman's Woe, according to the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Longfellow perpetrated a myth, and our tears have all been in vain, except for their purification through pity and terror. What government office will take up the question whether a boy ever stood on the burning deck? Of course it may come to mean something serious to Gloucester if her growing sea traffic should meet such an impediment as a sunken ship, and the Utica *Press* recognizes the reasonableness of its fears:

> "The Maritime Association of Gloucester, Massachusetts, recently requested a new survey of Gloucester Harbor, where the *Hesperus* was supposed to have gone down. This was represented as being necessary because of increased shipping and in the interest of favorable marine-insurance rates.
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> "Capt. W. E. Parker, after investigating the request, announced that a new survey of the inner harbor and the Annisquam River will be made during the summer of 1928. The original topographic survey was made in 1851. Hydrographic surveys of the harbor and vicinity were made in 1894 and additional work was done in 1897 and in 1904.
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> "Gloucester Harbor and vicinity has been the scene of many maritime disasters, and is widely celebrated in literature. Longfellow's poem, 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' has for its locale Norman's Woe, a dangerous reef near the entrance to Gloucester Harbor.
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> "The Coast and Geodetic Survey made an extensive wire-drag survey of the waters surrounding this reef in 1916. Altho not intended primarily as such, this was the first and only thorough search ever made for the *Hesperus*. The wreck of this ship has only tradition as its basis, but the survey seems to have definitely disproved its existence. It did, however, locate the wrecks of two ships offshore, in the open sea, in about twenty fathoms of water. Their identity could not be learned, but it was declared that neither could have been the *Hesperus*. Both ships were of comparatively recent times, it was stated, since the masts were not tall enough for ships of the earlier days, such as the *Hesperus* was supposed to have been."

Not so sympathetic is the Kansas City *Star*, which doesn't relish being robbed of its hero tales:

> "Just what does the Coast and Geodetic Survey imagine it has established, in the way of poetic criticism, by its discovery that Longfellow's 'Wreck of the Hesperus' is a myth? Resurveying Gloucester Harbor and the waters around Norman's Woe, it has found no trace of the *Hesperus*, and therefore declares the wreck sung by the poet is a myth.
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> "Of course, it is a myth. So is the siege of Troy and the message that was carried from Ghent to Aix. Browning wrote about that famous gallop when he was on shipboard. He liked good gallops—on shipboard and in his library; he was not even ahorseback, we believe, when he wrote 'The Last Ride Together,' that occasion, you know, when he noted the slightest rise of his companion's eyebrow, a difficult thing to note at a gallop.
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> "But what of it? Shall we throw all poetry out of our libraries that deals with mythical subjects? We should have little left, we fear. If there is no wreckage of the *Hesperus* under the reefs of Norman's Woe, there are plenty of other wrecks there, and one would have served Longfellow as well as another, and will serve us. We need not even inquire too closely—and we hope the Coast and Geodetic Survey will not think it necessary to investigate the point, as to whether any skipper wrecked in those waters had taken his little daughter aboard to bear him company. If the Coast and Geodetic Survey should look into that matter, and even find a skipper's daughter, it doubtless would discover her eyes were not as the fairy-flax or her cheeks like the dawn of day.
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> "If we understand it aright, the business of the Coast and Geodetic Survey is to map our coast lines, locate dangerous reefs, and otherwise serve our shipping. We wish it would attend to it and leave literary criticism to the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury, which has just ruled that authors' royalties are unearned income. It is enough that one branch of government should have literary inspiration. If this thing goes on we shall have the Bureau of Standards telling us how to appraise Whitman and the hydrographic office editing Poe."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

LOVE AND COMMON SENSE AS DIVORCE PREVENTIVES

THE PRESENT DEPLORABLE matrimonial condition in which we find ourselves is due, writes Thomas L. Masson in the August *Century Magazine*, to the revolt of the male, the revolt which has resulted from the new woman's coyness toward housekeeping and her desire to break away from all domestic drudgery in the search for "better things." Too often, however, it is pointed out, the search ends in a tawdry road-house romance. This matrimonial problem occupies many minds, since marital unhappiness and recourse to the divorce courts are on the increase, and some see ahead the danger of a permanent break-up of American family life. In his analysis of the problem, Mr. Masson, who was for many years managing editor of *Life* and is now associate editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, attempts a definition of love, to explain some of the causes which break the conjugal tie and to show that only through an understanding and self-sacrificing love can married life succeed. As a keen observer and a humanitarian, Mr. Masson's conclusions are at least interesting to those aware of the present trend. Mr. Masson admits that the word Love is difficult to define, that "the wide-spread ignorance of what Love is bears its fruit in our divorce courts," but he goes on:

LOVE "IS A HOME BREW"

And "real romance is not made in cafeterias, road-houses or sedan cars," says Thomas L. Masson in an article on marital difficulties. Mr. Masson is shown here with his granddaughter.

"There is always this cryptic line of demarcation between sacred and profane love. Do not take my word for it. It is not essential to read up on sex as such. Read 'The Song of Solomon' and the mystical interpretation of it, as given by Dean Inge in his 'Christian Mysticism.' In Greek mythology learn the difference between Eros and Aphrodite. Read Plato, Christ: read in Beveridge's 'Life of John Marshall' how one of our own great men cared for his invalid wife, and how long Thomas Huxley waited for his true Love. You may be certain that Real Romance, the thing which every one secretly craves, is not made in cafeterias, road-houses or sedan cars. It is a home brew. The most romantic couple I know have just celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. They are not poring over the confessional magazines. As for the properties of right Love, the thirteenth chapter of the first Corinthians is perhaps the best description. In modern times Henry Drummond's 'Greatest Thing in the World' is a classic expression. There are countless others. Indeed, the literature of Love has not been transgrest.

"Both in its simplicity and its complexity, it confuses us. The real difficulty lies in our lack of understanding of it in its spiritual and sensual aspects. It is true that in ideal married life these aspects blend. They should blend. They are like two steeds, one celestial, the other earthly. Those who hold the reins must know how to drive. Love always means sacrifice, but on the lower level, materially and practically, it may come to mean anything else. We must see this difference; we must define it as well as we can, and come to live it. It may take time to solve the problem in such a manner that when young Americans marry, the conditions and thoughts surrounding them will be a guaranty that they have married rightly; that they have been properly disciplined and prepared for this right marriage; so that, instead of being a laughing-stock for the world, as we are now, we shall be an example. It will be so much easier when the word Love in all of its parts and bearings is accurately understood."

When dominated by the sensual alone, says Mr. Masson, love becomes destructive and therefore false. "Sex hunger can be directed, it can not be either throttled or condemned, nor need it be. . . . When it is understood, sublimated or placed under spiritual control, our divorce courts will grind more intermittently. There is," we are told, "all the difference in the world between the Love that considers its object, that bides its time, that results in healthy children, and that blind ignorant passion which like a consuming fire eviscerates all it touches, leaving behind it a train of blackened homes." After all, "as we elders know, Love is an endurance test," and "the things we nag our partners for are too often only the measure of our own defects." Again: "Right Love is unquestionably a cure for everything, but the knowledge and understanding of it can only come through self-discipline. In right Love you surrender in ever-increasing measure and the returns keep crowding in on you, prest down and running over." The outward sign of discordances which lead to broken homes, we are told, is money. "But it is not all money. Unadjusted finances are only the symptoms of a deep malady." Often the parents are to blame in not properly training their children. Often the young people themselves are too lax; "petting parties, scanty clothes, bobbed hair, sport cars and lack of home control are all responsible." Some of the blame is fastened on the educators, and Mr. Masson finds further:

"When young people break, as they so often do, it is because the conditions are too much for them. They get bewildered and the break comes with dramatic swiftness. Many have tried hard to save themselves. The atmosphere of cynical unbelief in which we are at present so enveloped breeds despair. If a fellow with nothing but the best intentions marries a girl who afterward 'lays down' on her job, or if the reverse happens, then, when the affair gets too thick, there is no supporting vision. No help comes from the common thought, the World-Soul. 'Everybody is doing it.' There is no intrinsic harm in jazz, sex, speed, freedom in expression and the like, except that they parade as substitutes for joy. The road-house is open every night and the church mostly on Sundays. Is it too sweeping to say that the majority of people use the church as a gas station, in the hope that they will last from one week-end to the other? And if, in between, they get stalled on the road, too many expect the minister to carry them the spiritual gas to get them through.

"For remedies, we depend too much upon paraphernalia to settle our difficulties. Laws multiply. We are all for facts, statistics, conferences, and the abnormality called data. Our moral consciousness is a matter of charts and diagrams. It will be good for us to learn, however painful the process, and it is certain to be that, that domestic difficulties can not be settled in courts and laboratories. Ceremony in human relationship is so important, groups of facts are so unimportant. Husbands and wives can not get on together through the attempts of educational experts, sociologists or psychologists to overcome a wide-spread condition from the outside. The cure lies in our souls.

"And the trouble is not altogether due to a spiritual lack as so many of our religious leaders declare, as to a lack of common sense, concentration and courage. It is actually due to this appalling ignorance of what Love is.

"The only place where any human being can learn just what this Love is and how to practise it, is at home. There is no just-as-good-as substitute. The training begins in the nursery. Notice how often it is that a man who can not get on with one wife can not get on with a succession of them. The subject changes, but not the weakness that is the cause of the change."

In conclusion, Mr. Masson writes in his interesting fashion:

"Too many seek a predigested love. And this is true not only of Love, but of every other 'good and perfect gift' that the brother of our Lord refers to.

"There has, doubtless, never been a time in any country when so much real intelligence and so much moronic stupidity dwell side by side. Men in cloisters, of whom we seldom hear—if at all—spend years in writing books which nobody reads, because this requires effort. We prefer best sellers and tabloids.

"The mental and spiritual labor involved in doing anything more than to keep up with the instalments is too much for us.

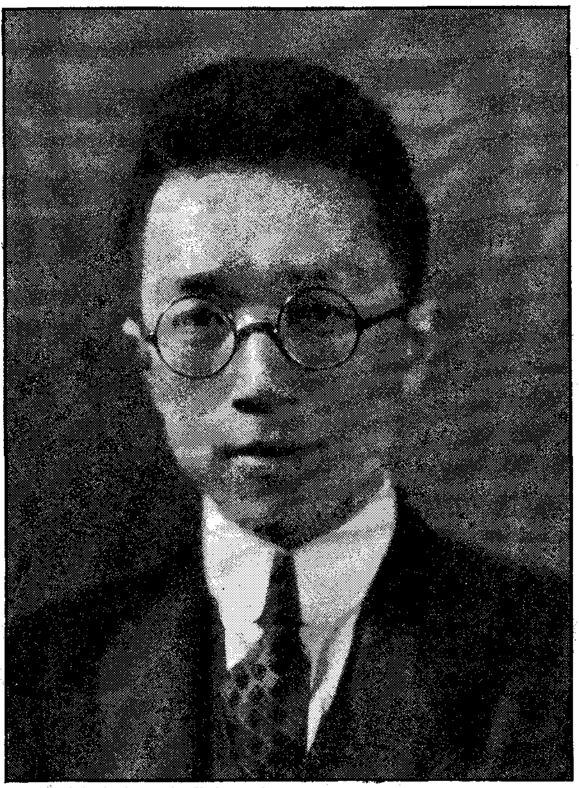
"We do not see that true romance is not an affair of cosmetics but of the heart; it is not a matter of dishes left unwashed until the pantry shelves are empty and one has to do something about it. All these things and more are not, however, the cause of separations, divorces and cynical infant derelicts: they are only the results. We must go back to the sources; and the human consciousness must be corrected.

"One thing is certain: you must want to know how to love. The base coin which at present circulates under this name has no golden treasury in the common heart. Count Keyserling's matrimonial authorities agree that the prepared marriage is the most lasting.

"Married life must be more deeply rooted than friendship. Indeed, few friendships could stand it. Lovers are not only born, but made. Perhaps, after all, the secret of our weakness lies under the hand of her who no longer cares to rock the cradle—and how about father?"

IS CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA TO DIE?

A NEW CHINA IS EMERGING out of the chaos, but it "does not seem to promise much bright future to the propagation of the Christian faith," says Dr. Hu Shih, Dean of Peking National University, and known as the Father of the Chinese Renaissance. In a brief article in *The Forum* he gives credit to the missionaries for the material reform they helped bring about, but he says "the dream of a 'Christian occupation of China' seems to be fast vanishing—probably forever. And the explanation is not far to seek." There is much cheap argument in the criticism of the Christian missionary as an agent of imperialist aggression, it is true, says Dr. Hu Shih. "But we must realize," he goes on, "that it is nationalism—the self-consciousness of a nation with no mean cultural past—that once killed Nestorian Christianity, Zoroastrianism, and Manicheism in China. It is the same nationalism which four times persecuted Buddhism, and finally killed it after over a thousand years of complete Buddhistic conquest of China. And it is the same national consciousness which is now resisting the essentially alien religion of Christianity." Even more formidable than nationalism, says this Chinese statesman, is the rise of rationalism, and he tells us:



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA IS VANISHING

Says Dr. Hu Shih, known as the Father of the Chinese Renaissance, telling us too, that "Christianity is fighting its last battle even in the so-called Christendoms."

"We must not forget that Chinese philosophy began two thousand five hundred years ago with a Lâo Tse, who taught a naturalistic conception of the universe, and a Confucius, who was frankly an agnostic. This rationalistic and humanistic tradition has always played the part of a liberator in every age when the nation seemed to be under the influence of a superstitious or fanatic religion. This cultural background of indigenous China is now revived with the new reenforcement of the methods and conclusions of modern science and becomes a truly formidable safeguard of the intellectual class against the imposition of any religious system whose fundamental dogmas, despite all efforts of its apologists, do not always stand the test of reason and science.

"And, after all, Christianity itself is fighting its last battle, even in the so-called Christendoms. To us born heathens, it is a strange sight indeed to see Billy Sunday and Aimée McPherson hailed and patronized in an age whose acknowledged prophets are Darwin and Pasteur! The religion of Elmer Gantry and Sharon Falconer must sooner or later make all thinking people feel ashamed to call themselves 'Christians.' And then they will realize that Young China was not far wrong in offering some opposition to a religion which in its glorious days fought religious wars and persecuted science, and which, in the broad daylight of the twentieth century, prayed for the victory of the belligerent nations in the World War and is still persecuting the teaching of science in certain quarters of Christendom."

Commenting on Dr. Hu Shih's statement, *The Christian Evangelist* (Disciples of Christ) says:

"This is no doubt a partial and prejudiced point of view, and yet when we remember that less than 1 per cent. of the population of China is Christian in any form, and probably considerably less than one-fourth of 1 per cent. is Protestant, we can see that the nationalistic movement is fraught with no little peril to the new religion. The Chinese are the custodians of the oldest civilization in the world. They are proud of their past traditions, and they have not been favorably imprest by the alliance between what they regard as Christianity and Western imperialism. Christ will conquer the Orient some day, but the immediate future for Christianity is less optimistic than China's best friends may well desire."

THE MENNONITE MIGRATION

NO MATTER WHERE THEY HAVE SETTLED, war has always followed the Mennonites; but now, at last, they have found a haven of refuge in Paraguay, where, as told in these pages July 23, they will be permitted to live without interference with their religious beliefs. Within a few years virtually all the 50,000 Mennonites remaining in Canada and many, if not all, of the 175,000 Mennonites of the United States will have migrated to the new "Land of Promise." A vanguard of about 2,000 Canadian Mennonites are now at work in the Paraguayan hinterland preparing the soil and building communities for those to follow. This extraordinary migration was begun under the direction and advice of Brig.-Gen. Samuel McRoberts, Chairman of the board of the Chatham and Phenix National Bank, New York City, who was chief of the procurement division of the ordnance department during the World War. It was to him that the Mennonites in Canada turned when they decided that the time had come for another long trek. As he is quoted in the New York *Evening Post*, General McRoberts says:

"A committee of Canadian Mennonites came to me about five years ago, and asked me to help them find a place where they could colonize. Why they came to me, I don't know. But they described what they wanted—chiefly, a place where they could lead their pastoral life and be left alone by governments and free from interference or mixture with outsiders, and I agreed to help them.

"The choice of a land quickly simmered down to Paraguay. Asia was out of the question because of political and religious turmoil there. Eastern Europe would not do because of economic conditions. Africa is a British colony, and would not suit the Mennonites. The Mennonites wanted to get away from Canada because they are chiefly German and were unhappy there following the war. So I sent Mr. Fred Engen, an experienced colonist, to Paraguay, and he found almost exactly what the Mennonites were seeking."

Under the colonization plan which now has been in progress for five years, we read further, the Mennonites will sell their present holdings in Canada and settle on 3,000,000 acres of fertile land in the upper Paraguayan chaco—the Indian name for wilderness—about 1,700 miles above Buenos Aires. The land belongs to the Carlos Casado family, which owns a total of 7,000,000 acres between the River Paraguay and the eastern range of the Andes. After arrangements had been made with the Casado family to set aside 4,000,000 of the 7,000,000 acres, and a corporation had been organized to handle the development of 3,000,000 acres for the Mennonites, Mr. Engen negotiated a charter from the Paraguayan Government which gives the Mennonites every privilege they asked. We read on:

"It amounts to the creation of a State within a State wherein the Mennonites may enjoy their chief religious tenet, freedom from military service, as well as exemption from taking oaths and the privilege of running their own churches and schools.

"After a committee of Mennonites had approved the land and reported on it in glowing terms to their Canadian brethren and the Government charter was granted them, preparations for colonization began. A base was established at Puerto Casado, on the Paraguay River. Here a great hotel and several community houses have been built for the housing of the first colonists. A pumping station has been completed to supply fresh drinking-water.

"These first houses will be vacated by their present occupants as soon as their permanent homes have been built, and will be turned over to succeeding colonists as they arrive. Incoming families will gradually be moved back into the interior. Communication between these interior families and the base will be maintained by motor-trucks and bullock-carts. The plan of colonization almost duplicates the movement of American pioneers into Ohio, Illinois, and Kansas. Among those pioneers, incidentally, were many ancestors of the Mennonites now planning the migration to Paraguay. Mennonites from Russia were among the first settlers in Kansas, and introduced there the 'hard winter wheat' for which the State is now famous.

"The agricultural value of the land in Paraguay, according to General McRoberts, was an important inducement to the Canadian Mennonites. Their first report to their followers in Manitoba and Saskatchewan described their 'Promised Land' as looking 'like an immense park,' wherein they found oranges, lemons, bananas, and cotton growing wild.

"It is said there are forty-two sects that have branched from the Mennonite faith, but still hold to the outstanding tenet of pacifism. These sects now number hundreds of thousands throughout the world, and all nowadays have their eyes on Paraguay."

For nearly three centuries, says *The Evening Post* editorially, the Mennonites have been seeking a home free from war. In the course of this search they have wandered from one section of Europe to another. In 1683, on the invitation of William Penn, they came to this country, and in the latter part of the last century a number of them settled in Canada. But war followed them everywhere. Now, however, we are told, they are to be among a people who are not warlike. The Paraguayan Army consists of only 2,500 men, organized to keep order in the country's 171,815 square miles, and we read: "As the Mennonites discourage their members from holding public office or seeking 'the vanities of this world,' they are not likely to come into conflict with the Paraguayans. Being excellent farmers, with a gift for organization, they will aid materially in developing this backward South American country."

A GREAT INVENTOR'S BELIEF

DECLARING THAT HIS BELIEF in a Creator is justified by the facts of science, Michael Pupin, noted inventor and professor at Columbia University, describes in the August *Scribner's Magazine* the direction of his religious thought since he secured his first employment in a factory in New York fifty-two years ago. "It taught me that the fire under the boiler supplies the driving power to every machine in the factory," he writes. "To an untutored Serbian immigrant who had never seen such things in his native village that was awe-inspiring knowledge, and it thrilled me. It stirred my emotions and my imagination, and I almost became a fire-worshiper." Dr. Pupin then points out other facts which he discovered during the following half-century, and sums up his philosophy in these words:

"The smooth and steady motion of the piston in the boiler-room, assisting the trained hand of man in the factory; the roaring furnace flames in the foundry announcing the birth of beautiful castings; the radiating chaos of our central star, the sun, sustaining the ceaseless terrestrial cycles of coordinated energy movement; the messages transmitted to man by the galaxy of stars, proclaiming the lavish expenditure of their inexhaustible store of energy as a preparation for higher forms of creation; all of them tell the same joyous story which Tyndall first told me fifty years ago, the story of transformation of the primordial chaos into a cosmos, a universe of beautiful law and order. This is also the story of the universe of organic life. The truth which this story reveals was recognized intuitively by man since the very beginning of civilization and, guided by the power of his creative soul, he began to dream of a social cosmos which makes life worth living. The awakening from this beautiful dream is the birth of Church and State; guided by the love of God and of fellow man these social coordinators will certainly give us a social cosmos, the realization of the highest aspiration of the human soul.

"From this point of view science, religion, and the fine arts, as expressions of the intellectual, spiritual, and esthetic coordination of the creative power of the human soul, are three inseparable parts of a single science, the Science of Creative Coordination."

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A spectacular price reduction due to a spectacular public acceptance!

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Its finish is ultra-smart. Oblong windows, a low roofline and brilliantly nickeled windshield frame and landau bars emphasize its stylish, dashing appearance.

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The Sport Cabriolet $715, The Imperial Landau $745. All prices f. o. b., Flint, Michigan

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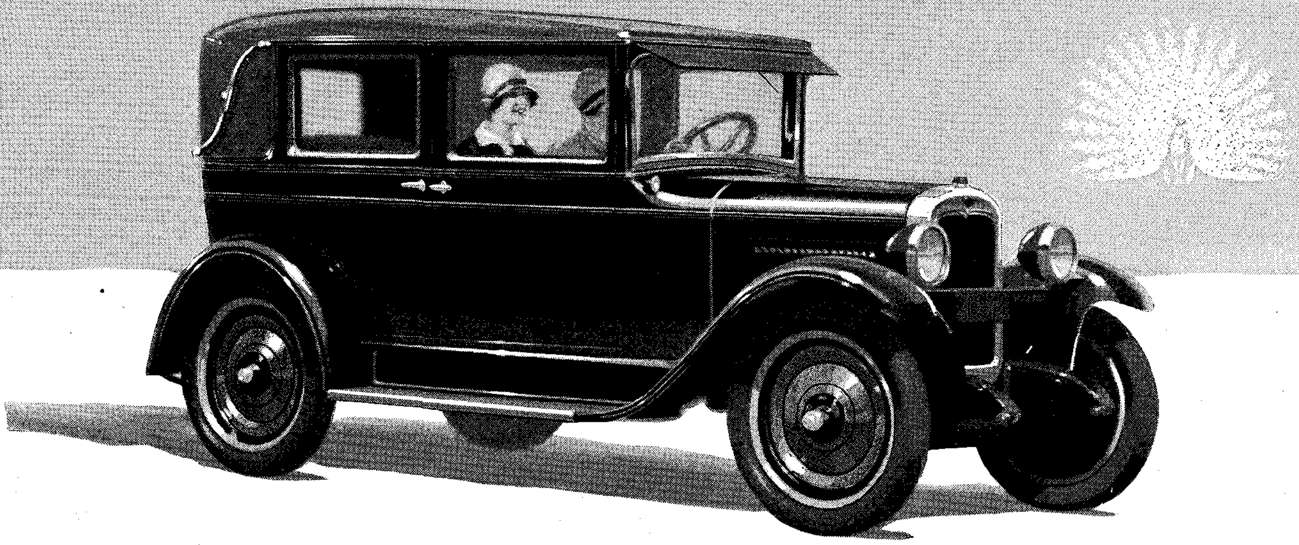

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Long, low, sweeping lines. Satin black Duco finish with embellishments of brilliant chasseur red. Mouse gray top. Such interior appointments as special upholstery, vaulted roof, period hardware, built-in smoking set and maroon leather wind laces around the doors. A car of marvelous smartness at a marvelous price!

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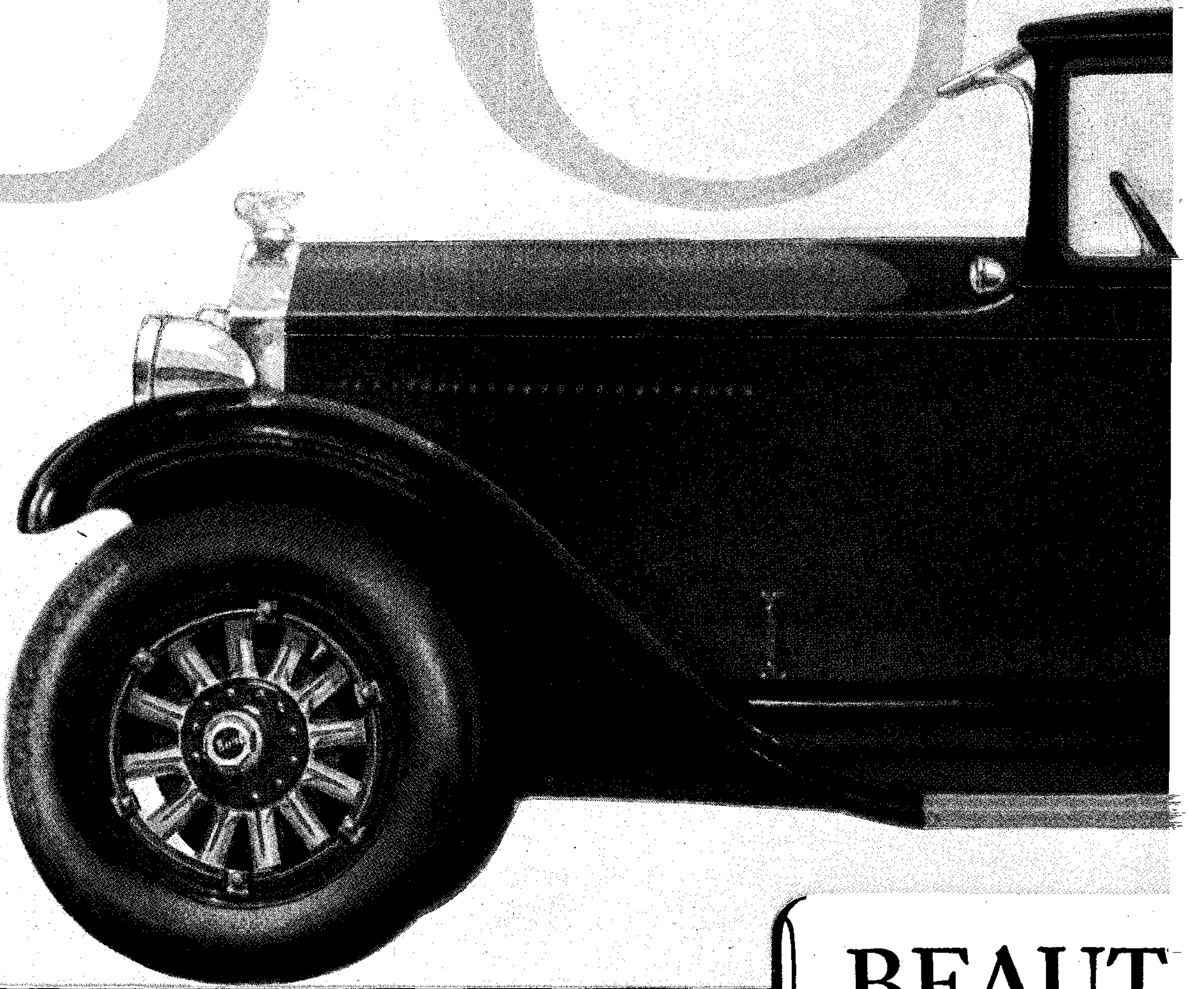

BEAUT

Buick for 1928 is *Beauty*
motor car styles by the w
Fashion decrees:

Graceful Bodies by Fishe
head-room or road-clear
wheels . . . plus color ha
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crowning all, a refreshing

Even brief inspection of th
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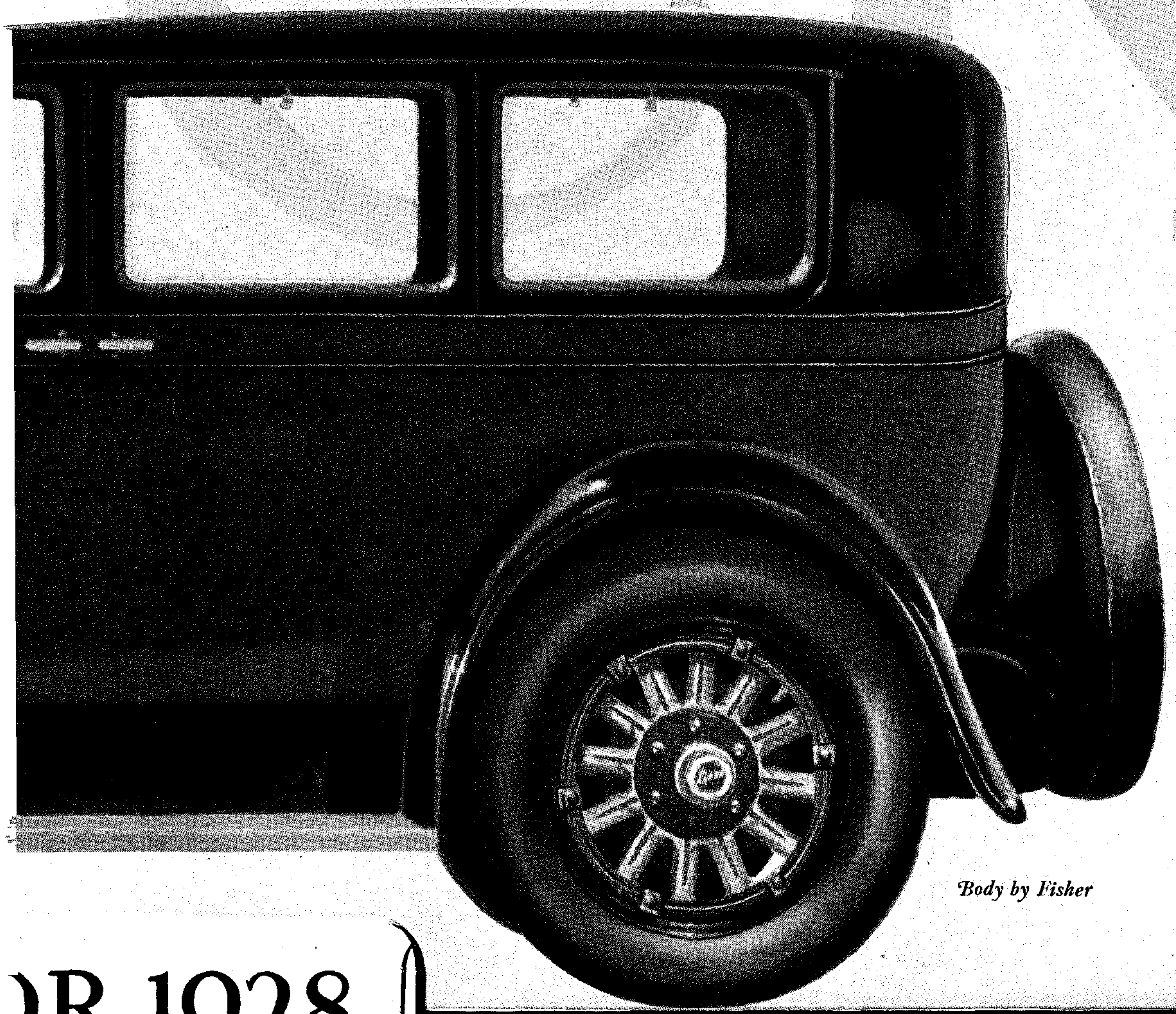
VALVE-IN-HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS
for

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES A



CK

Body by Fisher

R 1928

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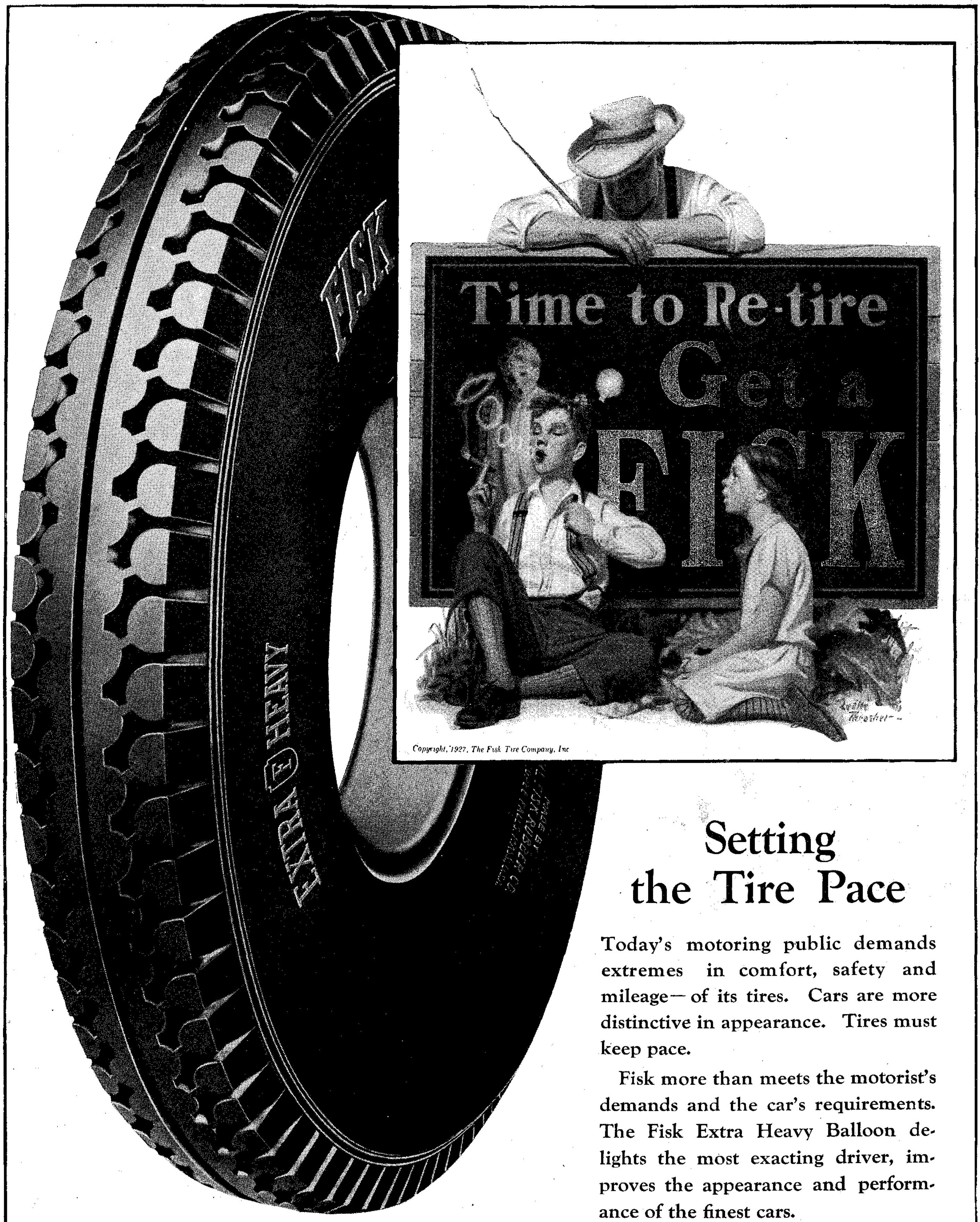
1928

BUILT · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM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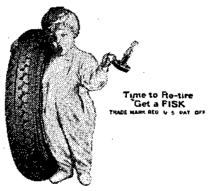

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

AN exultant cry from the open roads sounds in *The Southwest Review* (Dallas, Tex.):

THE RIDER

By Gamaliel Bradford

I wave my cap, I shake my reins,
  I flit across the heather.
The light blood sparkles in my veins,
  Mine and my steed's together.

What turn of Fortune's giddy wheel
  Awaits me as I wander
I do not know. I only feel
  Something that calls me yonder.

A merry-hearted maid to woo,
  A fox to chase with ardor,
Perchance the flash of bright steel too—
  Strike, boy, and I'll strike harder.

I know not, care not, what remains.
  I flit across the heather.
The light blood sparkles in my veins,
  Mine and my steed's together.

The Circle (New York) gives us this:

WHO'LL BUY?

By Ella S. Gowing

Who'll buy my fruit? Hearken—
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Shouts the crass peddler with resonant cry:
"Strawberries! Strawberries!
Don't pass them by."

"Any old clothes to sell?
Give me a try,—
Old clothes, old shoes, hats, all things I buy":
Calls the Jew trader
To window up high.

"Extry here! Extry here!
Latest of news—"
Mingles with fruit vendor's: "old hats, old shoes":
Anything, everything,—
Man need but choose.

"Who'll buy a poem?" Hear
Poet's faint call
Mounts to a tenement,—now far,—now near:—
"Who'll buy my poem?"
From street auctioneer.

Ever the Ego speaks
Need to fulfil,
Ego that drives upon man's goading will,
What does it matter—all peddle their wares—
Heart-break or heart's-ease?
Who cares? Who cares?

The Indian in eastern America is but a memory grown dim and might be obliterated entirely but for such spots as here commemorated in *Voice* (New York):

INDIAN GRAVEYARD - MONTAUK

By Isabel Fiske Conant

Of sandstone, with a cherub at the top,
And such a date as 1746,
These leaning headstones counsel one to stop.
Below, the sea; above, the white clouds mix.
This small plot is more vast than fence of ledges
Could compass, this forgotten square of sward,
The burial ground of braves, miscalled the Hedges,
Or, Abigail, the wife of Jared Hard.
It's Flying Cloud has gone to the Great Spirit;
Not Jonathan, but Roaming Wolf lies here.
These mounded field stones keep not from their merit
Old fearless hunters over moor and mere.
Freed from theology, these now arise,
Swift foot, to reservations in the skies.

In *The Nation* (New York) is this poignant evocation of the things wrought by change and distance:

THE UNFAMILIAR HOUSE

By John Gould Fletcher

To an unfamiliar house once more these feet have wandered,
That set forth on the road so many years gone by.
And once again as stranger have I pondered
On the serene blue depths of an unfamiliar sky.
Here where a dead youth passed, unspent yet shattered,
I walk my roads neglected once again,
And whether that strange past or the nearer past much mattered
I do not know. Here I am loosed from pain.

Between me and the boy that held forlornly to his vision
Now stands a lofty shining unsurmountable wall;
I stare at it in vain—neither sympathy nor derision
Alters its mass at all.
The oak-trees stand as they have stood, unchanging,
The dumb stretch of the dusky sun-browned earth
Still breathes in brooding harmony with all my hopes, far ranging,
As on that ever-vanished day when time first brought me birth.

And people come. They still have kept their places
In which they stood a dozen years ago;
But when I grasp their hands and stare into their faces
They seem more strange than once of old; I know
That time and the years sift wrinkles: now I wonder
What lasts between us, changing day on day.
Once and for all my fate was this, to live though torn asunder
From all I might have shared—there is no other way.

And when I pass, from a dark hearthstone going,
Blue in the rosy dusk the hickory-smoke will glide:
But I will be borne from it on the flowing
Drift of a darker tide.
No more than smoke can I blur still these blue skies' changeless splendor,
No more than a faint blue cloud of smoke within these hearts I last.
The mirror fronts me, frozen, cold, untender.
There are no ghosts left now; the past is but the past.

The usual spelling is Zante, but travelers to Greece will welcome this first glimpse of the Ionian islands, Zante being the southernmost of the group. *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) prints this:

NEARING ZANTI

By U.

Isle of Zanti, from afar,
Dark your wallowing shadows are
In the sapphire-laden sea,
Drowsing round you lazily;
Black your mountain scimitar.

Then we glide towards a star
Set in skies of cinnabar,
Glimpse of loveliness to be,
  Isle of Zanti.

Isle which never cloud can mar,
Witching, sun-kiss'd Nenuphar,
Open wide your arms to me,
Wrap me in your mystery;
Surely Home of Avatar!
  Isle of Zanti.

White Hope, we are told, is a cat, and this one adds something to our knowledge of human as well as feline nature. Found in *All's Well* (Fayetteville, Ark.):

FELINE LAUGHTER

By William Griffith

White Hope gazed at me, while I was laughing;
And that look in her eyes (friend, quit your chaffing!)
Had half of the wisdom of ages in it,
As though the Sphinx were aware of a minute.

Her's a far way of glancing off yonder;
And that look in her eyes (friend, with me ponder!)
While disarming one of the power to tease her,
Lost Cleopatra to Julius Cæsar.

White Hope is a veiled Angora riddle;
And that look in her eyes (friend search the fiddle!)
Is Sancho Panza following after
Don Quixote in violin laughter . . .

This blue-eyed cat, adored since a kitten,
Has a look in her eyes (friend, toss the mitten!)
Which explains, excuses a slave to duty,
Who would pawn desire to the ruin of beauty.

Highly satisfied as this poet of *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin) is with himself, he has kept his sense of humor. Could he be any other than an Irishman?

IF

By Minos

If, when I met you first, I were Alexander,
(What a relief to the East you would have been!)
All could have said by a woman he's unmanned, her
  Eyes are yew-green.

As for her lips—O the limpid luscious yew-berries!
That poise of hers in walking like a wave beside the shore!
Such as she appears after many darkened centuries,
  Once, and no more.

If, when I met you first, I were Julius Cæsar,
What a hopeless muddle I'd have made of my campaigns!
Britain uninvaded! They'd have said that just to please her,
  Julius refrains.

If, when I met you first, I were Horrie Nelson,
Captured and capsizing: Oh, I would have been a wreck:
Steering into battle with the topsail on the kelson,
  The rudder on deck.

If, when I met you first, I were the anonymous
Sole-surviving soldier-man who did not win the Wars,
Through reflected glory I might have grown eponymous:
  Venus's Mars.

You with a face that recalls the Dionysiac
Orgies, routs and festivals of stained but never still lip,
You with a shape like the wild and Aphrodisiac
  Queen of King Philip,

Thanks be to goodness I am not Alexander,
Cæsar, Nelson, Nobody the Winner of the War!
I'd have squandered all they ever won for the remainder,
  You as you are.

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

BOBBY JONES—"CHAMPION PETER PAN": HIS BOOK

THE YOUNGSTER WAS PUZZLED over a problem of life. From the small table where he and a little playmate were enjoying their Sunday dinner of fried chicken, rice, gravy and hot biscuits, he listened for a lull in the conversation at the big table, where his papa, mama and other grown-up golfers were fighting the morning's games over again, to a brave clatter of knives and forks. At length the lull came, and small Bobby Jones, pulling a deep breath, piped up:

"Dad, what do people do on Sunday who don't play golf?"

Photograph by courtesy of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

THE MOST POPULAR OF CHAMPIONS LOVES TO PLAY

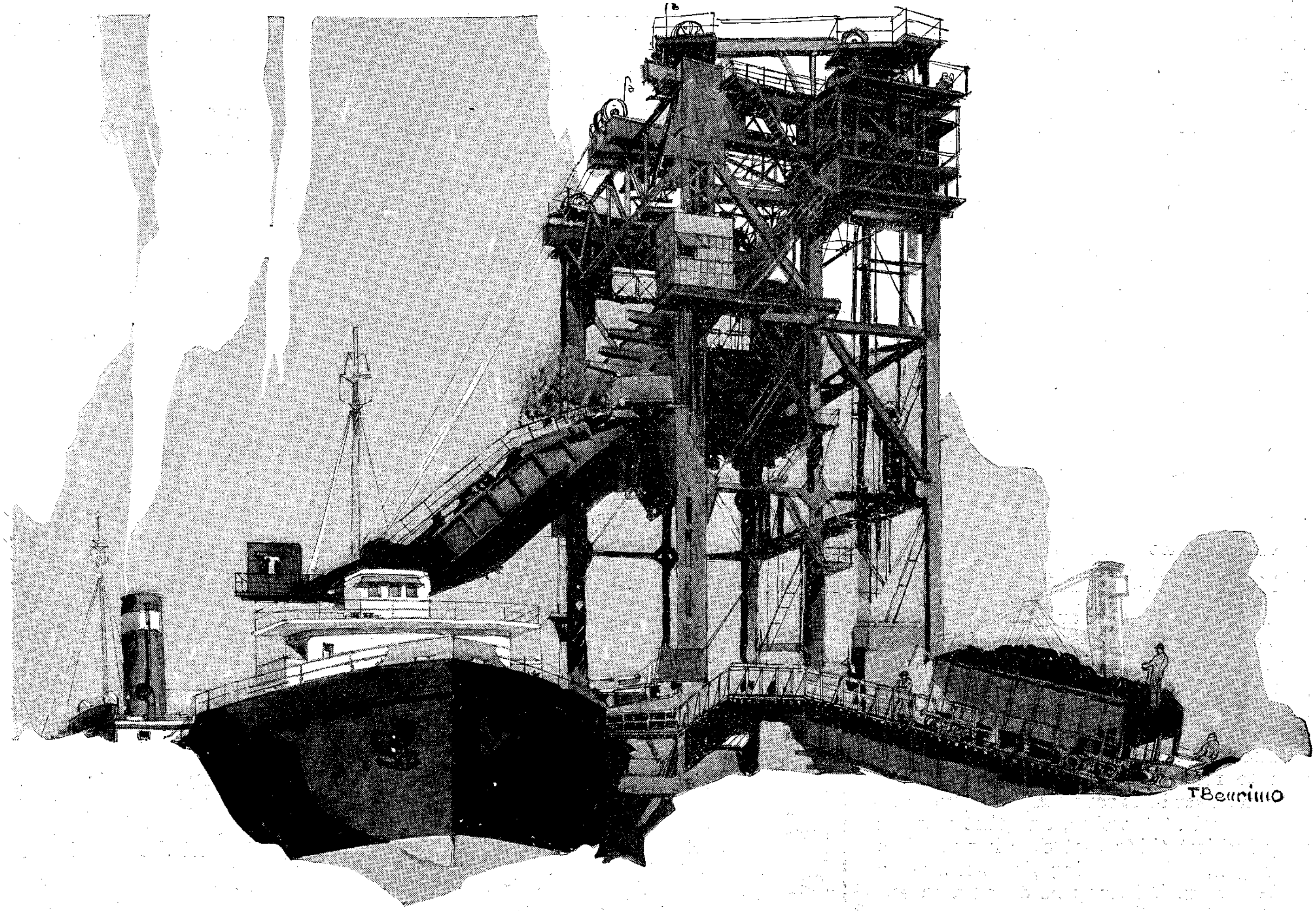
Bobby's dogs know it, and so do his friends, his wife, his "kiddies," and his competitors in the various games that engage his all-embracing sportsmanship.

The question caused "more than a ripple," Bobby tells us in his book, "Down the Fairway" (Minton, Balch & Company, New York). He was quite an infant at the time, having not yet won his first golf cup—a feat he was to accomplish at the age of six, when this Peter Pan of athletics played his first competitive golf. Bobby took the cup to bed with him that night, and he treasures it to this day. He has a hundred and twenty cups and vases now, and thirty medals, but "there's one little cup that never fails of being well polished. And I never slept with another one." About one person in every ten million might have an interesting autobiography to put out at the age of twenty-five, remarks Mr. Grantland Rice in a foreword to the book, and "Bobby Jones in this respect is one among ten millions. This is supposed to be the age of youth in sport, but Bobby was the superyouth; for he was almost a seasoned competitor, a competitor meeting and beating champions, at the age of fourteen. The entire history of sport has never recorded another such incident. At the age of twenty-five Bobby Jones has had thirteen years of campaigning. At that same age he has won almost every championship known to golf, through a vivid personal experience few competitors ever get to know at the age of sixty." Of his childhood, Bobby himself tells us:

> Judging from certain photographs, I must have been an odd-looking youngster. I started out with an oversize head and a spindling body and legs with staring knees, and some serious digestive derangement which caused my parents and six or seven doctors a deal of distress. Dad says I didn't eat any real food until I was five years old, but I don't remember about that. I must have been pretty frail, because I don't remember any playmates while we lived on Willow Street in Atlanta, except Camilla, our fat cook and nurse, and her fat brother, who was also blacker than Camilla; and Camilla's beau.
>
> Up to this time I never had heard of golf. There was no golf tradition in our family. Dad had been a crack ball-player at college, but he had never taken up golf. He was not encouraged parentally to play baseball. My grandfather, Robert Tyre Jones, for whom I was named, was—and is—an old-fashioned, sturdy business man of Canton, Georgia, who set his foot down solidly when he learned that dad, on being graduated from the University of Georgia, had signed a contract to play with the Brooklyn Club of the old National League. Dad's budding career as a big-league ball player was nipt right there. He told me once that grandfather never would go to see him play ball. That was when grandfather came down to Atlanta to watch me play in a Red Cross golf match in 1918, with Perry Adair against Jimmy Standish and Kenneth Edwards. Dad said I ought to feel highly honored, because grandfather never had shown the slightest interest in sports before. And he never did admit he had come down to watch me play golf! And when the Atlanta party went to New York to meet me last July, coming home from England after winning the British open championship, of course Mary—that's Mrs. Jones—was there, and dad and mother and grandmother, too. And there was grandfather! He told the newspaper men he happened to be in New York on business! I never will forget the first telegram he sent me, when I was away playing in a championship. It was at Inwood in the American open of 1923. "Keep the ball in the fairway," it said, "and make all the putts go down." I can tell you, I found my eyes stinging, when I read that. . . . It was at Inwood I finally managed to break through, winning in a play-off after a tie with Bobby Cruickshank.

Golf began for the Joneses—mother and dad and Bobby—in the early summer of 1907, when they moved out of the city to board with Mrs. Frank Meador "in a big house about a mashie pitch from what was then the second fairway of the East Lake golf course of the Atlanta Athletic Club, five miles from town." And we read on:

> There was plenty of interest out there in the country—a big stable, a garden full of raspberries and a fair supply of snakes to kill, and a creek which could be dammed for hypothetical fishing purposes; we never caught any fish, but never got over the idea that we would catch them.
>
> Frank Meador, two years older than I, lived there, and several young men, boarders, who played golf at East Lake. It was one of these, Fulton Colville, who gave me my first club, a cleek which he had discarded and cut down to my size. Frank was already making hesitating efforts at playing this queer new game, and as they wouldn't allow kids to go on the course, we made a course of our own. It consisted of two holes, exactly the same in length, as we played one and then played back to the other. One hole was in the roadway in front of the house, which extended into the main road alongside the East Lake club property. The other hole was the deep ditch on the farther side of the main road, a hundred yards away; any part of the ditch. Sometimes when the fairway, or roadway, was dry and hard we could hit a ball that would go rolling into the ditch from what constituted the tee. It is a matter of rather general opinion that I never made a hole in one shot until 1927. I made this hole several times in



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one shot, before I was six years old. True, it was not the orthodox hole of four and a quarter inches; most golfers would regard it a hazard rather than a hole. But it suited Frank and me well enough and kept our medal scores down.

I wish I could say here that a strange thrill shot through my skinny little bosom when I swung at a golf ball for the first time; but it wouldn't be truthful. I do not remember the first time I hit a golf ball, or hit at one; and as I recall it the game did not make much of an impression on me, except that I used to get mad enough to dance in the road when a wild shot went under a little bridge covered with briers across the ditch which was not the second hole. I liked baseball much better, and played golf, or what we called golf, because of a dearth of boys in the neighborhood with whom to play baseball. Mother and dad had taken up the game and played regularly at the East Lake Course. Jimmy Maiden was the professional there at the time and he gave them lessons. Nobody paid much attention to Frank and me and I am sure neither of us entertained any profounder ideas about the game than that golf balls were easy to lose and hard to come by. When mother and dad moved back to the city in the fall of 1907, I went back to baseball at once and that winter learned to drive my first automobile—a Glasscock Racer, it was called, operated by pumping a lever. It had brakes and I loved to pump it at top speed straight for a corner and then, with mother or Camilla shrieking at me, jam on the brakes and pull up unconcernedly in a couple of yards.

We moved back to East Lake the next summer, in 1908, and here I ought to be able to record another sensation, because soon afterward Stewart Maiden came to be professional at the club, and that was the very luckiest thing that ever happened to me in golf, which is saying a lot, because my entire career, if it may be called a career, has been lucky. There were times, during what one writer called my seven lean years, when I fancied most of the luck was bad luck; but I was wrong. Some people can learn only by having education drubbed into them; and I want to say right now that I never learned anything from a match that I won. Not until the seven lean years were over, at any rate. . . . But the best luck that ever I had in golf was when Stewart Maiden came from Carnoustie, Scotland, to be professional at the East Lake Club. So I'd like to record a sensation, when I went with mother to meet dad at the suburban car one evening just at dusk, and we went over to the gate of the club, and joined Jimmy Maiden—Stewart's brother, who preceded him—and Stewart, who had just arrived.

A CUP WINNER AT SIX

'Twas a tiny little cup, but Bobby took it to bed with him that night, and he still keeps it polished.

But there was nothing sensational about Stewart. He said very little and I couldn't understand a single word of what he said; he was not long over from Scotland. Jimmy and dad and mother did the talking, and at first I wondered if Stewart could talk at all. Jimmy was going away and Stewart was taking his place. Carnoustie has furnished the East Lake Club with five professionals—Alex Smith, Jimmy Maiden, Stewart Maiden, Willie Ogg, and Charlie Gray, who recently was Stewart's assistant there.

Stewart was "just another little Scot, like Jimmy, only Scotcher." But it wasn't long before little Bobby was "following him about the East Lake Course and watching him." Moreover, he tells us:

Mother and dad were playing a lot now, and they let me go around with them occasionally, on condition that I would take only one club and keep up with them, which was out of the question if I carried my entire outfit, which by this time consisted of a brassie of mother's, cut down; a mashie discarded by dad; and the faithful cleek, which I used as a putter, and, indeed, for most other shots. I kept up pretty well by simply beating the ball along, rarely getting the chance to hole out. When I followed Stewart, I didn't carry even one club. I just watched him. I never was conscious of studying his play, or of trying to play like him. I liked golf pretty well; he was the best player at the club; and I liked watching him perform. He paid little or no attention to me, and after tagging along four or five holes I would leave the match and go back to our house—we had moved into a cottage inside the club property, right by the thirteenth green of the old course—and get a cap full of old balls and my mashie and putter and go out to the thirteenth green and pitch them all on and putt them all out, over and over again. It was pretty good practise, I suppose. I liked to pitch the ball, and as I recall it I could get it close to the pin with a fair consistency. . . . Lately I have caught myself thinking about those long, sunny afternoons, pitching balls at the pin on the old thirteenth green, and I've wished I could get the ball up there as accurately now, from proportionate distances. The short pitch is the weakest spot in my game, these last few years. Maybe I've got away from Stewart Maiden's method that was so clearly before me in those days when I had so little else to think about.

I don't know about that, either. I don't remember any glimmering thought of form, in golf, or any consciousness of a method in playing a shot. I seemed merely to hit the ball, which possibly is the best way of playing golf; certainly it is the easiest on the mind. Besides, I was interested in other things—tennis and fishing, mainly, now that I had access to a regular lake and the club's tennis-courts. Golf still was incidental; I played at it as I played at anything else that came along and seemed attractive; if I have any genius at all, it must be a genius for play! I love to play—I love fishing and hunting and trapshooting and ping-pong and chess and pool and billiards and driving a motor-car, and at times I love golf, when I can get the shots going somewhere near right. It seems I love almost any pursuit except work.

Now, I suppose that all the time I was watching Stewart play golf the imitative faculty which seems inherent in most children was at work, and that I began hitting the ball as he did, so far as my limitations would permit. Dad says I was a natural mimic in those days, and I remember he used to amuse a veranda full of people at times by inspiring me to get out on the lawn and imitate the swing of this player or that one—usually some one in the gathering. There was one of our good friends, Judge Broyles, who never seemed to get as much fun as the others out of my imitation of his own style. He used to carry his own clubs, and, when preparing to play a shot, he laid the bag down carefully by his left foot, took his stance, addrest the ball, swung, and with his eyes following the flight of the ball released the grip of his left hand from the club, stooped, grasped the bag of clubs, and set out at once at a slow trot after the shot. . . . I could go out and show you Judge Broyles's "follow-through"—as they called it—right now.

Coming to the winning of his first cup, at the age of six, he explains:

There was a party at Mrs. Meador's when our family was living there. Alexa Stirling, who later won the women's national championship three times in succession, lived in the neighborhood, and Frank Meador of course lived at the same house I did, and Perry Adair was invited, and Mrs. Meador arranged a medal competition; six holes on the old East Lake Course, and provided this little cup as the trophy. . . . If Mr. Maeterlinck is right, and if the past, present and future really are coexistent, I'd love to go over that round of six holes again and check it up. Because I'll always believe Alexa won that cup. Frank Meador, however, figured it out that I won it, and as his mother was giving the cup, we regarded Frank as having something like a plenary connection with it, so it was awarded to me.

Then a little later Mrs. E. G. Ballenger promoted another tournament, a match-play affair this time, and we were handicapped according to age; so Perry had to give me one stroke a round, and we met in the finals, which were thirty-six holes—the same distance as the finals of a national championship to-day. We played our match on Sunday, and I remember how important I felt, with the four ball matches all over the East Lake Course giving way to Perry and me—standing aside politely while we

(*Continued on page 44*)

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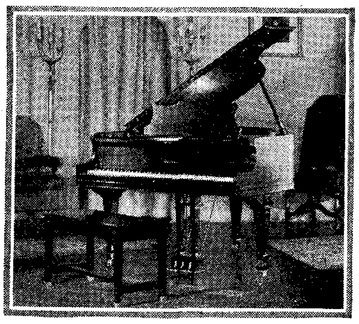

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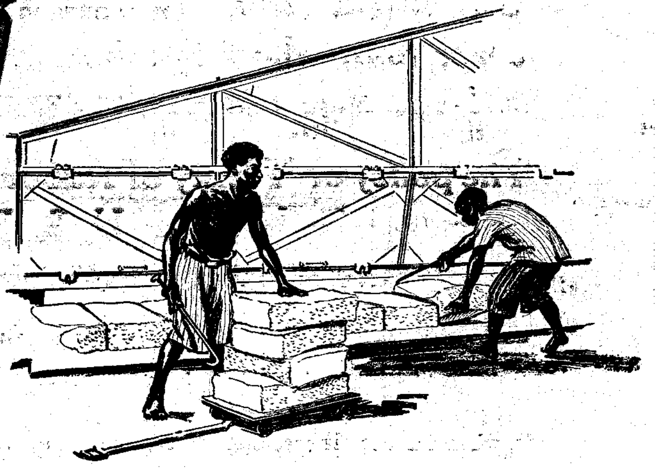

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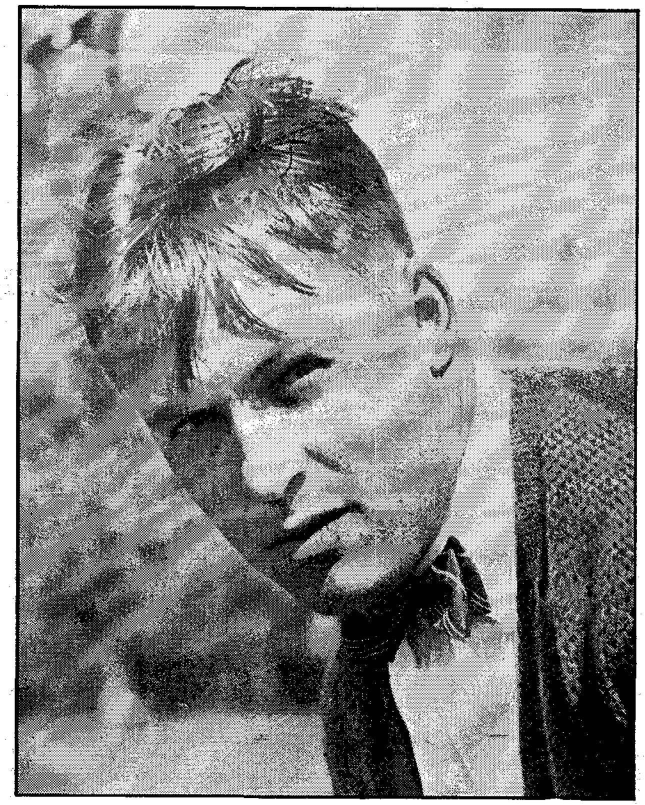


Photograph copyright by Winn, Atlanta

JUST BEFORE BOBBY SOCKS THE PILL

His last look tells where it's going to land. This is called his best golf picture. "He is thinking of nothing in the world but that shot."

(*Continued from page 40*)

went through, because we were playing a tournament match! I'll say this for us, we didn't hold anybody up. Our method in golf was simple and rapid. We walked up to the ball and socked it. We didn't sock it far. I suppose we could drive slightly over a hundred yards, but we rarely got off the line. And on the green we didn't squat down and line up our putts. We walked up to the ball and knocked it at the hole. And (if memory is at all reliable) it is amazing now, the proportion of putts that went into the hole.

Now and then, when I'm playing behind some slow match, and watching the members lining up a three-footer from both ends, and picking up gravel along the supposed path of the putt, I think of George Duncan's suggestion as to putting:

"The best system," says George, "is to go up to the ball and knock it into the hole!"

And Alex Smith, who was always a good putter, never fooled around over a putt.

"Miss 'em quick!" was Alex's motto. And he didn't miss so many, at that. Also he never bothered about picking up little impediments along the path of the putt.

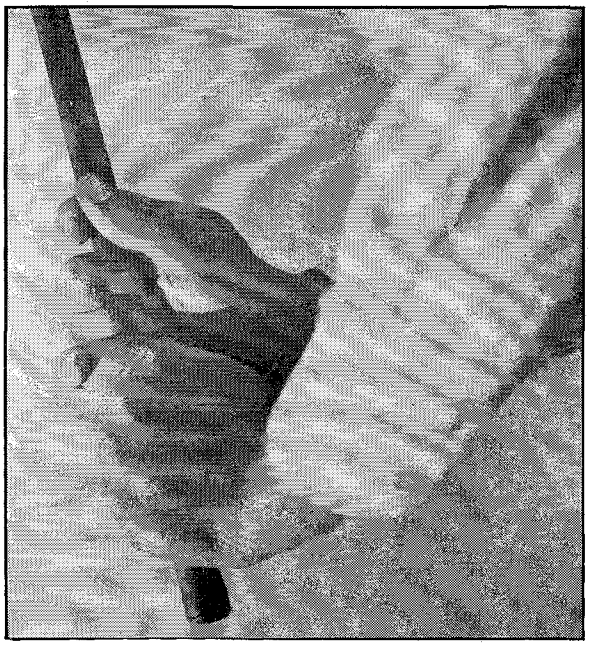
"Won't those things throw the ball off the line?" he was asked.

"Just as likely to throw it on the line!" rejoined Alex.

I never have believed in hanging over a shot, and until the last two years I was as prompt on the putting green as with any other shot. They say now that I am studying my putts more carefully. That is not all of the truth. I do study them a bit more; until I can see the "line," I won't putt, now. In the old days I didn't like the idea of slowing up the round, and if I couldn't see the line, I'd putt anyway. . . . Seeing the line is a curious thing, and I am free to confess I do not well understand it. I suppose it's one of the psychological phases of golf. In some rounds, when I am scoring well, the line of every putt is as plain to me as if some one had drawn it in whitewash, and I can see just how much to "borrow" from a slope, and exactly where the door to the cup is. Other days the line is dim and I have to look for it carefully.

But most of the time I take on the green to-day is not looking for the line or cleaning off the path of the putt. At Merion, in 1924, when I first won the United States amateur championship, eight years after I started in the fixture on the same course, I found that I was walking rapidly up to a green and putting promptly, while my breathing still was hurried and irregular. . . . I always walk fast between shots, and up to the last two years they have said that George Duncan and I were the fastest players in the world. To-day I don't take a great deal of time, I think. But at Merion I resolved never to make a putt in an important round while my breathing was hurried. So I'd look over the line of the putt, and maybe even sit down to consider it, apparently. But my object was to get my breathing and heart tranquilized. It's a small thing. But championship golf is perhaps the closest business in the world, and it's the small things, down to the single blade of grass which turns your ball off from the cup, that make up the margin between first-class players. They said I putted well at Merion. One of the dearest compliments I've ever had paid me was when Grantland Rice told me that Jerry Travers, that master-putter, had watched me in the final match and said he never had seen a more beautiful putting stroke. Maybe the tranquilized breathing helped. Anyway, it didn't hurt.

Perry and I didn't bother about our breathing or tranquilizing our heart action in that thirty-six-hole match; we continued to walk up to the ball for every shot and sock it, and I suppose we got around that course in about two hours—no more.



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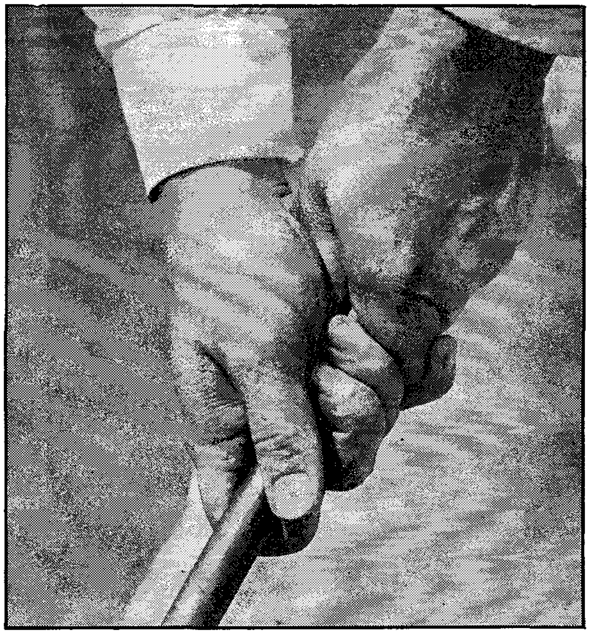
This contributes to the great power of Bobby's long shots. "The left hand holds firmly, the right lightly."



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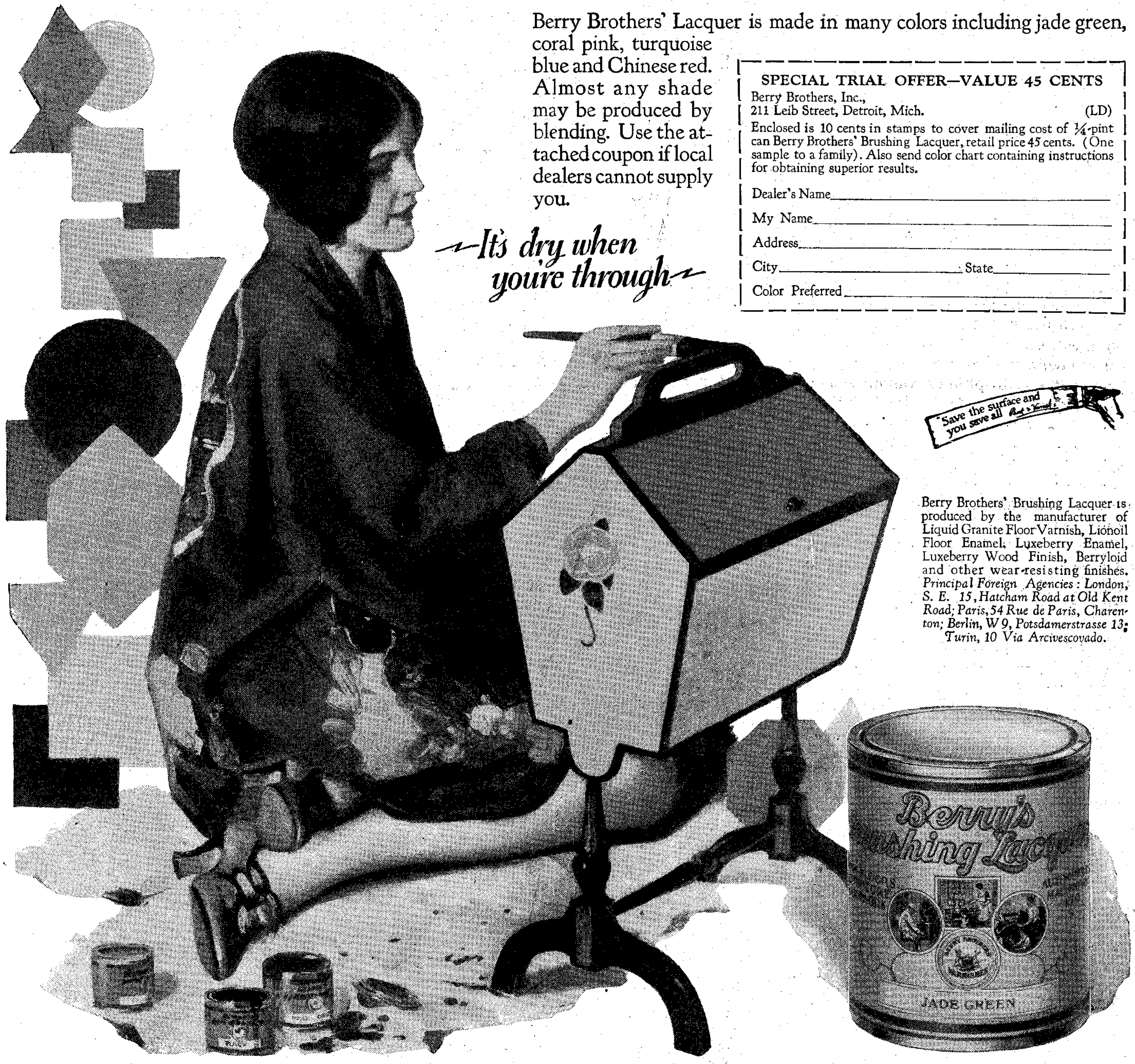

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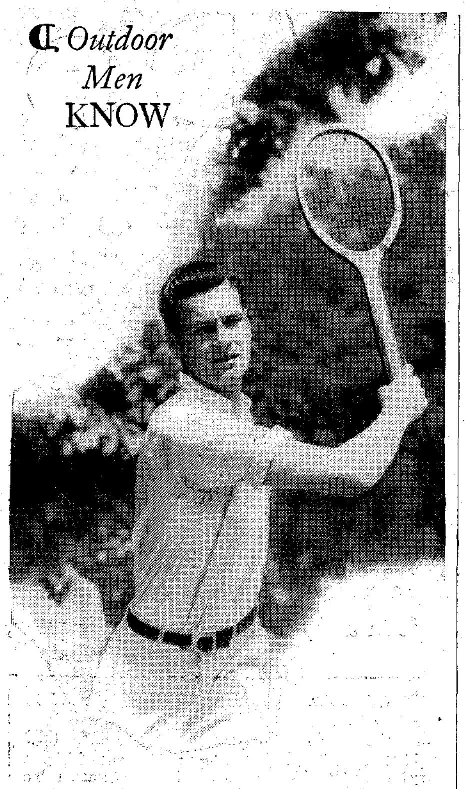

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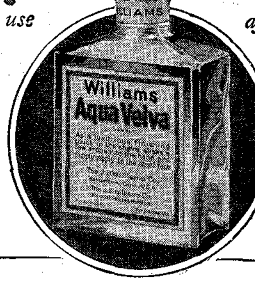

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Moreover, we went around it twice and I won, 2-1, at the thirty-fifth green. It was a tiny vase I got, this time.

What a wonderful thing it is now, to think of that time when golf meant only to go up to a ball and sock it; when golf was only a game, and a match was only a match, with dear little Perry to beat if I could—not all cluttered up with silly notions of championship! One of these days I'll hang up the old clubs, so far as championship golf is concerned, and I'll be happier then. But it never can be again what it was when Alexa and Perry and I first played. The glare of championship takes the dew quickly off the turf!

Early in "Down the Fairway" we are told that there are two kinds of golf—golf, and tournament golf. In a final chapter, Mr. Jones goes into that distinction more particularly, "because, whether justly or unjustly, a golfer in these days is judged principally upon his tournament record and his tournament achievements": and he tells us further:

I had a remarkably good opportunity to study the difference, which was increasingly heavy upon me in those years while I was competing in eleven major championships, and never winning one. A great golfer—but he can't win championships. That was what they said; kindly but with a sort of conviction.

Now, I did not lack confidence in my earliest championship tournaments. I was very young and brainless; I didn't know enough to fear the competition or to worry about it. And even then tournament golf was different. Especially the big tournaments. There was something about it; something that seemed to key me up, not unpleasurably. I began to notice that I seemed to play better when nervous. This is true to-day. The most unpropitious symptom I can experience before an important round, of match or medal play, is absence of nervousness. It is a rare thing for me to be able to manage even the restricted tournament breakfast, the morning on which the big show starts.

Digressing a moment, I might explain here that I play better fasting. That is one of the changes since I grew up. As a boy I loved to eat; I still love to eat, but not on the days of tournament play, until after the second round. I used to eat plenty of breakfast of my accustomed kind; oatmeal, bacon and eggs, all too frequently cakes or waffles; and coffee. And at luncheon between rounds, hungry from the exercise, I would not think of denying myself something substantial, topped off by a pie *à la mode*. Pie and ice-cream—with an afternoon round to play!

Not any more. For breakfast, when I can eat, a strip of bacon and a small chop and a cup of black coffee. For luncheon, between rounds, a slice of dry toast and a cup of tea.

It must be a sort of subjective nerve-tension, this difference in tournament golf. Years ago I discovered that the best preparation for a big tournament, for me, was as much rest as I could acquire, in the twenty-four hours before the opening gun. In my younger days I liked to play a lot of golf, right up to the day the competition began. Often I'd play thirty-six holes the day before it started. Now I try always to schedule the little preliminary practise season, of three or four days, so that the last day I can rest. In bed, often, with a book. I remember the day before the national amateur championship at Flossmoor, I stopt in bed and read Papini's "Life of Christ," a book with an odd fascination to me. If I can avoid it, I never touch a golf club the day before a big competition opens, and I prefer to play only eighteen holes a day the two days preceding.

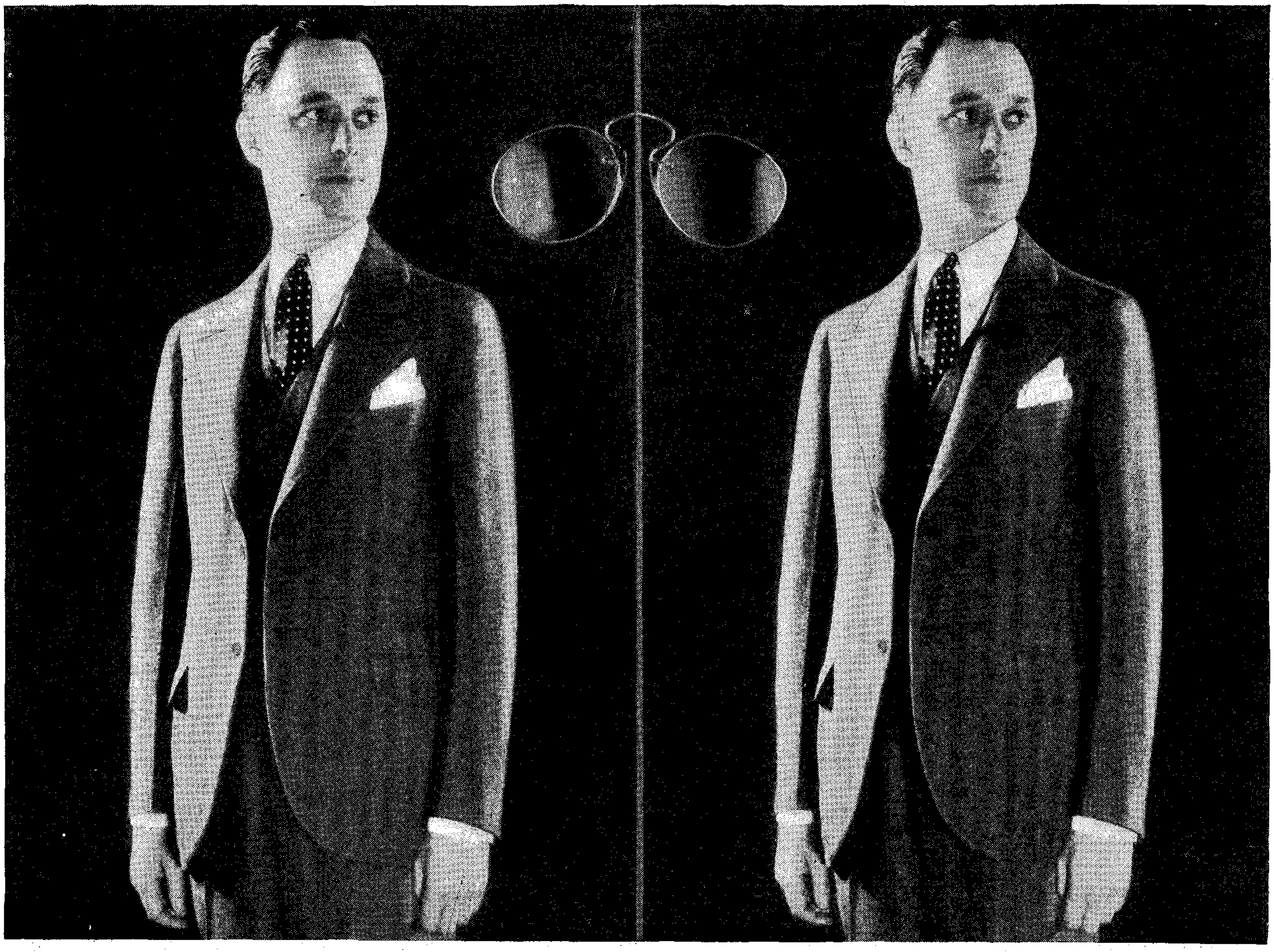
The fair success of this plan induces the opinion, then, that the strain of championship golf is mostly mental; I'm certain the mere physical strain would not burn one up as has been my experience in so many tournaments. Could any one make me believe that six days of just golf, thirty-six holes a day, would have stript eighteen pounds off me, as that six days at Oakmont, in 1919, did? At Worcester, in the open championship and play-off of 1925, I lost twelve pounds in three days, and I wasn't much overweight when I went there. Perhaps these physical symptoms help to explain the furious toll exacted from the spirit, under the stress of tournament competition. I know that tournament golf takes a lot out of me; the photographs, before and after, sometimes are rather shocking in contrast.

Now, my career to this writing, which includes the year 1926, is divided with so extraordinary a balance as regards tournament golf and championships that it would seem there must be a good opportunity to offer something in the way of a solution of the difference between a good golfer and a good tournament golfer. In the seven years between 1916 and 1922, inclusive, I played in eleven national championships, and did not win one. In the four years including 1923 and 1926, I played in ten national championships, winning five and finishing second three times.

Something, then, seems to have happened to fatten the run of what one fanciful writer termed my seven lean years. There has been a change in my tournament attitude; of that I am sure. But I can not say surely when it came about, or how. Certainly I did not go to Inwood in 1923 for the national open with any fresh access of confidence. I think I never was less confident. I had been beaten until I was expecting it. Also, I was not well, and I was playing wretchedly.

Yet I won that championship, after tying with Bobby Cruickshank; and I think that perhaps it was in that tournament my attitude began changing. I saw Jock Hutchison leading after the first round and the second, collapsing midway of the third round. I saw Bobby Cruickshank, going to the fourteenth tee of the final round in a dazzling burst of golf—he went through seven holes, beginning with No. 6, in twenty-three strokes—break down even as I had broken down in my own finishing round, and tie me by shooting a wonderful birdie 3 at the seventy-second hole. And I managed to beat him in the play-off.

So I suppose I began to understand that the other fellows all had their troubles, too; that I didn't have to go out and shoot four perfect rounds to win a major open championship, or even one perfect round, if I could just keep four decent rounds sticking together. I suppose I began instinctively to understand that the tournament strain bears down on everybody; not only on me. I suppose I began to understand that one lost stroke did not necessarily have to be redeemed at once; perhaps it was not ruinous; perhaps the other fellows were losing a stroke, too.



The world's eye-glasses *and* your looking glass

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TAKE the other fellow's view of yourself! Step up to your mirror. What sort of a chap looks out at you from its silvery depths? Is he the kind of fellow *you* would notice in a crowd?

Of course you're an up-and-coming citizen—ready and waiting to tackle any job—but do you *look* it?

Are you dressed for the part? Have your clothes that fresh crispness that one invariably associates with men who *do* things? Do you look as good as you are?

There's no denying that a clean, spruce suit just naturally *boosts* a man. Look around you! You won't see Patches driving a new eight or Baggy-Knees buying a Bungalow! You'll never find spotty vests or dingy coat cuffs behind the door marked Private.

And, as a matter of fact, looking like a million dollars isn't as expensive as it sounds. You don't have to buy new suits—you just keep them new! Call up a modern dry cleaner and let him groom your droopy suits once a month. He will freshen them wonderfully, liven the dead nap, erase the spots and blotches, put pep into your clothes and keep it there. Give him a ring.

Published in the interest of the Dry Cleaning Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

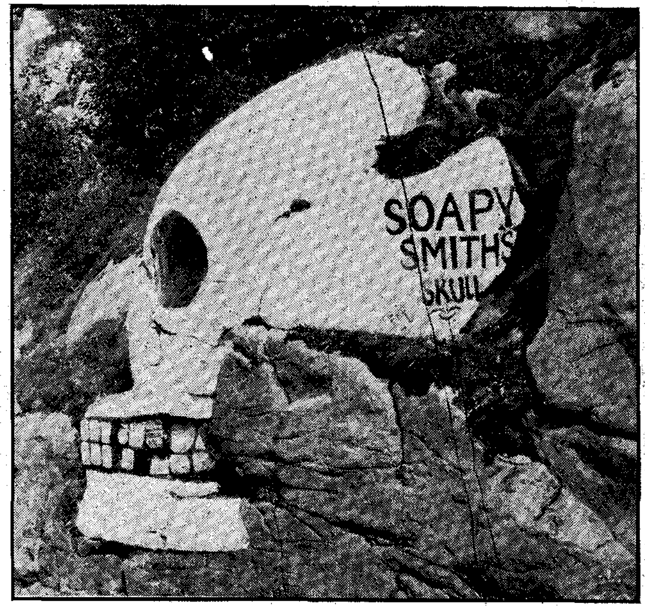
CLOTHES *DO* HELP YOU WIN

—Dry Clean Them Oftener!

SOAPY SMITH'S SKULL: AN IRONIC MONUMENT TO A TWO-GUN TYRANT

HIS LAWLESS WORD WAS LAW in the wild days of the Klondike rush. Like any feudal baron he ruled Skagway when it was a boom town. He levied tribute on the hardboiled pilgrims of the Chilcoot Pass and Heartbreak Trail. His gambling and drinking joint was the pirate isle of that terrestrial Spanish Main.

And now—"High on the gray limestone cliff it looms, the skull of Soapy Smith," writes Guy Forshey in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. "Tourists taking the 'inside route' to Skagway this summer are startled to see it grinning there on the mountainside. It glares white in the Alaskan sunshine. Late at night, when the long twilight is getting dim, it is the last of the landmarks to disappear. It keeps on grinning through the deepening dusk, a mammoth, eerie death's head, guarding the strait that separates Wrangell Island from the mainland. The ships pass almost under its leering jaw. One can easily count the rough, irregular teeth. There are fifteen. And that great, empty eye socket, gaping up there 250 feet above the water, one muses, must be at least four feet across."



Photographs by courtesy of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Sunday Magazine

ALASKA'S UNIQUE MONUMENT TO A "BAD MAN"

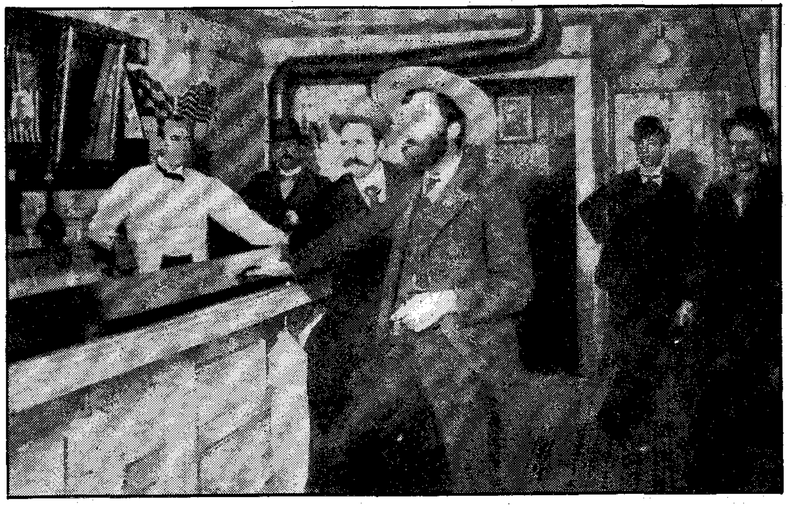
Soapy Smith, who was the terror and tyrant of Skagway in the days of the Klondike gold fever, is thus commemorated to-day.

Surely one of the most singular monuments by which a liberated community ever exprest its hatred and mockery, mingled with grim satisfaction over the downfall of its former despot. Elsewhere in America, eminent sculptors hew statuary out of mountainsides in honor of heroes and patriots; on the Alaskan coast the brow of a cliff is wrought into a ghastly skull to commemorate the misdeeds of a "bad man." Nervous travelers, we are told, exclaim:

"What is the meaning of this monstrous sculpture? Who was Soapy Smith?"

It is a delight of the old skippers on Alaska-bound tourist steamers to tell the story of Soapy Smith. It recalls the days of '98, when men battled the arctic for its gold. It brings back the bold, bad days of Skagway. It recalls the fight at the wharf.

There are others, too, who like to tell the story. Stephen Stephens, a St. Louisan living at 4549 Westminster Place, was a newsboy of fourteen selling papers on the streets of Skagway when Soapy Smith was at his high tide. He knew Soapy well. He saw the fight at the wharf and was standing a few feet away when Smith breathed his last. He gives a graphic eye-witness account of the struggle.



SOAPY SMITH IN HIS OWN SALOON

He was exceedingly vain, we are told, and it is easy to believe this after studying the above picture, in which he may be identified as the whiskered person with the cigar, in the center of the camera's eye.

Soapy Smith, all the story-tellers will relate, was the king of Alaska's bad men. Into his coffers the lesser bad men paid their toll and tribute. A self-appointed two-gun monarch, he ruled Skagway for a time, and held the road to the Klondike. Through henchmen he robbed and stole, and, when the spirit moved him, he gave generously to widows and children in distress and to broken men who came wandering back defeated. It was on July 8, 1898, that Frank Reid killed him—and he killed Frank Reid. Reid, the government surveyor and organizer of Alaska's Law and Order League, became with that fatal encounter a national hero. Strictly, he was Skagway's, but now all Alaska claims him as its patriot and defender. A monument inscribed with eulogistic legend rises above his grave in the Skagway Cemetery.

But for Soapy Smith the monument is a skull, a great death's head twenty-five feet high and fifteen feet wide. At the instance of the Arctic Brotherhood it was chiseled there on the face of the cliff and painted white by quarrymen last fall.

Soapy Smith was in Alaska little more than a year, but he encompassed more in the way of crime and two-gun rule and high finance than most gang-leaders encompass in a lifetime. He bobbed up first in Wrangell in the summer of 1897. Record as to his origin is not clear, but it is known that he once operated as a gambler and confidence man in St. Louis. Old-timers here remember he used to hang out in the saloon of Tony Buffo, at Eleventh and Olive streets.

One of his first devices for catching suckers was a soap-auction game, in which he sold soap on the representation that each package contained money. It was from Montana that he went to Alaska in quest of fat dividends in the gold-rush. The boom was nearing its crest, and Skagway, which now contains only 500 inhabitants, was a thriving city of 15,000, with a large drifting population besides, when he made his entry from Wrangell. That was in the fall of '97.

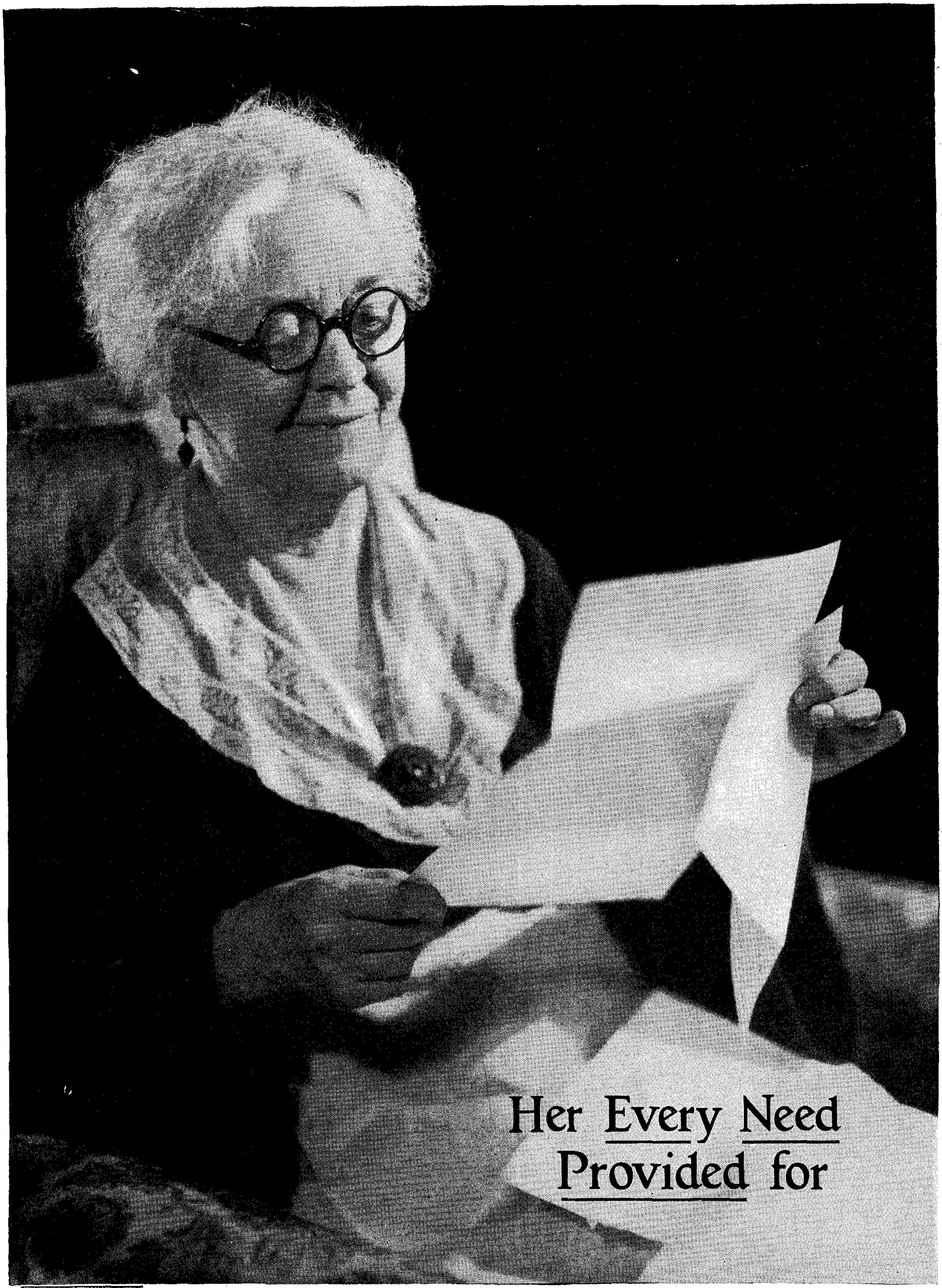
Almost overnight he became a power. The lawless element flocked to his banner, which was the black flag of piracy. He instructed his followers to bring in results—results being money. His saloon and gambling establishment in Skagway was one of the most elaborate the Northwest ever saw. It had only one rival for size and none for ferocity or double-dealing. To the smaller fry among the gamblers he was a source of constant torment. He compelled them to pay a license to him to operate. He forced them to split 50-50 on their winnings. He was the empire and they the tributary colonies. They quailed at the crack of his whip.

When trade was bad, Smith would send out his gunmen to round up customers and drive them into his saloon. Then if they didn't play he would sound a bugle, mount a platform and lecture them, moralizing on the evils of throwing money away in "these crooked gambling houses."

"Now, in here," he would say to them, "you know you can get a square deal. Why go to a crooked place and be robbed?"

"You boys go out and bring that money in here where it belongs," he would say to his gunmen. And they would go and bring it. At the point of revolvers they would take it from the tills of the other houses.

It was always the gang that took care of unsavory details like these. Soapy never was a solo player. He directed, and his yes-men did the dirty work. Tho he always carried two big revolvers on his hips and a small one under his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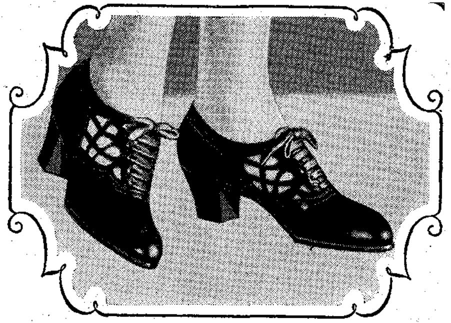

The Julia

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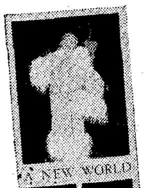

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

left armpit, and flourished them with a great show of bravado, it isn't on record that he ever killed a man himself in his life. That is, no man except Frank Reid, whom he shot fatally after Reid had given him his own death wound. Met casually on the street or in the saloon, Soapy was the most genial of men. He was intensely vain, and prided himself upon his liberality, especially to charitable causes. Far and wide he was celebrated as "easy pickings" for the down-and-outer. This and his kindness to children won him many friends and defenders who were loath to war against him.

Here Mr. Forshey quotes Stephen Stephens, now of St. Louis—"one of the small boys to whom the gambler was kind." As we read on:

"More than once," Stephens told me, "Soapy Smith has tousled my hair and given me $20 for a newspaper. He used to be deeply interested in the exploits of Aguinaldo, who was a head-liner in those days. 'Here, kid, bring me a paper and let me read about Aggie,' he would say. 'Take this double sawbuck (a $20 bill) and keep the change. Don't get drunk on it, either. Come back again some time. Anybody will tell you who I am.'

"Everybody did know him and everybody called him Soapy. He was proud of that nickname. And nobody who saw him once ever forgot his black whiskers and eyebrows and his big cigar. He used to smoke a cigar called 'Black Africana.' It was eight inches long and an inch thick in the middle. He would smoke it clear down to the lip. He was usually the noisiest man around, but he was not exactly a desperado. He was rather a good fellow who was a bad citizen.

"There were two things Soapy couldn't stand. He couldn't stand seeing a kid in distress, and he couldn't stand competition. It offended his vanity. If somebody gave $100 to charity, he gave $200. Once a young widow with a small child came up to Skagway to teach school and became stranded. A subscription list was being circulated to raise money to send her back to her home in Virginia. It was presented to Soapy. He went straight to her. 'How much is the fare back to your home?' he asked. She said it was $177. 'Then take this,' he said, presenting her with a $500 note, 'and go on back. I'm boss of this merry-go-round and we'll run things my way.' With that he tore up the subscription list. He felt insulted because she hadn't come to him.

"It was the same way with down-and-outers who came back over the trail. He would bawl them out for being hungry and for not coming to him sooner. He would then see the stranger out of trouble. He would do all these things, and yet he would not scruple an instant to rob a prospector of his gold and send him away a pauper. It all depended on how the stranger came to him."

As Stephens tells the story, there were two things Soapy Smith respected and feared. They were the Canadian Mounted Police and Frank R. Reid. He used to say that a country which had a organization like the mounted police was a bum country to live in. So he kept out of Canada. He was almost as respectful of Reid.

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Reid was fifty-four and some sixteen years older than Soapy, but he was a hard frontiersman. He could shoot fast and accurately. He had come to Alaska as a government surveyor and had laid out Skagway. His hobby was law enforcement. He believed the citizens should take the law into their own hands when the government authorities couldn't enforce it.

Except on points of law and order, Reid and Soapy were friends. They always spoke on the street, and Reid was the only man who never called him Soapy. He always addrest Smith as Jeff. They used to drink together and sometimes dine together, but on questions of law and order they were in direct conflict. Each seemed to sense the fact that some day they would clash and fight it out to the death. There was something strangely prophetic about this. Standing at the bar, Soapy used to say: "Frank, there's only one man in Alaska who can get me. If I'm ever got, you'll be the man who will do it."

Reid's reply was laconic:

"I know it, Jeff."

Along about the first of July, 1898, conditions in Skagway had reached a crisis. Lawlessness was running rampant. Citizens hitherto submissive were beginning to speak openly of defiance. Then came the last straw.

Trudging over the trail from Dawson one day came Alexander Stewart. He had played against the Arctic and gathered up his winnings. With his poke, containing $3,000 of gold-dust, he was on his way to the outside. Into lawless Skagway trudged the tired prospector and parked his gold at Soapy Smith's saloon. There were no banks there at that time, and it was customary for returning miners to leave their pokes at hotels or in saloons for safekeeping.

That evening Stewart called for his poke. It was on July 2. Smith and his bartenders looked at him in feigned amazement. "Who the hell are you?" they asked.

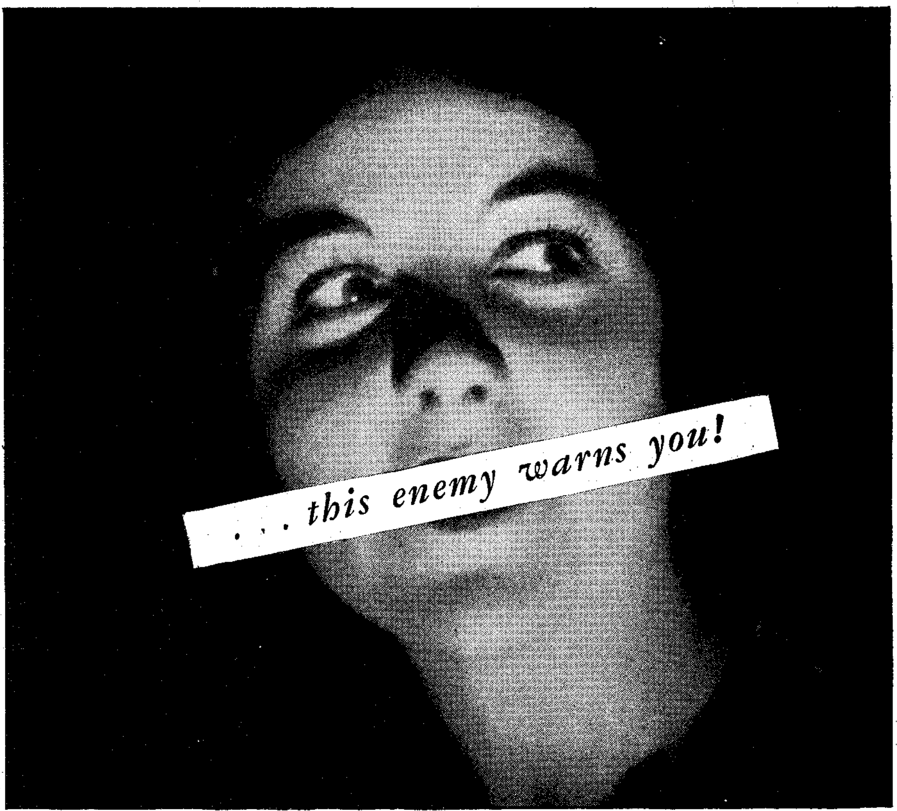
He tried to explain.

"We never saw you before. Get the hell out of here."

Stewart got out, but he went straight to Frank Reid. It was the third time such a thing had happened within a week. Reid's patience was exhausted. The next night he called a mass-meeting to organize a law and order league.

What happened? Soapy Smith broke up the meeting, says Mr. Forshey. With his gunmen he invaded the hall, seized the gavel, and—

> Rapping sharply for attention, he addrest the gathering.
>
> "Gentlemen," he said, "this meeting is adjourned."
>
> It was. If anybody loitered or grumbled he was jabbed in the ribs with a revolver in the hands of a gunman and driven out. Reid submitted rather than precipitate a general fight. On July 4 Reid tried another meeting late at night. It was broken up in the same way. Then he resorted to strategy.
>
> Stretching out a mile and a quarter into the harbor in front of Skagway were four causeways leading to the steamship docks which formed a T at the end. Reid planned a third meeting, to be held on one of these docks, which could be reached only by the causeway. It was set for the evening of July 8. He himself would guard the eighteen-foot approach, and if Smith attempted to force an entry, death would be the consequence.
>
> On the appointed day, three men stood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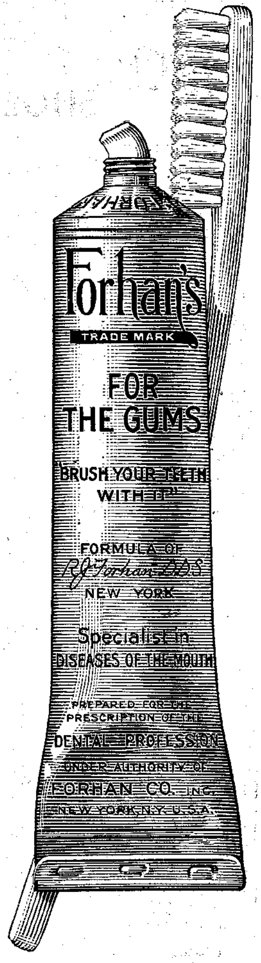

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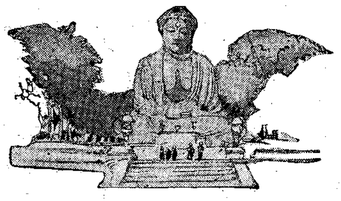

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

guard at the dock approach, admitting known citizens until about 7 P. M. Then Reid, armed with two 45-caliber Colt's revolvers, took his post and sent the other guards away against their protests. He expected a finish fight. Fifteen feet in front of the dock approach he stretched a surveyor's chain. It was the dead-line.

During the day, Smith ignored the three subordinate guards. He held them in contempt. But when his informers reported that Reid had taken his position he went quickly into action. Gulping down six or eight drinks and arming himself with a cavalry carbine, he started for the dock, followed closely by his gang of some 200 armed men and followed at a greater distance by almost the entire population. Stephens saw him going, and trailed along to watch the fight.

On to his death went Soapy Smith, to his death and Reid's. When he was sixty feet from the dead-line, Reid shouted a challenge, warning him of what would happen if he crossed the chain. Soapy ignored the challenge. He was two paces from the line when Reid shouted a second warning. It was heard 100 yards away, but Smith faltered not a fraction of a second. Two paces, one pace—just as Smith's right foot crossed the chain, two shots were heard almost simultaneously. Two bullets from Reid's revolvers struck him in the chest. He lurched backward at the impact and then recovered.

Sinking slowly forward on his knees, he brought the carbine up under his right armpit. He took no aim. His black flinty eyes were fastened on Reid. His right knee touched the ground. As his left knee came down he fired. The bullet caught Reid low in the abdomen. A soft-nosed bullet, it spread an inch and a half and tore an ugly wound. Both men fell.

It was found afterward that Reid's two bullets had pierced both of Smith's lungs, causing internal hemorrhage. Among all those followers, not one was there to go to his assistance. His gang scattered and fled. He died alone, beating the earth with his arms.

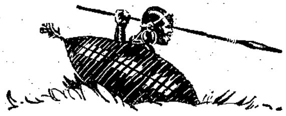
Reid was rushed to a hospital, unconscious. His room was flooded with arctic flowers and President McKinley sent him a message of encouragement. He lingered for three weeks; then one day his nurse went to take his temperature and found she had placed the thermometer between the lips of a dead man. His funeral was of unprecedented magnitude.

"He gave his life for the honor of Skagway," says the legend engraved upon his tomb.

Scarcely twenty feet separates his grave from that of Soapy Smith. Wrapt in a Mackinaw blanket, Smith was buried in a rough spruce box. A wooden slab was set up to mark his resting place in the cemetery of murdered men, of murderers and men who died on Heartbreak Trail.

The shots which ended the life of Soapy Smith did more than rid the country of its worst bad man. They also sounded the death-knell of lawlessness in general. Members of his band were speedily rounded up. Forty or fifty were sent to Federal penitentiaries for long terms and the others were banished from Alaska. The desperate days were over. The great skull grinning from the limestone cliff is their monument.

The CRUISE OF 1928



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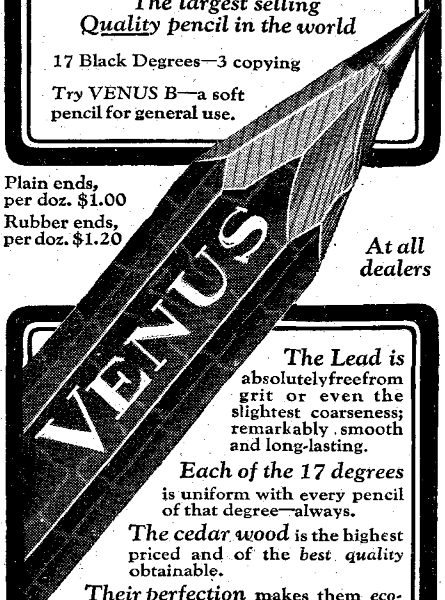

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

RADIO PATHS FOR OCEAN LINERS

DOUBLE-BEAM radio beacons as a means of directing aircraft across the Atlantic were foreshadowed by Dr. J. H. Dellinger, Chief of the Radio Laboratory of the Bureau of Standards, in an interview with a reporter of the New York *Times*, on the eve of his departure for Europe on a three months' radio tour of inspection. Dr. Dellinger pronounced such a plan as entirely feasible and believed it not unlikely that they would be constructed within ten years. Colonel Lindbergh has predicted regular commercial flying between New York and Paris within this period of time. Says *The Times:*

> Aircraft radio beacons for lessening the hazards of transatlantic flying would necessitate the erection of radio-transmitting stations at intervals of 500 or 1,000 miles at points in the ocean or the establishment of two powerful stations on both sides of the Atlantic. If the former proposal is adopted, these directive beacon stations would have to be made stationary in the ocean—probably forming an integral unit of the widely discust seadromes, where airplanes crossing the ocean could land, and from which they could take off. These radio-transmitting stations would be erected at intervals of 500 or 1,000 miles with the use of the double-coil antenna as a means of radiating the double-beam signals for guiding aircraft. These stations, just as in the case of aircraft radio beacons on land, would continuously send out two directional signals and thus establish a path or zone of safety along which airplanes could travel with relative safety.
>
> If, however, only two directive beacon stations—one on each side of the Atlantic Ocean—are to be erected, it will be necessary, according to Dr. Dellinger, to use high power.
>
> Transatlantic airplanes taking advantage of these directive beacons would have to be equipped with a receiving set, operated with one dial; a visual indicating device for denoting when the aviator is traveling in a zone of safety as outlined by the double-beam radio waves; and a means of shielding the airplane engine ignition system to prevent interference with radio reception, in case radio telephony is employed. At the present time, most of the experimental work of the Radio Laboratory of the Bureau of Standards with radio aids to air navigation centers about the receiving apparatus for use on airplanes. Experimentally there has been developed at College Park, Maryland, a simple one-dial receiving outfit which is automatic in operation. Varicolored lights flashed on the instrument board of the flying craft indicate to the pilot when he is on or off the equisignal zone or path of safety.
>
> "From this beginning," said Dr. Dellinger, "reflecting arrangements of improved types have been developed by American and other experimenters giving the evolution of the so-called beam system."

It is in the realm of navigational aids, the Doctor thinks, that directional radio

"...As For Us, We Always Take the Aquitania"

(A causerie in the Louis XVI restaurant)

"We waited until the last minute...had to get a fast ship direct to France...Lucy would linger at Newport, with an engagement to see the Grand Prix at Longchamps...John has to report at the Embassy in Paris in less than a week...Jim is down for polo at Ranelagh...

"And the new staterooms are so large and comfortable...actually room for our wardrobe trunks...I'm trying to duplicate their chintzes for the guest rooms we're putting into the new wing of our Palm Beach house...their bathrooms outdo my own latest extravagances...

"As for food...last night—for pure swank—Mildred asked for caviar *au Blinis*...Replied imperturbable Louis, 'Certainly, Madame...And with your order may I suggest a simple dessert...A pineapple *royale*—from St. Michael's in the Azores'...John cried for spring lamb...and got it—straight from the South Downs.

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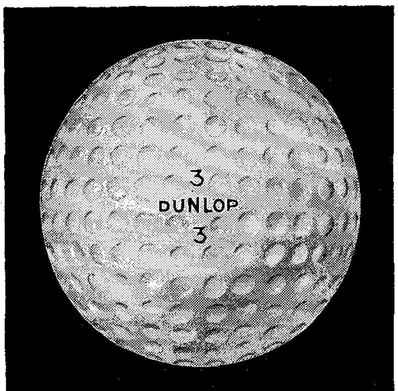


RECESS
OR
MESH

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

has attained the greatest success. The direction finder, he says, is a device now well known to mariners. In its simplest form it is merely a coil of wire which indicates the direction from which a wave is coming, merely by turning the coil and listening to the variation of the intensity of the signal. He goes on:

> In the rapidly developing realm of air navigation the direction finder has not been found so practical as in marine use. Fortunately there is another way of utilizing directional radio which bids fair to solve the problem of air navigation in fog. This method takes advantage of the directive properties of a loop antenna. Just as with other types of directive antennas there is no production of a sharply defined radio beam, but the directive effect is sufficiently great to be usable. At a transmitting station operating as a radio beam for aircraft navigation, two coil antennas are used, erected at right-angles to one another. Each of these sends out waves largely directed in the line along which the antenna points. An airplane flying along a line equidistant from these two lines receives signals of equal intensity from each. When off to the right or the left of this line, it receives one signal more intense than the other. A number of ingenious methods have been worked out to take advantage of this variation to keep an aviator on his course.

LEFT-HANDEDNESS AND MIRROR-WRITING

THE alleged "two-cylinder brain" of Mr. Borlase, described in his own words in a recent number of THE DIGEST, with comments from various psychologists, has aroused much interest among our readers and has elicited letters from many of them—all interesting but too numerous for quotation. In further elucidation of the matter we now reproduce, in part, an article on the subject contributed by Dr. Robert Kingman of Brooklyn, New York, to *The Medical Times* (New York). Dr. Kingman has for many years made this matter his particular study, and in a letter to THE DIGEST states his belief that he has carried it "to conclusions a bit in advance of what has heretofore appeared in print." He says in his article:

> Some years ago a teacher in a small school in Bermuda, whose right arm had been broken, returned to her class and proceeded to write questions on the board with her left hand. The result was unintelligible to the children. She had begun at the right side of the board and written backward toward the left without perceiving the difference.
>
> What happened to the teacher who wrote backward? These deviations from what we consider the normal mean a reversion to the use of the cells of the right half of the brain which, as a rule, we do not make use of in reading and writing. The reason for this unequal activity of the two halves of the brain lies in the physiological fact that the nerve fibers from the left half cross to the other side of the body at the base of the brain while the nerve fibers from the right half cross to govern the entire left side of the body. Naturally that half of the brain which serves the most active side of the body comes to be most highly developed.
>
> How many know that the 96 per cent. of us who are not left-handed are not only right-handed but right-footed, right-armed and right-legged as well as right-eyed? The skin is more sensitive on the right side of our bodies, and our hair grows slightly faster or thicker on the right side until the age of forty-five. The senses of touch, taste and smell are more acute on the right as well as sensitivness to heat and cold. And it is easier to perceive faint noises or sounds from one side rather than the other.
>
> Most of us are firmly persuaded that our looks are the same on both sides. Nothing of the kind! In taking a profile picture, the photographer prefers the left side, for the lines there are less firmly set. So we are right-faced, too. In short, a right-handed person is right-sided in all his muscles, senses and functions, and correspondingly left-brained.
>
> Scientists have long been puzzled by the predominance of right-sidedness and more particularly of right-handedness.
>
> A theory long in vogue considered habit or training to be the determinative influence. To test this theory children have been scientifically brought up in a way which prevented any suggestive bias. Invariably they have been found to develop a distinct preference for the use of the right hand as early as the sixth or seventh month and in the usual ratio of 25 to 1. Conversely, children who later prove to be naturally left-handed, persist obstinately in their preference for the left hand.
>
> Another of the many theories proposed is based on the fact that the center of gravity of the human body lies a little to the right of the mesial line, because of the distribution of the internal organs. A greater weight is thrown on the right leg and foot and a firmer support is thus provided for the right arm and hand. But infants become right-handed before they have thrown any weight on either foot, and long before they have learned that their body is slightly out of plumb. Again, in left-handed persons we do not find the internal organs so transposed as to throw the balance to the left foot. Furthermore, the anthropoid apes, whose internal organs and center of gravity are disposed to the right as in man, do not show a tendency to right-handedness.
>
> It seems beyond doubt that primitive man, with the apes and monkeys, was ambidextrous or rather nondextrous. In those far-off days attempts to set down marks as a means of communication were probably made at first either with the left or right hand. A form of writing known as "boustrophedon," often seen in early Greek and Latin inscriptions, is characterized by the lines being written alternately from left to right and from right to left. Many languages are written from right to left; as, for instance, Arabic, Aramaic, Syriac, and Hebrew.
>
> That the original lack of bias in the use of the hands was gradually upset by the conditions of primitive hunting and early warfare is perhaps the most plausible theory. The left hand is supposed to have assumed a passive function in holding the shield over the most vulnerable organ, the heart, while the right became habituated to the spear and club.

But no theory has as yet proved adequate to satisfactorily explain the inherent fixity of handedness. It is, however, very probable that many of the so-called instincts are actually derived from the action of the invisible secretions. We owe the determination of our sex, size, and color, and even our character and personality, to the hormones, as these secretions are termed. If so, why not our handedness as well?

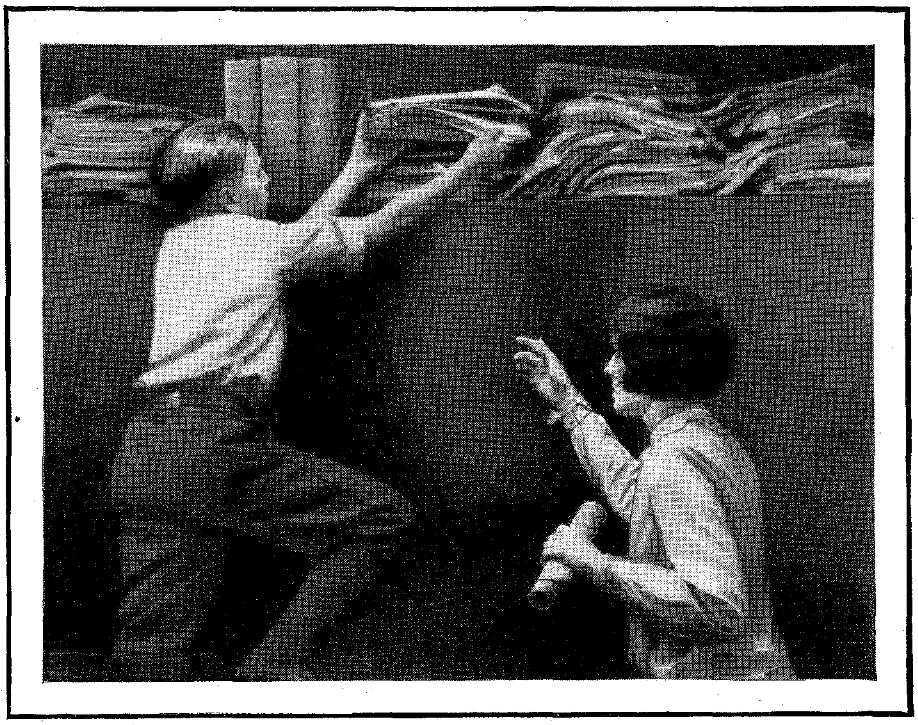
Certain of these glands exercise a dominating control of the functions until about the age of forty-five. At that period another one assumes the leadership. The former act more strongly on the organs of the right side while the latter is more potent in the left side. It seems reasonable to suppose that the glands which act more forcibly upon the right side may have acquired as one of their many functions the control and determination of handedness. If so, they would naturally incline to making the right hand predominate. We can learn to do things with the left hand more easily after forty-five than before. And this is just the period when the right-side dominating glands are on the decline, and when their function of control is being taken up by the left-side dominating pituitary gland.

Mirror-writing was long regarded as a sort of trick or sleight-of-hand performance. Neither of these assumptions is correct. This facility is simply calling into play a latent function which is developed in the right side of the brain at the time when our left brain learned to produce ordinary writing.

Dr. J. F. Allen, an accomplished ambidexter, who also became a fluent mirror-writer, records that on learning to write the letters of a new alphabet in an unaccustomed language with his right hand, he found that he could immediately write the same in mirror fashion with his left hand without any separate practise. And Dr. T. J. Carpenter, Jr., records a case of an expert stenographer who was forced by a gunshot wound to make use of his left hand for writing. Unless he preserved concentrated attention, the left hand invariably tapered off into mirror-writing. The explanation would seem to be that the left hand, when it produces mirror-writing, uses muscle movements that are easy and natural to it, for the reason that brain centers for mirror-writing are unconsciously formed symmetrically with those for the right hand when the latter learns ordinary writing. Because of our one-sided system of education, the mirror-writing centers in the right brain are suppress, but they remain available in a latent state.

This duality of centers exists not only for writing, but for all muscular movements. That one is only partially suppress is often seen in children when they are learning some skilled movement with the right hand. Try as they will, they can not at first prevent the left hand from attempting to reproduce the movements of the right. Adults, as well, often unconsciously lighten their manual tasks by employing both sides of the body. And if the left arm be tied to the side, movements of the right arm are decidedly more difficult.

A striking illustration of the dual action of the brain is recorded, Dr. Kingman notes, in a case of multiple personality reported by Dr. Bruce. The patient underwent in succession three distinct and separate phases of existence, each with an entire change of character and handedness.



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

The complete change in handedness, not only for writing but for all other muscle movements, Dr. Kingman considers to be undoubtedly due to the alternating dominance of centers in the right and left hemispheres of the brain. He goes on:

> In addition to the influence of these brain cells that have learned to activate mirror-writing in the left hand, there is another interesting cause contributing to mirror-writing for the left hand—the fact that centrifugal movements are easier than centripetal ones and more graceful as well. Pushing movements are easier than pulling movements. A speaker usually gestures toward the right with his right hand and toward the left with his left hand. Similarly, playing scales on the piano is easiest when both hands are moving in opposite directions.
>
> A notable example of mirror-writing is in the Codex Atlanticus of that celebrated genius, Leonardo da Vinci, compiled during his declining years when his right arm was paralyzed. So often has mirror-writing been found associated with apoplexy and paralysis that it was at first erroneously looked upon as itself a symptom of disease.
>
> It is now easy to understand what happened when the disabled Bermuda school teacher began to write in mirror fashion. The teacher wrote backward because she unthinkingly allowed the left hand to do what was most natural to it.
>
> A missionary in the Solomon Islands started a new class of raw savages on their a, b, c's with a book of hand charts. From the first they insisted on holding the charts upside down. He got tired of correcting them and in time they learned to read, but always holding the books upside down. They learned to read with the images that we are accustomed to suppress and thus became mirror readers.
>
> Two practical applications have been derived from a study of the relations between left-handedness and mirror-writing. First, that it is dangerous to force right-handedness on naturally left-handed children; and second, that the cultivation of ambidexterity is of value to the individual. The number of cases of stammering and stuttering which have occurred in left-handed children after attempts to enforce right-handedness is too great to be ignored. And stuttering is just one of the injurious nervous effects that may be induced by a forced change from natural left-handedness to artificial right-handedness.
>
> A naturally left-handed child should be encouraged to use both hands under a teacher who harbors no prejudices on this subject. In fact, the teaching of ambidexterity has long been advised. It is difficult to realize to what an extent your left hand is awkward and inefficient. Try for a single day to duplicate with it all the ordinary movements made by the right hand. An experiment of this sort will quickly show what an advantage bimanual dexterity would be to the ball-player, the carpenter or the surgeon.
>
> Day and night the double-handed hero of the Western movie scenario saves his life or his leading lady by a thrilling two-gun play. Ambidexterity pays on the screen. It would pay in real life as well.

SKY-TRAINS OF CARS

"AIR trains," with powerful airplanes for "locomotives" and motorless gliders as "cars," rushing passengers and freight across the sky, are pictured as fascinating possibilities of the future by Sumner N. Blossom, editor of *Popular Science Monthly* (New York), in discussing the significance of recent steps in the progress of aviation. Said Mr. Blossom, as reported in the *Monthly's* Scientific News Service:

Aside from the astounding success of the transatlantic flights, a number of remarkable inventions and experiments in recent weeks have added new impetus to the development of air travel. Among these was the recent actual demonstration at Karlsruhe flying harbor near Berlin, Germany, that "flying trains" can be made to work. In this test a biplane took the air towing a full-sized glider—probably the first stunt of its kind in history.

While in full flight at an altitude of 100 feet, according to reports, the pilot of the glider cut his machine loose and swooped down to a safe landing, the towing plane landing near by. The German pilot, Espenlaub, who built and maneuvered the glider, expresst the belief that long distances can be covered without difficulty by a plane and a glider in this fashion. Other aeronautical experts are even more optimistic. They foresee an "air train" of a number of gliders carrying passengers and freight bound for several points along the line of flight. At each of these points one of the gliders would be "uncoupled" from the train and would descend with its freight and passengers, much as railway cars are switched to a siding. The rest of the train would continue its flight.

The wonderful possibilities of the glider were shown not long ago when Ferdinand Schultz, at Passiten, Germany, set a new world's record for motorless gliding by soaring for fourteen hours and eight minutes! His success far eclipses the previous record of ten hours and twenty minutes held by the Frenchman, Massaux.

Another new development, which seems to promise much in the way of safety, is an "automatic pilot" for airplanes, invented by Robert Mitton of Los Angeles, California. It is said to keep the plane on a given course and on an even keel. A whirling gyroscope steers the plane, through a mechanism operated by comprest air and a pendulum.

Increasing available power in the air, also, is indicated in recent advances in motor design. The latest is a new barrel-shaped rotary motor devoid of gears, crankshaft and timer, devised by Elbridge Gerry Smith, airplane motor engineer, and now under construction at Garden City, Long Island. Smith is convinced that the new motor will produce two horse-power for every pound of its weight, making it several times as powerful as the best engines now available.

Greater power at all altitudes, higher speed and capacity for heavier loads likewise are promised through the use of a new built-in supercharger developed at the research laboratories of the General Electric Company at Lynn, Massachusetts. Heretofore the supercharger used with engines or Army and Navy airplanes have been separate attachments. Now they can be made an integral part of commercial airplane motors, merely by the addition of two gears and a mechanism known as an "impeller."

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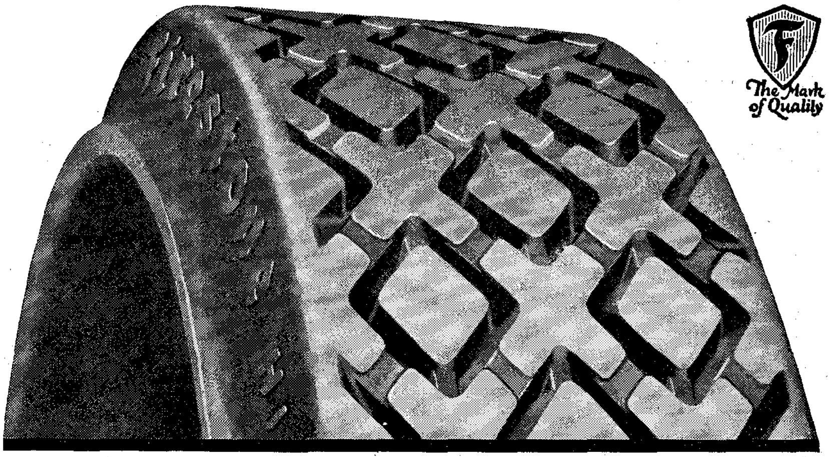

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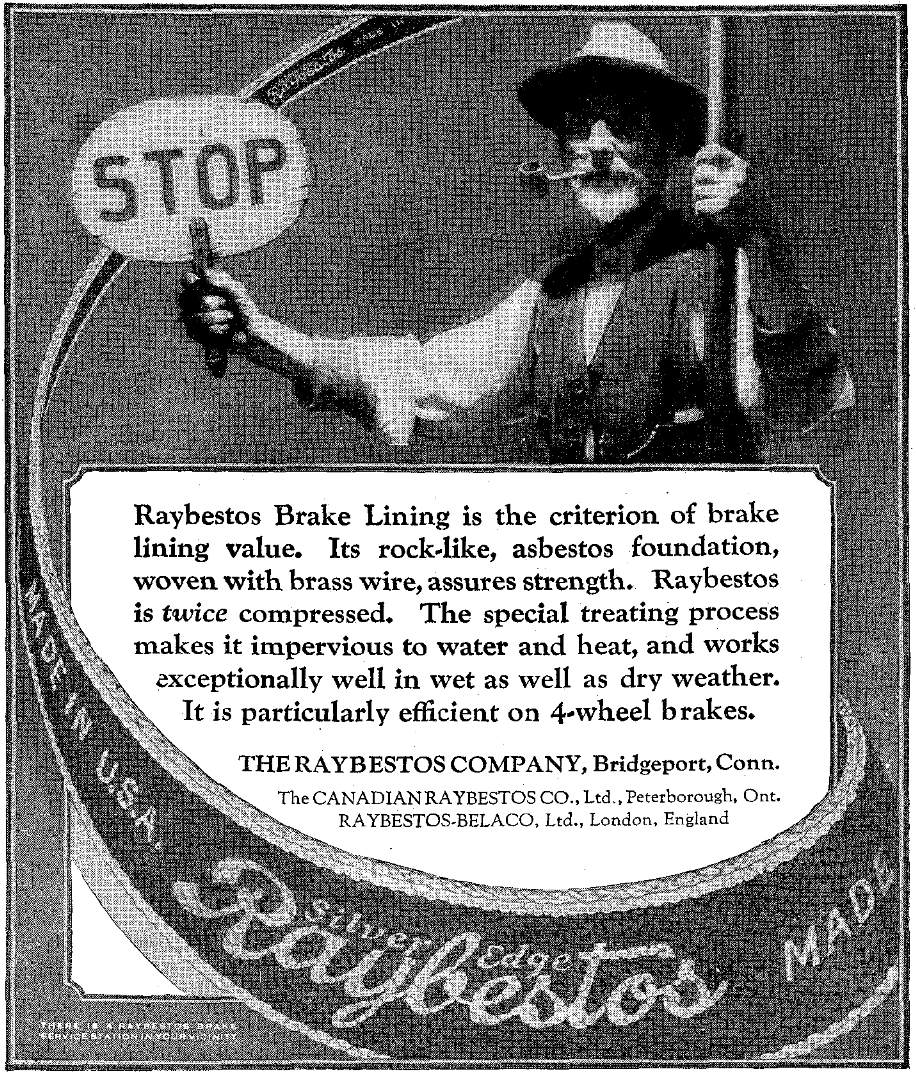
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

the fitness of pilots, improved airway beacons and landing-fields, methods of transmitting radio weather reports and maps to pilots in flight—these are among the recent advances that are swiftly bringing safe and reliable air transportation.

SAFETY ON THE STAIRS

FALLS from stairways are responsible for a considerable proportion of the claims paid by insurance companies, according to *The Nation's Health* (Chicago). Such accidents are usually serious and sometimes prove fatal. It says:

During a single month, one insurance company paid claims on sixty-four falls-on-stairs accidents, according to *The Travelers Standard*, one resulting fatally, seventeen being serious enough to disable victims for periods ranging from four to twenty-nine weeks, twenty-seven causing disablement lasting from one to three weeks, and nineteen being classed as minor accidents.

While there are definite causes for all accidents of this nature, many of them are clearly preventable if conditions conducive to accidents are remedied.

The former practise, which happily is being placed in the discard, of constructing stairways having narrow treads, high risers, winders at the turns, and no hand-rails gave rise to the likelihood of falls. This was usually the case in stairways leading to the cellar, attic, and those in the rear of the building, where the hazard was increased because they were used so infrequently that dangers were forgotten. In stairways of proper construction the incline is gradual, the stair treads reasonably wide, the risers not too high, and adequate landings are provided.

Illumination that is faulty, or the entire lack of it, has caused innumerable bad falls. Natural light should be provided for during the day, if possible; otherwise, artificial light arranged so as to avoid glare and deep shadows. If electricity is available, it is advisable to have the lighting circuits arranged so that the stairway lights may be turned off and on, both at the top and bottom of every stairway, by means of two-point, three-way switches.

Doors that open onto inclosed stairways offer hazards that should be reduced by either installing electric switches in such a manner that opening the door will cause the lights to be automatically turned on, or stretching a chain across the doorway to indicate that an unusual condition is present. The hazard should have some means of being brought to the notice of those unfamiliar with the layout of the building, so that accidents will be avoided.

Waxed stair-treads and landings, and slippery floor surfaces at the top of stairways are liable to cause falls, as are worn stair-carpets, or those that are wrinkled. The use of the steps as a place of storage for the greatest variety of objects should be discarded. Together with lack of illumination this condition will cause more serious accidents than any other hazard.

If small children are near, all open stairways should have gates at the top, and doors should always be closed at the top of inclosed stairways. The latter should always have a catch or lock set at a level too high for such children to reach. Adults must also bear in mind the possibility of small objects being left on the stairs by the children, which will roll or slide when stept upon. Inspection of stairways will often show dangerous conditions that should be remedied forthwith.

TOO MUCH THEORY SPOILS ENGINEERS

AT least, so thinks C. B. Gordon-Sale, an English engineer, who contributes to *The American Machinist* (New York) an article headed by the query "Are We Too Academic?" and answers it decidedly in the affirmative. He writes:

Engineering attracts many young lads, as all of us were in our time, and those of our parents who were in a position to do so set us on the path of technical training. For years we studied mathematics in its various forms pertaining to some branch of engineering, at that time quite out of our ken. Now we are far from those days and we may speak quite casually of technical training, but most of us know full well that it was about the hardest job we ever tackled. The only kind of encouragement which came our way was the thought that in the future we should astonish the mechanical world by the brilliance of our conceptions of engineering requirements. And so we plodded painfully through reams of highly ingenious tho uninteresting matter related to acceleration diagrams, stresses, bolt sizes, and what not.

Then we went to the shops and disillusionment began to come our way. There did not seem to be so very much theory required for pushing a rough-cut file on a hot day. Comfortingly we thought of the time when we should be engaged in design or planning for another of those departments slangily talked of in the shops.

When we reached the office all our training went smash, never to return. When does theory come in with the average engineer? Very seldom, so seldom as to constitute a rarity when it has application.

I have thought much on the subject. Mark you, I do not agree that engineering is merely a matter of rule of thumb. On the contrary, I hold that a thorough knowledge of the basic principles of mechanics is of the very greatest importance and should be gained by numerous experiments backed up by simple calculations. What I do think is that many of the involved theories, embodying yards of calculations, are out of place and liable to warp the mental outlook to such an extent that it takes years of practical experience in an administrative or advisory capacity for one to again attain a reasonable aspect of engineering problems.

Never have I had need to use much of my technical training, tho doubtless it has influenced my mode of action. But I have often wanted some sort of knowledge of cost estimating and such things connected with the business side of work. My schooling taught me nothing of this important branch: it had to be picked up by corrected mistakes.

It has been stated that the various theories with their accompanying host of figures and algebraical symbols are necessary for the formation of a definite and logical mode of thought. The idea is all right, but I fancy it does not work out. "Cramming" is bad for any one. The amount of matter that one has to get through is so much that there is no time for basic principles; the sole aim of college days is to get the numerical problems right.

Concluding, I should like to say definitely that my opinion is that our training of engineers is far too academic and presses a brake on the wheel of engineering progress.

HARNESSING STATIC TO CHECK FIRES

STATIC, the curse of radio fans, is now being employed in the useful rôle of indicating the direction and course of lightning storms, according to S. R. Winters, in an article contributed to the Boston *Globe.* This information, in the possession of the United States Forest Service, enables forest fire-fighters to plan their attacks on conflagrations caused by lightning. It is a practical application of the adage to the effect "forewarned is forearmed." Writes Mr. Winters:

> The rumbling and crashing noises which constitute such a disturbing factor in our radio receiving sets are also being diverted to the serviceable function of furnishing an index to the relative amount of moisture in the atmosphere. This information is, in a measure, a barometer to the degree of fire hazard present from day to day in the national forests. Static records, affording, as they do, an index of the day's relative humidity as early as six o'clock in the morning, give warning of the intensity of the fire menace, which may vary from day to day.
>
> This striking illustration of changing static from a malediction to a benediction constitutes the major project of the United States Forest Service at its Pacific Northwest forest experiment station, Stabler, Washington. There, under the immediate supervision of A. Gael Simson, scientific aid of the forest service, the curse of radio reception has been coaxed to unfold whatever beneficent influences it may possess.
>
> Lightning is the chief natural cause of forest fires—more than 1,000 such fires originating in Oregon and Washington alone in 1925—and to minimize the losses thus incurred to Government-owned timberlands it is necessary to know when there is probability of lightning and where it will probably exert its flaming force. Mr. Simson, in a 1926 progress report of this unusual scientific project, tells how static has been harnessed to denote the relative humidity in the atmosphere and the direction and course of lightning storms.

Freezing out the Iceman.—A policeman was walking his beat in a residential district when a badly battered house-to-house salesman rushed up to him.

"Say, officer," he panted, pointing to a red-headed iceman who had just climbed on his wagon, "I want that man arrested. Just look what he did to me!"

Stalking majestically into the street, the policeman waved the ice-wagon to a halt, and demanded, "Did you hit this man?"

"Oi did," was the shameless reply.

"What for?"

"Alienation av affections," replied the iceman. "He sold Bridget Nolan's missus wan av thim electric ice-boxes."—*Life.*

Embalmed?—Landry —— has returned from New Orleans, where he has been spending several weeks, preparing himself for an undertaker.—*Louisiana paper.*

KEYSTONE
COPPER STEEL

Keystone Quality (steel alloyed with copper) gives maximum rust-resistance

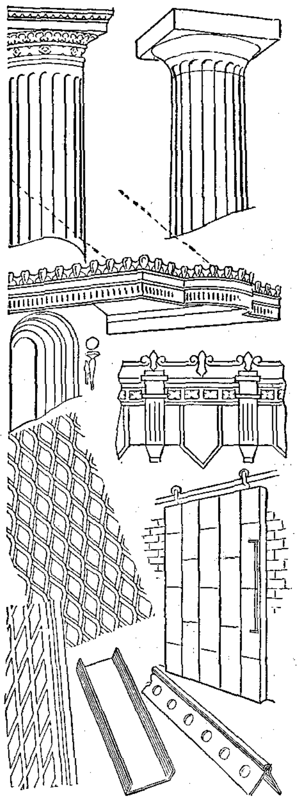
STEEL plus Copper means service plus satisfaction from exposed sheet metal work. This alloy gives a new measure of endurance that cannot be obtained without its help. It is to your interest to use

KEYSTONE

Rust-resisting Copper Steel

Sheets

AND ROOFING TIN PLATES



Better building construction, no matter how large or how small, is depending more and more each year upon the utility of sheet metal. For repairs, replacements, or for new construction, Sheet Steel has become an important factor with architects, contractors and property owners.

Columns, doors, metal lath, ridges, roofing, gutters, conductor pipe and spouting, ventilators, cornices, skylights, and sheet metal work are better and more enduring if made from KEYSTONE quality (alloyed with copper). Supplied in Black and Galvanized Sheets, and Roofing Tin Plates. We manufacture Steel Sheets and Tin Plates for every purpose. Sold by leading metal merchants. Send for booklet FACTS—It will give you some surprising information relative to Keystone quality.

AMERICAN SHEET and TIN PLATE COMPANY
General Offices: Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

High Grade Steel Sheets and Tin Plates for every requirement

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES
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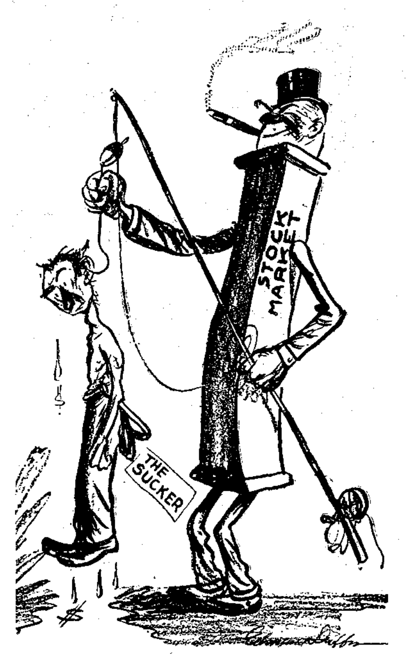
INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

HOW TO "BEAT" THE STOCK MARKET

"WALL STREET IS NOT UNBEATABLE," says no less an authority than Leonard P. Ayres, the eminent economist, statistician, and banker of Cleveland. Certainly, he remarks, it is quite possible to beat the market if one goes at it in a sufficiently intelligent and expert manner. But right here's the rub! For, declares Mr. Ayres, as reported by Reuben A. Lewis in *The American Bankers Association Journal*, "the successful operator must have a combination of abilities that is rarely found in a single individual" and this explains "why the average man essays a hopeless task in trying to beat Wall Street." Certainly, he adds, "successful stock speculation is a full-time job, and not a spare-time avocation." Colonel Ayres thoroughly agrees with a learned friend of his who says that security speculation is "the most laborious form of acquisitive enterprise."

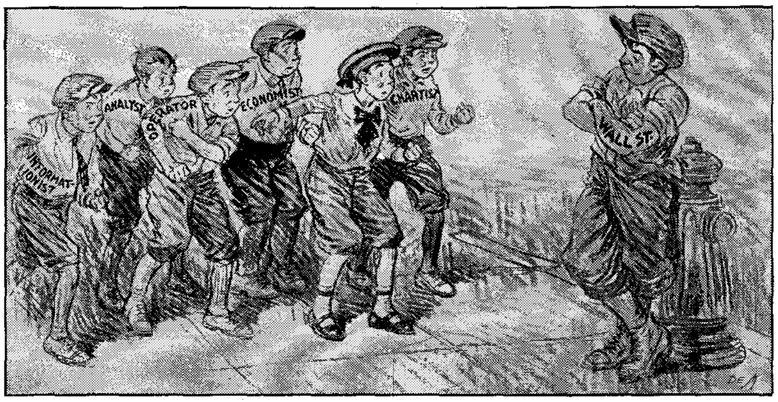


POOR FISH!

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

Any one who is seriously expecting to make money right along by trading in the stock market should, according to the Cleveland expert on finance, "have a small office with the best means of communication with the financial center and a staff of at least five experts to assist and direct his operations." The five experts would be respectively an operator, an economist, a chartist, an analyst, and an informationist. Colonel Ayres really means that unless an individual is an expert in all the five lines mentioned, or can constantly employ the necessary experts, "he is not equipped to engage, as a continuing enterprise, in the field of security speculation."

Of course, Colonel Ayres admits, one who does not have all of these abilities may beat Wall Street at times. He knows of cases "where an individual who has nothing more than a bit of advance information of a forthcoming increasing in the dividend rate on shares, or the intention to enlarge or curtail production schedules in an automobile plant, has capitalized this knowledge." But what the Cleveland authority has in mind is "a continuing situation, where one is in the market almost all the time." To be absolutely fair, Colonel Ayres is willing to say "that a person who is endowed with special ability along any one of the five lines might possibly come out ahead; but the odds are heavily against him unless he is particularly intelligent."



IT TAKES A TEAM OF FIVE EXPERTS TO BEAT WALL STREET

—*American Bankers' Association Journal.*

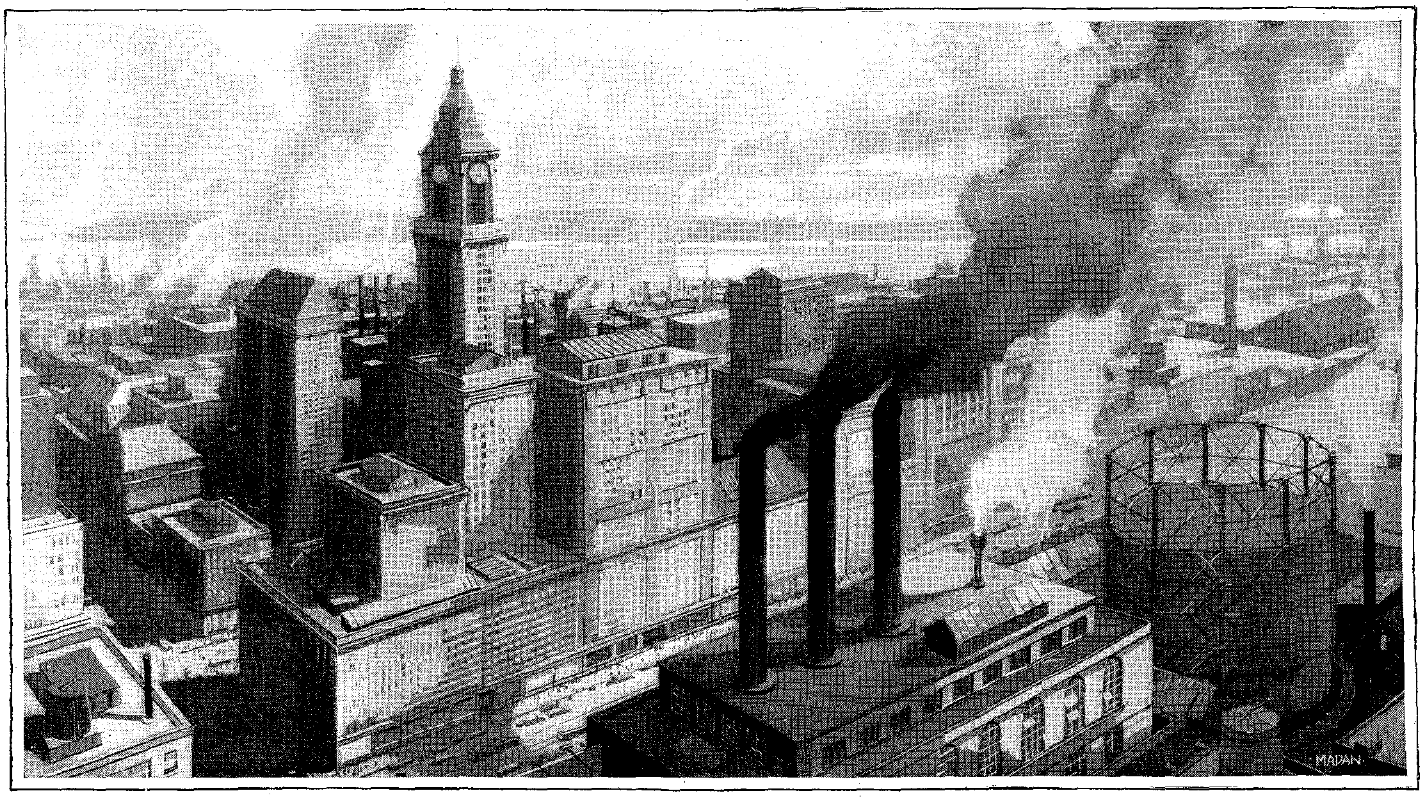
By indicating the demands made upon the would-be trader, showing the necessity of each of the five different kinds of ability, Colonel Ayres tells "why it is that the average man has little hope of making money through speculation in such a highly technical and precarious business." Now for Colonel Ayres's account of the expert staff the successful trader would need:

> First, he would need an operator, a man to attend to the mechanical part of placing, buying, and selling orders. There are tricks of the trade in this field—and, of course, we would assume he would know them well. For example, there is good reason to believe that certain hours during the day and certain days of the week are more favorable than others for buying or selling.
>
> This skilled operator would learn what is generally the most fortuitous moment for buying securities—and does not trust to blind luck as the average man does.
>
> It should not be such a difficult thing to secure the services of this man, as there are many skilled operators from whom he could be selected.

Next, the hypothetical operator would need an economist, or "fundamentalist," with a thorough-going knowledge of economic laws so that he could forecast the effect of economic movements on various classes of securities. For instance, we are told, "a fundamentalist would have to know how to interpret the meaning of gold movements and forecast how these conditions would affect interest rates and through them affect security prices." Moreover—

> He would know how to tell the difference between a sustained movement and a mere upswing.
>
> The stock market moves like the tides, but the perplexing part is to be able to tell the difference between a rising or ebbing tide, a short wave or a surface ripple. The long bull and bear markets are like the tides that start from the low point, rise to full flood, and then ebb again. Even tho the tide is rising, it comes in irregularly in a series of waves that vary in size. The waves roll in on the beach and recede, but the tide mounts higher and higher. Each wave in turn differs in shape and contour. Its surface is covered with ripples. The whole bull market is just like the incoming tide, the minor movements in the market, lasting for only a day or two, are like the waves and the hourly price fluctuations are like the ripples.
>
> A man must be able to distinguish between a sustained movement and a wave. The fundamentalist would not lose sight of the fact that, while various influences may make the market go up or down for a short period, the trend of long-term money rates is the most potent single influence in determining the direction of sustained movements of stock prices.

The stock market moves in an uncertain, puzzling manner that bewilders many people. For instance, during the first eight months of 1926, the market changed its direction eighty times. It turned up forty times and it turned down the same number of times. The duration of the average movement was just two and a half days. During the memorable decline which lasted seven weeks, the market had rallies during eleven trading days. During the rapid advance in

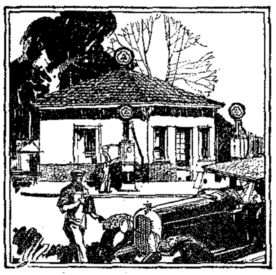


If Cities Service Operated in One Community Instead of 3000

Such a city would have millions of people in it and hundreds of millions of dollars in plants and equipment.

Within the city great plants would generate 1,300,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity, every year, and 73,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural and manufactured gas would be produced annually.

In the outskirts of the city would be 4000 oil wells producing more than 12,000,000 barrels of crude oil yearly. There would be 1000 miles of oil pipe-lines and 7 refineries with a capacity of 12,000,000 barrels annually. In the railroad yards would be 3000 tank cars, and in the harbor a fleet of tank ships. Beyond the city would be 1700 natural gas wells, supplying gas to 1,600,000 people via 7700 miles of pipe-lines.



An important division of the Cities Service organization is its Oil Marketing Division. Its service stations can be identified by the Cities Service emblem and the black and white pumps.

These figures spotlight but a few of the remarkable points that describe the diversified Cities Service activities, all of which are under unified management.

Back of Cities Service products stands a $650,000,000 organization which includes more than 100 public utility and petroleum subsidiaries, operating in 32 states and many foreign countries. More than 300,000 people have shown their faith in the Cities Service organization and participated in its success, by investing their money in its securities.

Send for a copy of "Serving a Nation," an illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service organization and its fiscal agents, Henry L. Doherty & Company. It will be sent free upon request addressed to Cities Service Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Concerts by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra are broadcast Fridays at 7 p.m. Eastern Standard Time (8 p.m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time) and 6 p.m. Central Standard Time (7 p. m. Central Daylight Saving Time) through the following stations: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WGY, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WLIB, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, WTIC.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Diversified Interests *Unified Control*

Systematic Investing

As little as $1000 invested annually, at 6%, with interest reinvested at the same rate, accumulates to over $38,000 in 20 years — and to over $82,000, if kept up 10 years longer.

¶ Even $500, saved and invested each year, would amount to half as much — a good-sized figure.

¶ Why not start *now*, that policy of systematic investing, by buying your first $500 or $1000 bond from us?

To help you choose the kind of investment you should make, we issue, monthly, a broad list of investment suggestions
Ask for folder, L-9

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS
Established 1888
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO CLEVELAND
DETROIT PROVIDENCE PORTLAND, ME. PITTSBURGH

Associated System
Founded in 1852

Only 8¢ a Day per Family For Electricity in 1926—7¢ in 1914

The amount spent per family for electricity in the United States in 1926 was scarcely any more than in 1914. In terms of the 1914 dollar it was less. In 1926 it was only 1.4% of the family's daily expenditure while in 1914 it was approximately 2%.

The total electric output in 1926 was five times as great and the number of customers four times as great as in 1914. This remarkable increase in output has been due primarily to an almost parallel increase in customers and only slightly to the increased use in the home.

Only 1 Electric Refrigerator in 40 Wired Homes

The untouched possibilities for increasing the service of electricity in the home are obvious. With the exception of the flat iron, electric appliances as yet are used in a relatively small number of wired homes.

The management of the Associated System is endeavoring to promote the profitable growth of its business by increasing the uses and benefits of electric service in the home. It has made a substantial beginning through its recently enlarged New Business Department.

ASSOCIATED AGE GAS & ELECTRIC 1852 SYSTEM

Associated Gas and Electric Company
Incorporated in 1906
Write for descriptive booklet "L"
61 Broadway New York

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

prices that summer, nearly a third of the days was marked by net declines in prices. The point of all this is that it is extremely hazardous to attempt to forecast short-term market movements. Even during a rising tide, the average man is likely to be crusht by a breaking wave. So it can be readily understood why a deep underlying knowledge of economics is vital to steer ahead through these seemingly chaotic conditions.

Colonel Ayres goes on to say that:

> The third expert would be a chartist—a statistician, who would keep up day by day with perhaps two hundred stocks and bonds and chart their price fluctuations and the volume of their sales. In order to be abreast of the market, it would be necessary to watch fully this number of securities. While it is claimed that stock-market prices no longer tend to move together—but rather by individual groups such as rails, motors, and steels—I think this observation is not entirely upheld by the bare facts. There is still a tendency of stock prices to move together in great upward and downward swings. It is true, however, that stock prices tend to move together in falling markets much more than they do in rising ones. The good issues suffer along with the weak ones in a declining market. So the chartist would keep tab on the certain stocks which tend to move up and down together. Only by keeping up with their fluctuations, so that the situation could be taken in at a glance, would it be possible for a man to act with the knowledge and perspicuity essential to successful speculation.
>
> There is still another reason that would make the chartist an indispensable member of the staff—he is able to discover pool action. The most important immediate factor in the stock market is the pool. As to how many there are, no one is in a position to state. As to who runs them or what methods they employ in the manipulation of their stocks, no general statements can be made. But no one, who has made a study of the speculative markets, will question the tremendous influence that pools exert in running the quotations of stocks up and down. The way that the market responds to pool action is reflected by the graphic picture on price and volume charts, and so this information, showing the lifts and other stages, would be vital to one who desired to engage in such a speculative enterprise.

And then, we are told, an informationist would be required, that is, "a man with that rare ability to get tips as to what is going to happen"—

> Not only would it be necessary for the informationist to get tips, but to follow them through to see if they were based on fact or fancy. Advance information is priceless—but it must be trustworthy. I think it can truthfully be said that fortunes have been made on straight tips—but vastly more has been lost from alleged straight tips. The important thing to know is, first, whether the tip is true; next, whether it has the voltage to cause a stock to go up or down; and, finally, whether or not it has been discounted by the insiders.

There remains still another type of

expert that Colonel Ayres's operator would need:

The fifth member of this staff of the ideal operating set-up would be an analyst—an expert in analyzing financial statements and balance sheets to discover hidden earnings or to foresee favorable or adverse trends in the affairs of the companies whose stocks are offered for sale in the open market. To many people a balance sheet is a jumble of figures that does not mean anything. To the expert it is a report of financial well-being or illness.

The trained analyst scrutinizes financial statements to find hidden profits—where valuable patents are carried at absurdly small figures, where good-will, worth millions of dollars, is valued at a nominal sum, where parcels of real estate which have enjoyed great rises in value are carried at the purchase price, where valuable properties have been depreciated to virtually nothing, and where large reserves have been accumulated without being generally known.

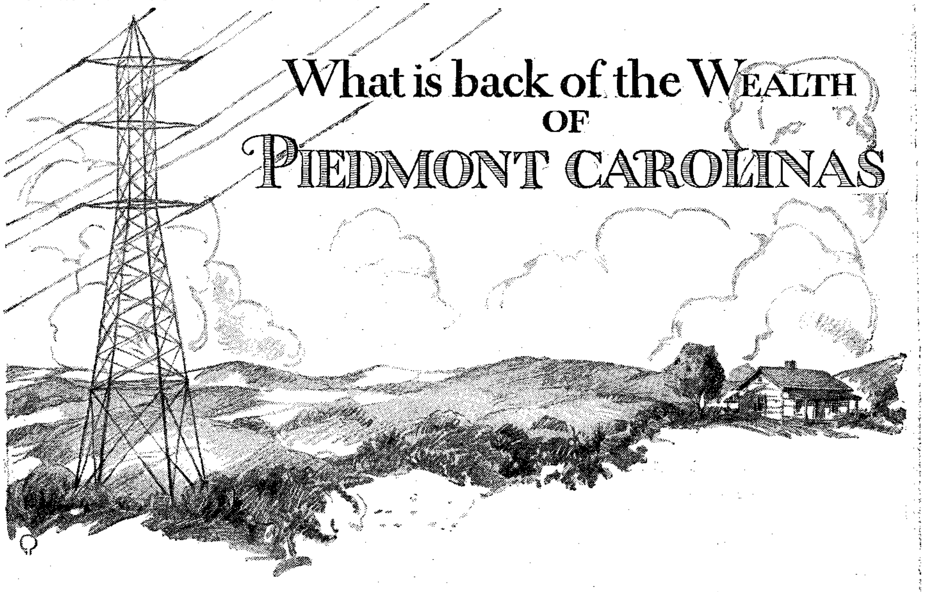
And so, after considering all these essentials of consistently successful speculation, Colonel Ayres comes to the conclusion that:

While there are times that the specialized knowledge of an operator, an economist, a chartist, or an analyst might be employed profitably in the stock market, the requirements for the long pull are so exacting and the penalties for lack of ability so severe that it should excite little wonder that the average man is unable to beat Wall Street, and why there is so much real truth in the slang expression that every day lambs are being fleeced on that famous narrow street, with a graveyard at one end and a river at the other.

GROUP INSURANCE SPREADING

A HOPEFUL beginning toward a solution of one of our most difficult problems—the protection of the worker—is being made through industrial group insurance. According to a survey just completed by the National Industrial Conference Board, some 4,700,000 employees are now protected to the extent of $5,500,000,000. During the last two years, approximately 1,500,000 persons have been insured under the group plan, we are told, some of the great industrial corporations insuring as many as a hundred thousand employees, large numbers of whom could not obtain insurance if they were required to pass a medical examination. As the New York *Journal of Commerce* explains:

The average worker usually can not and sometimes will not, unaided, provide out of his earnings for adequate protection against the hazards of sickness, and the permanent incapacity of old age. The result is that he spends his declining days as an object of public or private charity, unless there is some sort of regularized provision for universal insurance that is devised to cover his needs. In European countries the situation has been met by the establishment of elaborate systems of insurance against all sorts of contingencies, in some cases with the aid of forced contributions from the workers and often with



What is back of the WEALTH OF PIEDMONT CAROLINAS

THERE'S prosperity and buying activity in Piedmont Carolinas . . . that fact is known—has been known for several years by sales managers of nationally distributed goods.

There is aggressive, hard-hitting competition coming out of Piedmont Carolinas . . . that is known by manufacturers in many older, more stabilized industrial areas.

Every business man asks *why?*

The answer primarily is one of manpower. The South is too often visualized in terms of big, old plantation houses, live oaks, jasmines, sluggish tidal rivers and sleepy darkies in the cotton fields.

Now turn to Piedmont Carolinas—the foothills. Here the rapid, tumbling rivers have been harnessed by modern hydro-electric plants. The population is only 29% colored, and the whites are 99% American-born, of old, native, pioneer stock.

Living conditions are those of active, medium-sized cities of the Middle West—for this is a bracing upland section. Broad, well-paved roads stretch out in a wide network through the whole section. Modern centralized schools are everywhere.

It's the kind of country that makes any American feel at home—young, ambitious, thriving.

And the men and women who live here enjoy advantages not offered by other sections of the country:

A climate 15° to 20° warmer in winter than southern Massachusetts, yet cooler in summer than Northern Pennsylvania. Low living costs. A genuine, hospitable kind of life reminiscent of the nineties—yet enjoying all the modern 1927 conveniences.

Naturally a country that is just starting to expand its industrial development offers abundant, willing labor. Less than one-fourth of the total available supply is now employed in manufacture. The remainder is engaged in agriculture, eager for industrial employment—keen, and teachable.

All these factors help build fortunes: a combination of efficient labor, economical power, rich markets.

That is why "Wealth Awaits You in Piedmont Carolinas."

Investigate. Get the facts that apply to *you* and *your* business. *Our Industrial Department, Room 306, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, N. C., gladly places its facilities at your disposal. Write.*

Why Labor Costs Less

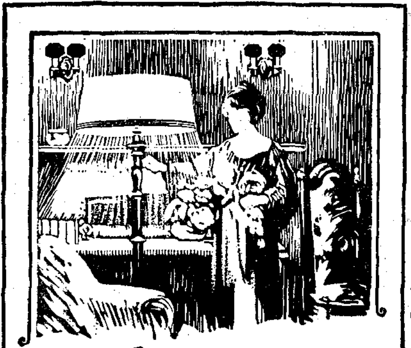
Labor in Piedmont Carolinas costs less because of the mild climate and economical living conditions. Homes cost less because land and material are low in price. Heating costs are minimum. Food is low. All living costs are low and so—naturally—labor costs less.

On the other hand, labor *gets more*—more for every dollar of wages spent, a healthier, happier life, and a larger surplus left for savings at the end of the week.

DUKE POWER COMPANY

{ OWNERS OF SOUTHERN POWER COMPANY, SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY & ALLIED INTERESTS }

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri



Chicago

is generous in its use of electricity. Twenty-five years ago, the annual per capita consumption was only 19 kilowatt-hours. Today it is approximately 1,029 kilowatt-hours. This is a record for large cities.

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 151 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for the year book. This stock is listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange.

CRANE VALVES

150 Pounds Pressure *2500 Pounds Pressure*

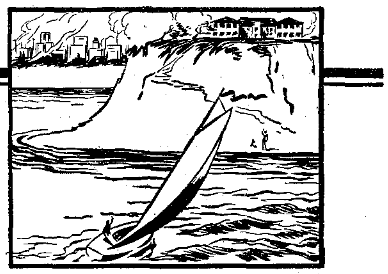
TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

Your choice of the World's best typewriters—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—full size, late model, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. Prices smashed down to half. Act quick.

$2 down and it's yours 10 Days' Trial

Just send your name and address and we will mail you our complete FREE CATALOG prepaid, fully describing and showing actual photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors. Tells every detail of our direct-to-you small-payment plan. Write now for tremendous saving. No obligation whatever. Still time if you act now.

International Typewriter Exchange
186-188 W. Lake Street, Department 924, Chicago, Ill.



High Above the Sea

Corpus Christi sits atop the highest land on the Gulf of Mexico's far-flung coast. Here, high above the sea, a city of destiny is being built. Mild winters and cool summers (themselves city builders) are companions to resources unsurpassed by any city in America.

A successful port...ample railway facilities...millions of fertile acres of year 'round productivity...tremendous gas fields...abundant man-power...raw materials...everything to build a city.

Write Chamber of Commerce

Corpus Christi, Texas

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

employers and public treasuries charged with the costs.

Contributory schemes of insurance voluntarily undertaken by employers and employees are of benefit to both parties and escape many of the dangers that inhere in noncontributory or compulsory plans for insuring workers. The employer is aided because he finds it worth while to contribute to the cost of an insurance plan which will make provision for the superannuated workers whom he does not wish to dismiss and who nevertheless are frequently a distinct handicap if retained in service. On the other hand, the workers by their direct contributions to the insurance fund are better protected than they would be under private noncontributory schemes which would benefit them only in case they continued to be employed by the same firm.

In some instances, says the Board's report, the premiums are paid entirely by the employers, who find that the arrangement eliminates a certain amount of worry over financial matters, and thus makes for greater contentment and higher efficiency among the workers; it also tends to reduce labor turnover. Group-insurance plans also have been successfully combined with mutual benefit associations and pension plans. To quote a New York *Times* summarization of the Industrial Conference Board's report:

In investigating the development of group life insurance, it was found that more than 40 per cent. of all wage-earners carried no life insurance of any kind; that most of those carrying insurance were insufficiently protected, their policies averaging less than $500 each; that many employees could not obtain life insurance at all or only at, to them, prohibitive rates because of occupational hazard or advanced age; that about one-fifth of all employees were debarred from carrying standard life insurance because of physical disability. Before the inception of group insurance, about 35 per cent. of all employees at their death left their families in serious financial straits.

Group insurance, supplying blanket coverage at low rates and without the requirement of medical examination, has been steadily remedying this situation during the last fifteen years. The average amount of coverage per worker insured under the group plan is $1,200, as against the $500 average among the comparatively few carrying standard life insurance. In larger plants the average amount of protection under group insurance is found to be considerably greater, running as high as $2,000 and more per employee.

The average annual premium for group insurance is estimated by the board at from $10.50 to $12 for each $1,000 of group life and total disability insurance, making the total premium cost of the $5,500,000-000 to be borne between $55,000,000 and $65,000,000 annually, the larger part of which is paid by the employers. While the trend is toward the adoption of "contributory" plans, under which the employees pay part of the premium, nearly half of the total amount of group life insurance now in effect is still of the noncontributory type, the employers carrying the entire cost. In addition, the employers carry at least 25 per cent. of the cost of insurance under the contributory plans.

THE GROWING CONSUMPTION OF ELECTRIC POWER

ONE of the best indications of business and industrial activity, points out J. C. Royle in a New York City dispatch to the Consolidated Press, is the increasing consumption of electric power. The gain, as compared with last year, is between 8 and 10 per cent. for the country as a whole. In some sections it has risen as high as 15 per cent., and the outlook for the next six months indicates that present activity will be maintained. We read:

No little of the increase in the use of electric power is traceable to the steel companies which have electrified many of their plants. In this way they have been able to cut costs and to pass through temporary periods of buying depression without undue disruption of plant schedules. Farm electrification has gone further than ever before, although it still is a minor factor in consumption of current. In New York State nearly 35,700 farms have been electrified, and $25,000,000 has been invested by utility companies in rural lines. The average cost for current for this year is estimated at $46.50 a farm.

The producers of power have expended large sums in new generating, transmitting, and distributing equipment. Additions have been made at the rate equal to that of 1926. New capital to the extent of $723,000,000 has been put into the industry in the last six months, and the total will, it is expected, be raised to $1,500,000,000 by January 1, 1928.

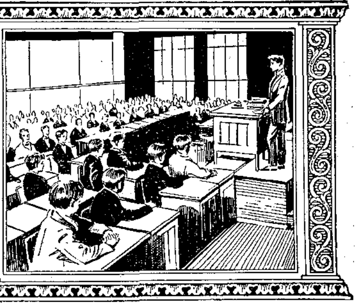
The new equipment and expansion of output has tended to lower costs to consumers, and also to raise profits to the producers. The coal and oil fuel situation has been favorable to the central station operator. This has been important since a steam station has been erected for practically every one of the water-power plants built recently. It is claimed by many engineers that one has about as many advantages as the other. The water-power plant has a high initial cost and a low operating expense. The coal plant has a low initial cost and a higher operating rate.

WHAT ADVERTISING IS DOING FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ONE of the noteworthy community advertising enterprises is that carried on by the All-Year Club of Southern California, which informs us that it spent $460,000 last year on such advertising, and about $560,000 is being spent this year. In the last six years, says the Club's secretary, something like $2,000,000 will have been spent. The following results are claimed:

In our six years of advertising, the bank deposits of the city of Los Angeles have increased more than 100 per cent., as has the population. The assessed valuation of Los Angeles County has increased by more than $1,700,000,000—more than 130 per cent. All of Southern California has increased in population and wealth along with the city and county of Los Angeles. Some of the figures are interesting. They show, for example, that where the city of San Bernardino increased in population approximately 50 per cent. in the ten years 1910-20, it increased 100 per cent. in the six following years.

The School *and* College Directory



Schools for Girls and Colleges for Women

LINDEN HALL 120 GIRLS 181st YEAR

An Endowed School with Moderate Tuition Rate

Large Campus. Modern Equipment. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Hockey, Horseback Riding. Courses: Academic, Preparatory, Secretarial, Music and Post Graduate. Separate Junior School.

Address **F. W. STENGEL, D.D.**

Box 123, Lititz, Pa. (1½ *hours from Philadelphia*)

LASELL SEMINARY

A school that develops well-trained, healthful and resourceful womanhood. Home Economics, Music, Art, College Preparatory and Secretarial Course.

GUY M. WINSLOW, Principal **126 WOODLAND ROAD 103 Auburndale, Mass.**

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY

SUBURBS OF WASHINGTON D. C.

A NATIONALLY patronized school for girls. 2-year Junior College and 4-year preparatory courses. Music, Art, Dramatics, Expression, Home Economics, Secretarial Work. Sports. Catalog. Address the Registrar, Box 157, Forest Glen, Md. **James E. Ament, Ph.D., LL.D., Pres.**

Starrett School for Girls, Chicago

44th year. Academic, College Preparatory, Junior College and special courses. Fully accredited. Complete Music Conservatory. Fall term begins September 21st.

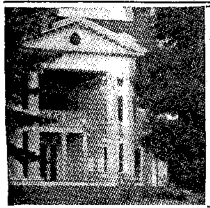
Write for catalog and book of views

Box 42, 4515 Drexel Bldg., Chicago

LITERARY DIGEST readers seeking schools or colleges will find in our School and College Directory pages a variety of educational institutions including summer schools and supervised summer camps. In the first issue of each month, April to September, there will appear display advertisements describing these institutions. In the issues other than the first issue of each month from April 9 to September 10, we publish a Classified Directory giving the desired names and addresses of those advertising with us. You are invited to write to the schools or camps in which you are interested.

Our School Advisory Department continues to serve, as it has for many years, our readers and the schools without fees or obligation. It is necessary that inquirers give age and sex of the child, approximate cost of tuition, locality and size of school (or camp) and any other information that may aid us in giving prompt service.

The Literary Digest



MISS BEARD'S SCHOOL

A COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, NEAR NEW YORK

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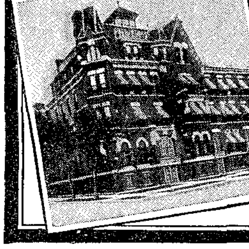

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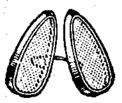
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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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Another Engagement.—"Rather a sharp thunder-storm last night."

"I hadn't noticed; I was talking with my wife all evening."—*Life.*

At Hollywood?—His cruise resulted in the introduction of a method of establishing longitude by observing the osculations of the fixt stars.—*Washington Star.*

Dad's Comfort.—ARCHITECT—"So you insist on four windows in your den?"

JENKS—"Yes, my wife needs a lot of light for her sewing."—*Yale Record.*

Rah! Rah! Scrub Team.—
Morgantown Laundry Gets
Cadet Cleaning Contract
—*West Virginia paper.*

Castle in America.—"I don't know why you won't have anything to do with Luis. Such a handsome man. And in addition, such fine prospects."

"I haven't heard about that."

"Oh, yes; he has a bachelor uncle who is a beggar in New York."—*Buen Humor* (*Madrid*).

Pure Guesswork.—After the ceremony, Smith declared, he visited his father-in-law, Daniel Roney's house; whereupon his mother-in-law hit him over the nose, drawing blood, and his father-in-law fired at him twice with a shotgun. The police believe the Roneys objected to the match. —*California paper.*

Hitting the Low Spots.—HEMMANDHAW—"Do you travel much in that old flivver of yours?"

SHIMMERPATE—"From coast to coast."

"Goodness! Have you really gone from Maine to California in that boat?"

"Oh, no. I mean I coast down one hill and then tow it up another one and then coast again."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Why Be a Pedestrian?—
Late 1924 Model Dodge sedan in good mechanical condition, fine paint, looks almost like new, real leather upholstery, five good tires, also bumpers and motor meter. This is a real buy for $3.95.—*Ad in an Asheville* (*N. C.*) *paper.*

FOR SALE—Ford Speedster. Any reasonable slum accepted.—*Ad in a Craig* (*Col.*) *paper.*

Brief Vacation.—"How long you in jail fo', Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What am de ch'ge?"

"No ch'ge, everything am free."

"Ah mean, what has you did?"

"Don shot my wife."

"You killed yo' wife and only in jail fo' two weeks?"

"Dats all—den I gits hung."—*Froth.*

Mutual Yearning.—Stampa pictures a pompous and purse-proud American remarking to the zoo official: "Say, keeper, I'd like to have your Zoological Garden for my little boy there."

"Thank you, sir," returned the keeper, gazing at the plutocrat's freakish-looking offspring. "And we'd like to 'ave your little boy for our Zoological Garden." —*Boston Transcript.*

Gentle Reminder.—"We'd never know some folks wuz on a vacation if they didn't come back."—*Abe Martin, in Indiana News.*

Harp Selection?—8 to 10—Happiness program through courtesy of California Crematorium.—*Program of an Oakland* (*Cal.*) *broadcasting station.*

Breathless Moments.—ELAINE—"Was Marion excited on her wedding day?"

ELLIS—"Yes, quite a bit, until the bridegroom showed up."—*Colorado Dodo.*

Work and Play.—
PASTOR'S STUDY AND
POOLROOM ROBBED
—*Pittsburgh paper.*

Call a Plumber.—MAE — "Bill can't come. He's in the hospital. Some one stept on his pipe during the game."

BELLE—"I don't see how that would make him have to go to the hospital."

MAE—"It was his windpipe."—*N. Y. State Lion.*

Swat the Serpent. — GRANDMA — "Oh, Jenny, darling, I am surprized! Aren't you going to give your brother part of your apple?"

JENNY—"No, Grannie. Eve did that and she's been criticized ever since."—*Christian Leader.*

No Luck.—"I don't have much hope for my nephew at college," says J. Fuller Gloom. "He failed to make the team, he failed to make the dramatic club, he failed to make his grades, he failed to make the glee club, he failed to make the right fraternity, and now he's failed in an attempt at suicide."—*Kansas City Star.*

Regular Picnic.—Miss Eleanor Moody, Miss Margaret Gibson, Miss Elizabeth Gibson, Miss Emily Reynolds, Miss Hattie Ware Shepherd, C. P. Shook, T. P. Watkins, Burgin Hawkins, Alex Gibson, Charles McDavid, and Mr. and Mrs. Mason Dillard, Jr., will motor to Mentone Springs Thursday, for an operation for appendicitis.—*Birmingham News.*

Whoops!—Free lunch and free drinks will be served Monday noon at the Café Inglaterra, across from the upper plaza, to all in sympathy with the celebration of the Fourth of July.

A cordial invitation is extended to Americans who are observing the glorious day of Independence; to the English, who contributed so much to make such a celebration possible; and to all others who believe in the cause.—*Tampico* (*Mexico*) *Tribune.*

Poor Old U. S. — A small boy was taken by his father to Washington to visit Congress. He was much interested in the chaplain, who always opened the sessions with a prayer. Both in the Senate and the House he had observed this procedure. Finally, he asked:

"Papa, why does the minister come in every day and pray for Congress?"

"You've got it all wrong, son," replied his father. "The minister comes in every day, looks over Congress, and then prays for the country."—*Outlook.*